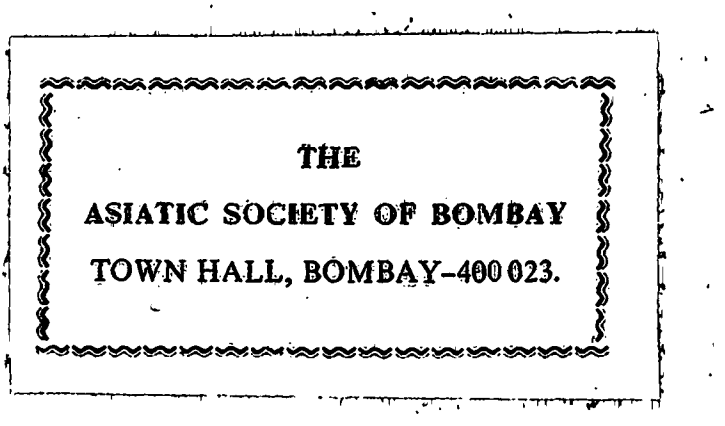
00085655



Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 20 February, 2016

A

SKETCHER'S TOUR

ROUND THE WORLD.

BY

ROBERT ELWES, ESQ.

3-C-1 85655
a

With Illustrations from Original Drawings,

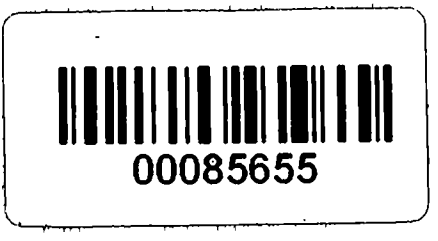
BY THE AUTHOR.

Second Edition.

3-C-1

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1854.

710.8
E1w/s/c
85655



R.E. del. et lith.

Printed by Hullmandel & Walton

LA CUMBRE.

London. Murray & Blackett Great Marlboro' Street

TO HER

WHOM

THESE TRAVELS ROUND THE WORLD

WILL MOST DEEPLY INTEREST,

AS PASSAGES IN THE LIFE

OF HER HUSBAND,

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THIS book is simply a record of travels, undertaken for no purpose but my own amusement; but as, in the course of so long a ramble, I visited many places of interest, and penetrated to spots not familiar to Europeans, I venture to give the impressions of my wanderings, such as they are, to the world, without apologizing for my temerity. We live in an age when almost every one travels; and perhaps there is so much more reason for publishing the result of our experiences and observations, as it is not only interesting, as far as it goes, to the few who remain at home, but may afford information to those who follow in our steps. I cannot but hope that my book may be useful in at least the latter respect; and, as regards the other, the public will no doubt award it, in the end, as much favour as it can reasonably claim.

The illustrations have been drawn by myself, from sketches made amidst the various scenes represented; and, therefore, on myself alone rests the whole responsibility of the production.

R. E.

CONGHAM, NORFOLK,
NOVEMBER, 1853.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

LA CUMBRE	FRONTISPIECE	
NEAR SAN VINCENTE	TO FACE PAGE	4
RIO JANEIRO	„	25
FOREST IN THE ORGAN MOUNTAINS	„	33
PAULO AFFONSO	„	79
BUENOS AYRES	„	106
USPALLATA	„	145
LIMA	„	166
HONOLULU	„	181
LAHAINA	„	211
HALEAKALA	„	214
PAPEITI	„	227
HOBARTON	„	262
GUM FOREST	„	268
GULF AT THE WEATHERBOARD	„	290
PAGSINAN RIVER	„	313
HONG-KONG	„	328
CANTON	„	338
SHANGHAI	„	360
SINGAPORE	„	375
ADEN	„	392

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND—ARRIVAL AT MADEIRA—FUNCHAL—PICO RUIVO —SAN VINCENTE—THE CORRAL—THE RABAÇAL—STUPENDOUS SEA CLIFF —MADEIRA INVALIDS . . . . . 1—9

CHAPTER II.

TENERIFFE—THE PEAK—VOYAGE TO BRAZIL—RIO JANEIRO—THE BOTANICAL GARDEN—NIGHT DESCENT FROM THE CORCOVADO—A TROPICAL FOREST AT NIGHT—SHOPS IN RIO JANEIRO—BRAZILIAN LADIES—EXPLOIT OF AN ENGLISHMAN—ENVIRONS OF RIO—CAPTURE OF A SLAVER—CONDITION OF BRAZILIAN SLAVES . . . . . 10—28

CHAPTER III.

THE VENDA OF PIEDADE—FOREST SCENERY—PIC-NIC IN THE FOREST—RIDE TO CONSTANTIA—HOSPITALITY TO TRAVELLERS—PETROPOLIS—GERMAN COLONY—PORTA DE ESTRELLA . . . . . 29—39

CHAPTER IV.

EXCURSION INTO THE INTERIOR—INCIDENTS ON THE ROAD—BRAZILIAN MULE-TEERS—A COUNTRY TOWN—PARTY OF ENGLISH—SAFETY OF THE ROADS —SOCIETY IN RIO . . . . . 40—52

CHAPTER V.

VOYAGE TO BAHIA—STORY OF A SLAVER—BRAZILIAN FISHING-BOATS—SIGNAL FOR PILOTS—MARAIM—ROUTE TO THE FALLS—PROPRIA—ASCENDING THE RIVER—PORTA DES PIRANHOS . . . . . 53—66

CHAPTER VI.

A BRAZILIAN COUNTRY HOUSEHOLD—SIMPLICITY OF THE NATIVES—APPROACH TO THE FALLS—THE CATARACT—NIGHT ON THE BANK—AN UNPLEASANT INCIDENT—A PRIMITIVE FISHERMAN—ANGLING FOR PIRANHOS—NIGHT ON THE RIVER—FOSSIL REMAINS—DISCOMFORTS OF TRAVELLING—THE RIVER AMAZON . . . . . 67—83

CHAPTER VII.

SHIPWRECK ON THE BAR—SHOOTING EXCURSION—DRUNKEN SLAVES—THE VILLAGE OF THE BAR—OUR VESSEL DRIVEN BACK—CRITICAL SITUATION OF THE 'BOM JESUS'—THE BAR CROSSED—RETURN TO BAHIA—THE SLAVE TRADE—ATTACK ON A CAPTURED SLAVER—RECKLESSNESS OF SLAVE DEALERS—HABITS OF THE NEGROES—VOTIVE OFFERINGS—INSECTS AND REPTILES—THE BRITISH MINISTER—OUR LADY OF THE ROCK. 84—103

CHAPTER VIII.

MONTE VIDEO—BUENOS AYRES—THE GAUCHOS—THE ARGENTINE HORSE—BULLOCK-WAGGONS—THE SALADERAS—IRISH SETTLERS—THE RED RIBBON—TYRANNY OF ROSAS—VISIT TO ROSAS' DAUGHTER—A NOCTURNAL VISITOR—MIRAGE—HORSE RACES—START FOR THE PAMPAS . . 104—122

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIRST STAGE—THE POST-HOUSES—LIFE ON THE ROAD—THE INDIANS—HABITS OF THE GAUCHOS—A SCOTCH SETTLER—THE ARAUCANIANS—INDIAN RAVAGES—AN ESCAPED CAPTIVE—AN ALARM—A STORM—FIRST VIEW OF THE ANDES—MENDOZA—LIFE IN THE ANDES—THE MOUNTAIN PASSES—FORDING THE TORRENT-SUMMIT OF THE PASS—THE DESCENT. 123—153

CHAPTER X.

SANTIAGO—A CHILIAN BANQUET—NATIONAL FESTIVAL—TRAVELLING IN CHILI—VALPARAISO—CHILIAN POLICE—FEAT OF A SAILOR—VALLEY OF QUILLOTA—FESTIVITIES . . . . . 154—163

CHAPTER XI.

CALLAO—LIMA—NATIVE COSTUMES—PIZARRO'S CROSS—THE GREAT BELL—BULL-FIGHT—LAMAS—PERUVIAN WATERING-PLACE—INDIAN CEMETERIES—ANCIENT CIVILIZATION—IDEA OF ENGLISH BEAUTY—RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS. 164—178

CHAPTER XII.

VOYAGE TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS—HONOLULU—ORIGIN OF THE PEOPLE—NATIVE HUTS—DIAMOND HILL—BEAUTIFUL PLAIN—PRODUCE OF THE COUNTRY—EXCURSION INTO THE INTERIOR—AN EXTINCT CRATER—DECREASE OF POPULATION—PROCEEDINGS OF THE MISSIONARIES—PRESENTATION TO THE KING—THE KING VISITS THE 'AMPHITRITE'—THE KING'S YACHT—THE KING IN PRIVATE LIFE—MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT—THE KING'S WELCOME—THE DEATH-PLACE OF CAPTAIN COOK—THE VOLCANOES—NATIVE CARD-PLAYERS—NARROW ESCAPE . . . . . 179—210

CHAPTER XIII.

WEST MAUI—AMERICAN HOSPITALITY—SUGAR PLANTATION—STUPENDOUS CRATER—SUNSET ON THE MOUNTAIN—LAHAINA—CURIOUS CUSTOM AT HONOLULU—NATIVE BURIAL-PLACES—THE MISSIONARIES . . 211—221

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SCHOONER 'CAROLINE'—STORIES OF CALIFORNIA—FIRST VIEW OF TAHITI—FRENCH OCCUPATION—INTERIOR OF THE ISLAND—AN ENGLISH SETTLER—MOUNTAIN LAKE—THE NATIVES—IDEAS OF MUSIC—A NIGHT AT A FRENCH OUTPOST—TAHITIAN WOMEN—CHARACTER OF THE POPULATION—PRODUCE OF THE ISLAND—SYSTEM OF EXCHANGE . . . . 222—241

CHAPTER XV.

ISLAND OF EIMEO—COAST OF AUSTRALIA—THROWN ON A SAND-BANK—THE WRECK—CAMPING IN THE BUSH—VISITORS FROM THE ISLANDS—GUN-CARRIAGE ISLAND—THE SEALER'S FAMILY—SNARING THE MUTTON-BIRDS—THE LIGHTHOUSE—SIGNAL OF DISTRESS—MOUNT WELLINGTON. 242—260

CHAPTER XVI.

HOBART TOWN—THE CONVICTS—CHARACTER OF THE COLONISTS—CLIMATE AND SCENERY—THE ABORIGINES—AN AUSTRALIAN FOREST—GREAT TREES—THE SAWYER'S HUT—CROSSING THE COUNTRY—LAUNCESTON . 261—273

CHAPTER XVII.

GEORGE TOWN—UP THE YARRA RIVER—MELBOURNE—PRODUCE OF THE COUNTRY—BOYD TOWN—SYDNEY HARBOUR—SYDNEY BOTANICAL GARDEN—BOTANY BAY—LIVERPOOL—PARAMATTA—THE BLUE MOUNTAINS—STRANGE ADVENTURE—BEAUTIFUL VALLEY—BATHURST—A SHEEP STATION—THE FIRST GOLD-FINDER—RETURN TO SYDNEY—THE MUSEUM—THE WATERING-PLACE—DEPARTURE FROM AUSTRALIA—THE NEW HEBRIDES—LADRONE ISLANDS . . . . . 274—300

CHAPTER XVIII.

MANILLA BAY—SPANISH COURTESY—THE MALAY POPULATION—THE RIVER—LUDICROUS ADVENTURE—LAKE OF BAIA—SANTA CRUZ—A MANILLA HOUSEHOLD—HOT SPRINGS—EXTINCT CRATER—THE NATIONAL PASTIME—MANILLA CIGARS—MANUFACTURES—GRAND BALL—MALAY FUNERALS . 301—324

CHAPTER XIX.

AN EQUESTRIAN TROOP AT SEA—HONG KONG—ESTABLISHMENTS OF ENGLISH MERCHANTS—CHINESE ARTISTS—PIRATICAL JUNKS—INDUSTRY OF THE CHINESE—CHINESE KITES . . . . . 325—334

CHAPTER XX.

MACAO—PEARL RIVER—CANTON—LIFE ON THE RIVER—THE HONGS—CHINESE SHOPS—STREETS OF CANTON—SHOPPING IN CANTON—ITINERANT TRADERS—COSTUME—JOSS-HOUSES—TEA—THE HONAN TEMPLE—FARTEE GARDENS—CHINESE COOKERY—A CHINESE FUNERAL—TOUR OF THE CITY . 335—353

CHAPTER XXI.

OPIUM SMOKING—A CONVIVIAL PARTY—SHANGHAI—PAWNBROKERS' SHOPS—THE STREETS—TEA-GARDENS—CHINESE ACROBATS—JUGGLERS—MECHANICS—COINERS—SHANGHAI JUNKS—CHINESE TEMPLE—PRINTING IN CHINA—ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS—WOOSUNG—CHINCHEW . 354—373

CHAPTER XXII.

SINGAPORE—PULO PENANG—COAST OF SUMATRA—CEYLON—CINNAMON GARDENS—BOMBAY—AN EAST INDIA BANQUET—CAVE OF ELEPHANTA—BASSEIN—BOMBAY BOATS—MALABAR POINT . . . . . 374—387

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE 'ATALANTA'—VOYAGE TO ADEN—THE CANTONMENT—THE RED SEA—SUEZ—ACROSS THE DESERT—THE VANS—ARRIVAL AT CAIRO . 388—397

CHAPTER XXIV.

CAIRO—ALEXANDRIA—QUARANTINE AT MALTA—VISIT TO SICILY—RUN THROUGH ITALY—SWITZERLAND—HOLLAND—THE RHINE—RETURN TO ENGLAND . . . . . 398—411

A SKETCHER'S TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND — ARRIVAL AT MADEIRA — FUNCHAL — PICO RUIVO — SAN VINCENTE — THE CORRAL — THE RABAÇAL — STUPENDOUS SEA CLIFF — MADEIRA INVALIDS.

On the 20th of March, 1848, I embarked on board the brig 'Eclipse,' A 1, Madeira regular trader, for a passage to Madeira, and about 1 P.M. we were hauled out of Shadwell Basin, taken in tow by a tug-steamer, and proceeded at a rapid rate down the river. The 'Eclipse' was well fitted for passengers, and could carry forty; but it was now spring, and as invalids generally return to England at that time, we had but eight in the cabin. Five days elapsed before we discharged our pilot and got clear of the Downs, and we were afterwards becalmed in the Bay of Biscay, but we made about an average passage, and on the sixteenth morning at daylight, sighted the craggy island of Porto Santo. At

2 P.M. we were off Brazen Head, and in sight of the white shining town of Funchal, the capital of Madeira.

Arriving at this time, we were of course becalmed, as all vessels are, and could not land till the next morning, but everything looked so bright and *riant* under the rays of the setting sun, that we hardly regretted being detained a few hours to contemplate the charming scene.

Funchal is built on the sea-coast, but the streets run some way up the hills, which rise with tolerable steepness from the beach. The quintas, or country houses, are scattered about, and are excessively pretty, being generally surrounded with gardens, in which all kinds of trees, both tropical and English, flourish luxuriantly. The town seems excellently adapted for invalids, and as there are no wheeled carriages, it would be very quiet, were it not for the yells of peasants to their oxen as they carry wine about on sledges, and the continual hammering of coopers making wine-casks in the streets.

Some of the gardens are very charming. Bananas, bamboos, daturas, oleanders, with hedges of geranium and hydrangea, meet the eye on every side, and there are fine specimens of rarer trees. Amongst these I observed some eucalypti from Australia, which bade fair to become large trees. A few date-palms added to the tropical appearance of the whole.

I stayed with some friends at the Quinta da Pico de San João, but my time was spent in riding about the island. Madeira being composed of mountains deeply cut with ravines, the distances are greater, and take more time to traverse, than one could imagine, judging from the apparently small space in view. For my first excursion I hired a horse and burroquero, as the horse-boys are called; and set off on a circuit, sleeping

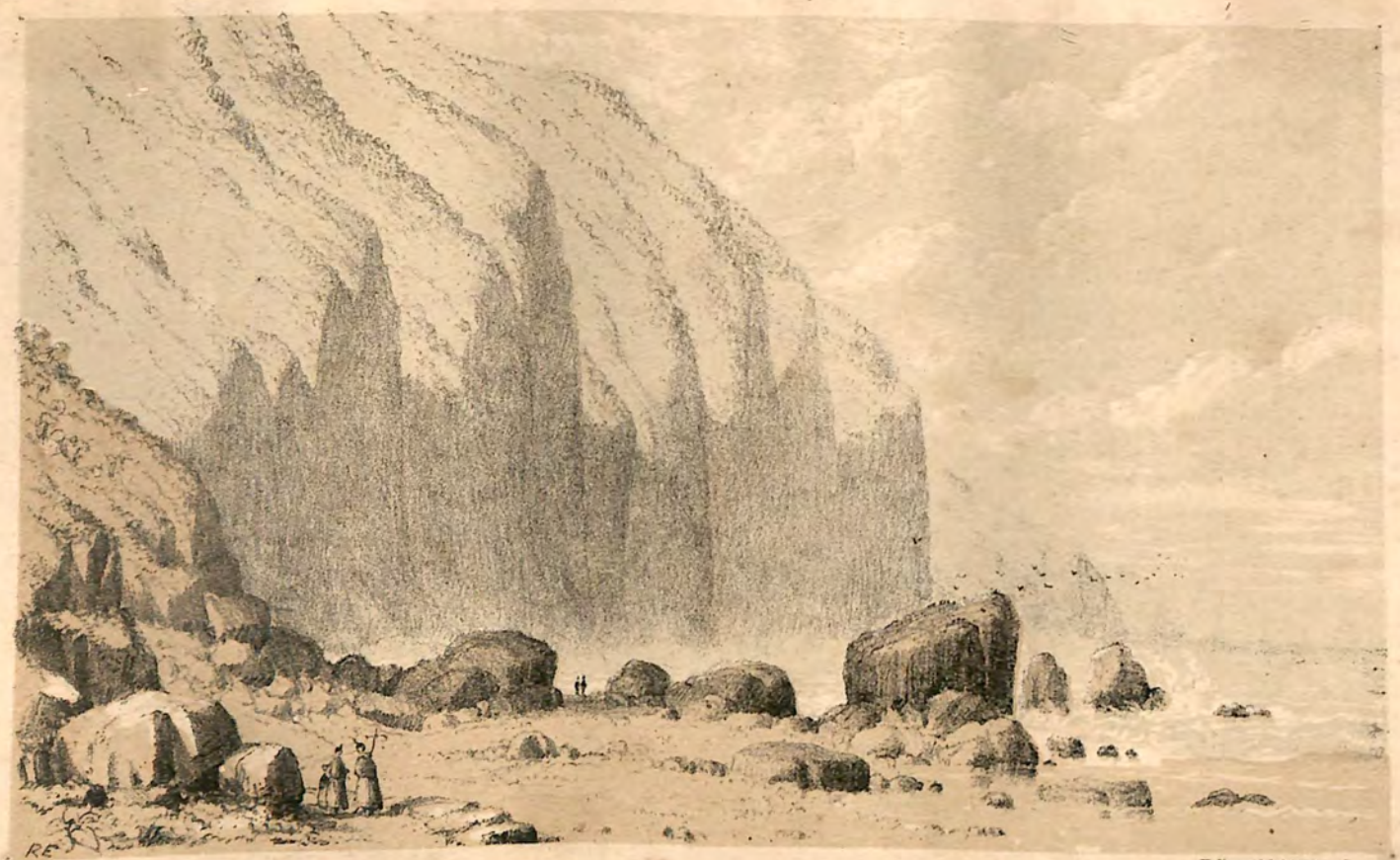
the first night at Santa Anna, the next at San Vincente, and on the third day returning past the western edge of the Corral, to Funchal. A steep road leads from the town past the Mount Church, "Nossa Senhora del Monte," and leaving the quintas and gardens, ascends abruptly through scenery of quite a Welsh character. Then skirting the edge of deep ravines, the path leads into the beautiful valley of Ribierafria, down which, winding amongst luxuriant ferns and all sorts of vegetation, rushes a clear sparkling brook.

The views towards the northern coast are very fine. At Santa Anna I slept at a good inn, much frequented by the English in summer, as a boarding-house. Starting early the next morning for San Vincente, I first crossed the precipitous valley of St. Jorge, which takes its name from a little town squeezed in the mouth of the ravine, close to the sea. The view of Pico Ruivo up the valley was really splendid. A few streaks of snow still lingered on the top of the mountain, which rises upwards of 6000 feet above the sea, and is the highest in the island. The whole of the country round bore the most evident marks of volcanic action, the high slopes being covered with red hillocks, worn by rain, while the steep sides of the ravine were composed of huge buttresses of lava. I noticed several pretty ferns here, and amongst them the *As. crenata*, and *As. saggitaria;* and, stuck against the rocks, were curious plants of a flat-growing sort of saxifrage.

From the village of St. Jorge the road sometimes went along the sea-shore, sometimes rose high on the hill sides, and along the edge of steep precipices overhanging the sea. I had a narrow escape of my life on one of these steep zig-zags. At a turn of the path, my horse would not face

the hill, and when I pressed him at it with stick and spur, he backed at the angle, until he got one leg over the edge of the precipice, and I actually heard it sinking in the brambles which fringed the path. I jumped off the other side as quickly as I could, and he recovered himself; but I should have fallen several hundred feet had I gone over. The most remarkable part of this road is called the Entrosa. Here a narrow path is carried along the face of perpendicular cliff, rather in the style of the famous pass of the Gemmi in Switzerland, but not at so great an elevation.

The coast scenery near San Vincente is as good as any I have ever seen, and equals Norway in grandeur, though not in wildness. A heavy swell was rolling in from the Atlantic, and dashed up over the great black lava rocks, long since fallen down from the mountains, which rose steeply on the other side of the path. A light blue haze, with the sun gleaming through it, hung over the cliffs, softening everything, though hardly making the outlines less distinct; and the whole formed a perfect picture, but one that would require a skilful hand to paint it rightly. At San Vincente, a pretty village embosomed among trees and vines, about two miles from the sea, I found a tolerable inn. It is rather a central situation, one path leading by the Rabaçal to Calheta, another by the edge of the Corral to Funchal. I chose the latter, and found the scenery magnificent. The mountains were very steep, and of the most beautiful forms, covered with wood up to their summits, and enlivened with sparkling torrents. In colour they appeared to be of the deepest blue, and a few wreaths of smoke rising from their ravines added to the beauty of the scene. Having accom-



R E del et lith.

Hullmandel & Walton Lithog

NEAR SAN VINCENTE

London: Hurst & Blackett Great Marlborough Street

plished the ascent, the road crosses into the valley of Serra d'Agua, and, skirting this, leads along the ridge dividing it from the Corral, which is the central and deepest valley of the island.

The strength and endurance of the Madeira horses is wonderful. They clamber up the steepest paths with a heavy weight on their backs, and although I sometimes dismounted and gave them a few minutes' rest—for they appeared perfectly exhausted—yet in a couple of minutes they were quite fresh again, and eating the grass as if nothing had happened. The men, also, are equally good at their work, and walk up the hills with immense loads.

The view from the western edge of the Corral is truly unrivalled. As its name signifies, it is a valley enclosed with mountains (corral being, in Spanish or Portuguese, enclosure or fold, and some say the name was given from the nuns of the island having a fold there). Pico Ruivo fills up the background. At the bottom of the valley, the diminutive appearance of the village and church nestled among the vines, made one sensible of the size of the surrounding objects; but without such a comparison, it would have been difficult to estimate the height at which I stood. The place was called La Boca des Enamorados, but why I know not. The Corral is supposed by some to be the crater of a volcano, and the lava streams in all directions give some support to the conjecture; but there is nothing in the shape of the valley to authorize it, and though there might formerly have been a crater there, the lapse of time, probably from the stream opening a passage to the sea, and the surrounding peaks falling in, has quite obliterated it. The depth of the ravines and the steepness of their sides are very extraordinary, but seem to be caused by the

agency of water enlarging the cracks first made by earthquakes. The torrents, which generally trickle over a bed far too wide for them, are occasionally swollen by heavy rain, and at once become rushing rivers, sweeping everything before them. Funchal has suffered from their violence more than once, and Captain B. Hall relates that houses and their occupants have been carried bodily into the sea by these inundations.

I made another excursion of four days towards the west end of the island. The first day I went to the bottom of the Corral; the second, by the Boa Ventura pass, to San Vincente; the third, by the Rabaçal to Calheta; returning on the fourth day by boat to Funchal. In this tour I saw the finest scenery of Madeira. I slept at a cottage in the Corral; and the next day's ride, ascending from it, and descending the Boa Ventura valley, was most magnificent. Being less accessible than the other valleys, more of the large trees have escaped the axe, and the path is shaded over with the til and venatico. Both of these fine trees are evergreens, and something like the bay in leaf. The wood is good and much used for furniture. The til wood is dark brown, the other more like mahogany. On the higher parts of the mountain I was astonished at the size of the heaths, which were, in fact, quite trees, being 15 or 20 feet high, with trunks as large round as a man's body. The flower was small, white, and insignificant.

I slept at San Vincente, and then pursued my way to the Rabaçal. After a steep ascent, commanding a fine view, the path leads across a flattish plain called Paul de Serra to the Rabaçal, another steep precipitous valley, the scenery of which is by some thought equal to the Corral. I did not

descend into it, for while eating my lunch, the clouds gathered, and in a quarter of an hour the valley was perfectly full of white mist; so I turned my horse's head, and proceeded to Calheta, a village on the sea-coast, where I found a good inn. The next day I sent my horse to Funchal by the road, and set out myself in a boat, so that I might pass under the stupendous cliff of Cabo Gerão, which rises 1600 feet perpendicular from the sea, and is said to be the highest sea cliff known: I think, however, there are some in Norway which have a greater elevation, but they are in fjords, and do not face the open sea as this does. The strata of these cliffs is curious, showing how they are composed of thick layers of lava with earth between, but broken and streaked in many places with perpendicular veins and faults. Near the cliff is the little fishing town of Camera de Lobos very picturesquely situated; the boat harbour protected by a natural wall of lava, which has run out into the sea. A great quantity of tunny is caught here. The fish of large size, chiefly eaten by the poor, are carried across the mountains each on a man's back; a string of men thus laden have a curious appearance. Between Camera de Lobos and Funchal, another point of black lava runs out into the sea, called Punta da Crux, from an iron cross fixed on the top of it, commemorative, I believe, of a shipwreck.

The scenery of the eastern end of Madeira is not inferior to that presented by the other parts of the island. The valley of Machico, with the little town of that name, is very beautiful; and from the upper end of the valley, you obtain a fine view towards the north, with the grand rock of Penha d'Aguila in the centre. It is said that the first settler, Robert Machin, a fugitive from England, landed at Machico, and gave his name

to the place. Beyond, near the eastern promontory of the island, are some famous fossil-beds, with which, however, I was disappointed, as they seemed more incrustations than fossil. However, my journey was amply repaid by the splendid view of the north coast, and the grand sight of a heavy sea breaking against the black and red lava rocks.

I took many other rides about Funchal, and found much to admire. The Little Corral, the Alegria, and Paliero are all beautiful scenes; and the view of the town from any direction is always fine.

People have an idea that Madeira is like an hospital, and that it must be very melancholy to see nothing but sick people; but this is a mistake. A stranger may constantly meet the invalids without knowing, from their appearance, that anything ails them. They engage every day in riding parties, sketching, pic-nics, &c., and one would think they must enjoy themselves; for instead of being confined to a warm room all the winter, directly they come to Madeira, they feel comparatively well again. This convalescence, in fact, tends to do a great deal of harm, as they make too free, and the fault is then laid to the climate, when really it is the sufferer's own imprudence. Horse exercise is very beneficial, so ladies go long expeditions, and get up pic-nics, and sometimes return so completely knocked up that they are obliged to be lifted off their horses. They go out also to dinner parties, especially the young men, walk home with a cigar, and wonder they do not get well. Then they go the tour of the island; and one can hardly imagine anything worse than being caught in rain amongst the mountains, having to ride at a foot's pace for hours in the wet, for there are no houses for shelter on the road; and then arrive at a town, which,

though comfortable enough for a traveller, is not fit for an invalid. These sort of expeditions are continually being made, and in Funchal, when, perhaps, it has just set in for a regular wet day, you hear people remark: "What a dreadful time the So-and-So's will have in the mountains; they started this morning for the north of the island." And these are people who come for the benefit of their health! The first time I rode to St. Anna I found two young fellows sitting at lunch in the Ribierafria; they were both invalids, and the next morning intended to go to the top of Picõ Ruivo to see the sun rise Now, it would be difficult to conceive anything more likely to give one cold, or to hurt a delicate person more than this sort of trip; for after getting up three or four hours before sunrise, and riding to the top of the mountain, you arrive there (an elevation of above 6000 feet) in the coldest time of the twenty-four hours, have to wait perhaps a quarter of an hour or more in a strong breeze, or crouched under a rock, and then return—if you are lucky enough not to be caught in a mist—to the warm regions which you should never have left. Others dislike the sea voyage, though that does them more good than anything, and instead of going in a comfortable sailing vessel, prefer a steamer, which is always in a draught. The idea that people are obliged to go for the winter is disagreeable enough, and many have no employment or occupation when away from their homes; but that is the case with idle people in any foreign town.

CHAPTER II.

TENERIFFE — THE PEAK—VOYAGE TO BRAZIL — RIO JANEIRO — THE BOTANICAL GARDEN—NIGHT DESCENT FROM THE CORCOVADO — A TROPICAL FOREST AT NIGHT—SHOPS IN RIO JANEIRO—BRAZILIAN LADIES — EXPLOIT OF AN ENGLISHMAN — ENVIRONS OF RIO — CAPTURE OF A SLAVER—CONDITION OF BRAZILIAN SLAVES.

I SAILED from Madeira in H.M.S. 'Linnet,' Lieutenant James, for Rio Janeiro. We had a fair wind, and in forty-eight hours, cast anchor at Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, having sighted the island some hours before. The north end of the isle is grand and rugged: but I was not much struck with the peak, though the weather was tolerably clear, and we could see the summit, capped with snow. The long gradual slope which lava generally takes, detracts from the apparent height of volcanic mountains, and Etna from the shore at Catania, and the Peak from Santa Cruz, with their regular forms, do not look near the height of many lower mountains which have a more craggy and broken outline. I went on shore, but there was little to see. The town was hot, dirty, and full of beggars. The camels in the streets usually attract a good deal of attention, but to me, who had travelled

in the East, they were no novelty. I visited the church, where the Custode showed the flags taken from Nelson when he made his unsuccessful attack on the Mole, and lost his arm. I then repaired to the Alameda and fountain, and here the lions of St. Cruz were exhausted. The principal trade of the town is in wine, a great deal of which, I think, is brought to England, and sold as sherry. The price is very moderate. The best, sold by the Consul at £20 per pipe, is very good wine.

About an hour after sunset, as we sailed from the island, we had a fine view of the Peak. It stood up dark against a clear sky, and appeared at this distance (about 40 miles) much higher than when we looked at it from the harbour.

We left Teneriffe with a fine breeze, and soon got the north-east trade-wind, crossed the Line, and luckily picked up the south-east trade, with only half a day's calm intervening, so ran on, with studding-sails set, 180 to 200 miles per day, and sighted Cape Frio, in Brazil, thirty days from our leaving Funchal. Running down the coast for Rio Janeiro, it appeared to be a succession of blue mountains, terminating at last with the False Sugar Loaf, and then the real one, which forms one side of the entrance to the harbour of Rio. Soon we discovered the Garvia, Topsail Mountain, or Lord Hood's Nose, Tejuco, and the Corcovado, all of which were eagerly recognized, and pointed out, by our fellow passengers.

The wind died away at sunset, and we anchored under the Sugar Loaf; but the land breeze came off loaded with a delicious perfume, like a green-house or a garden after a summer shower. This was most delightful after a long voyage, and particularly for me, about to land for the first time in a tropical country. The first day in any foreign

region is said to be one great era in one's life; the first day in an Oriental town is certainly another; and the first day in a tropical country, like Brazil, is no mean third. Nor did it diminish my satisfaction that for the present my voyage was over. The 'Linnet' was anchored in the harbour's mouth, and the next morning South America was to open to me. The voyage had passed over pleasantly and quickly. The heat had never been excessive, the thermometer being from 78° to 84° in the shade, even when the sun was vertical; and I have often felt the heat more oppressive in England in the month of August.

The morning sun rose red over the pointed hills to the northward of the harbour, and the mist clearing away by degrees, the white forts which guard the entrance, the houses of the town, the churches and convents on the hills, shone bravely forth. Several men-of-war, English and American, lay opposite the city, and amongst them, the huge 'Collingwood' showed its double row of guns. Beyond was a forest of masts of merchantmen of all nations; and, in different directions, lateen-rigged feluccas, country boats, rafts of timber, and little black canoes, darted about, enlivening and diversifying the scene.

At half-past eight, we weighed anchor, and beat in against the land-breeze; and as we stood across from one side of the bay to the other, we had an admirable opportunity of seeing the beauties of Rio. The atmosphere was now quite clear, and as the different views opened to us, Praia Grande, the Bays of Botafogo and Zuruzugu, the numerous islands, and the blue range of the Organ Mountains behind them, we all owned that no description could exaggerate these scenes, and that Rio was certainly the most splendid bay in the world.

We anchored, and were visited by health and custom-house officers; and I immediately found myself an unwilling encourager of the slave-trade, as I was obliged to employ two blacks to carry my luggage to the hotel. I soon found how excessively ignorant they were, for they did not know the hotel, nor their way; and I had to direct them, and keep my eye on them, so that they should not lose me. They seem like machines, and will do any work, but generally want a white man to direct them. However, I arrived at last at a large French hotel called "Pharoux," well known to, and frequented by all naval officers.

In the afternoon, I hired a horse, and rode to the Botanical Gardens, about four miles from the city. Every turn of the road presented new beauties, and I hardly knew which most to admire, the calm purple bay, the picturesque outline of the mountain, or the splendid appearance of the virgin forests. The gardens were not badly laid out, and possessed many trees interesting to a stranger: cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves, several sorts of palm and aloes, bread-fruit and the huge jack-fruit were all growing well. It was the last-named fruit, with its rough rind, that so much astonished a Yankee, who looked at it, and said: "Wall, if I had seen that fruit in our woods, I should have took it for a critter and put a ball into it." There was also a large plot of ground planted with tea, which seemed to flourish tolerably. It was in flower.

Many of the rides about Rio are splendid, but the finest view is from the top of the Corcovado. The road winds up through the forests, which are not allowed to be cut, as the springs which supply Rio, rise in the mountain, and the shade of the trees is a great protection to them. The trees were full of lianas and creepers, and their branches loaded

with orchideous plants, many of them with fine red and lilac blossoms; and numbers of ferns grow on the rocks. Forty species are said to exist on this mountain alone. The view from the top is a perfect panorama; for though the mountain is no great height, 2000 feet, it is quite isolated. The bay, sixty miles in circumference, studded with islands, lies stretched below. The town of Rio, with its suburbs of Gloria, and Botafogo; the Sugar Loaf, a solid rock of granite, 900 feet high, guarding the entrance of the harbour; all different styles of scenery, yet here united and harmonized together in a wonderful way. Bare rocks surround the gardens of the tropics, and the most rugged and luxuriant spots form one grand picture. The nearer hills are covered with forest, the trees of which, growing thickly together, and struggling up for the light, all run to the same height, and form a velvet-looking mantle over the mountain. The trees are generally tall and straight, with flat, spreading tops, like those which Martin loves to paint in his ideal views of Paradise, &c.

The first time I ascended this mountain I started too late; and though I delayed but little on the road, I and my two companions did not arrive at the summit till nearly five o'clock. The sun set whilst we were there, and it was certainly a very splendid sight; but we could not linger to survey it, being obliged to descend as fast as possible. There is no twilight in these climates; and as the path is shaded with thick trees, in a few minutes it was pitch dark. We walked, and led our horses down, but could not see a yard before us; and as the path was steep, and full of great stones, we fell repeatedly. The heat was tremendous, and not a breath of air stirred the leaves; but my companions

knew the way well, and at last we got safely down to the aqueduct, and rode along by the side of it to the town, where we arrived about seven o'clock, quite knocked up. I shuddered afterwards to see the place I had ridden along in the dark, for the path led along the top of a high wall which supported the aqueduct, and which had no parapet, while there was about a hundred feet to fall.

The forest presents a singular scene on the approach of night. In the middle of the day it is nearly silent, and nothing living is seen but small insects and butterflies; but as the sun gets low, every tree teems with animal life. Beetles fly about, crickets chirp in the trees, and the frogs create a great uproar. One called the Ferrador, makes a noise like a smith hammering on his anvil, another is like a bell; and different sounds of humming and chirping come from every bush. To a person the least interested in natural history, the forest offers endless amusement; and a man must have a dull mind, indeed, who does not notice and admire the different forms of the trees and flowers.

The town of Rio Janeiro (its proper name is St. Sebastião) is the largest and best in South America, and the population about equals that of Liverpool. It is laid out in regular squares: the streets are narrow, which, at first sight, seems objectionable to an Englishman, but he soon finds that it affords protection from the scorching sun; and the thoroughfares are tolerably well-paved and lighted, and have *trottoirs* at the sides. To obviate the inconvenience arising from the narrowness of the streets, carriages are only allowed to go one way, up one street and down the next, and a hand is painted up on the corners to show which way the traffic is to flow. The best street, Rua d'Ouvidor, is nearly all French,

so that one can almost fancy oneself in the Palais Royal; and nearly everything that is to be found in London, or Paris, may be bought in Rio. Many English merchants have houses in the city, but most of the shopkeepers are French; and this proves a perfect blessing to visitors, for a Brazilian shopman is so careless and indolent, that he will hardly look for anything in his stores, and will often say he has not got the article asked for, to save himself the trouble of looking for it. The best native shops are those of the silversmiths, who work pretty well, and get a good deal of custom, for Brazilians and blacks revel in ornament, often wearing silver spurs and a silver-hafted knife, though perhaps they may not have any shoes to their feet. The Brazilians are very fond of dress; and though it seems so unsuitable for the climate, wear black trowsers and an evening suit to walk about the streets in.

Strangers will find no curiosities in Rio Janeiro except the feather flowers, which are better here than in Madeira, and fetch a higher price. A Frenchwoman, who employs a number of girls of all complexions in her business, is the principal manufacturer. They are made (or ought to be) entirely of undyed feathers, the best being those of a purple, copper, or crimson colour, from the breast and heads of humming-birds. One of these wreaths has a beautiful effect, and reflects different-coloured light. The wing cases of beetles are also used, and glitter like precious stones. Madame has her patterns from Paris, so the wreaths are generally in good style, and newest fashion.

The worst shops are kept by English, and this will be found a general rule in these foreign towns. The merchants are good and honest, but if one wishes to be well taken in,

go to a shop kept by an Englishman. The best streets are the Rue Dereita (the only crooked one in the town), the Rua d'Ouvidor, and the Rua da Alfandega. The Emperor's palace, a very ugly building, occupies one side of the main square; on the other side is the market.

The inhabitants of Rio Janeiro are fond of carriages, but the specimens generally seen would hardly do for Hyde Park, being chiefly old-fashioned coaches, drawn by four scraggy mules, with a black coachman on the box, and a postillion in jack-boots on the leaders, sitting well back, and with his feet stuck out beyond the mule's shoulders. The liveries are generally gorgeous enough, and there is no lack of gold lace on the cocked hats and coats; but a black slave does not enter into the spirit of the thing, and one footman will have his hat cocked athwartships, the other fore and aft; one will have shoes and stockings, with his toes peeping through, the other will dispense with them altogether. But the old peer rolls on unconscious, and I dare say the whole thing is pronounced a neat turn-out.

The Brazilians are great snuff-takers, and always offer their box if the visitor is a welcome guest. It is etiquette to take the offered pinch with the left hand. Rapè is the Portuguese for snuff, hence our word rappee. They do not smoke much.

Of course I went to the theatre; but as I was not a good Portuguese, the interest of the performance was lost on me. The opera was good, the house very large, tolerably lighted, but not so thickly attended as it might be. The ladies look better by candle-light, their great failing being in their complexions, the tint of which may be exactly described by the midshipman's simile of snuff and butter. The orchestra

was good, many of the performers being blacks or mulattos, who are excellent musicians. The African race seem to like music, and generally have a pretty good ear. Both men and women often whistle well, and I have heard the washer-women at their work whistling polkas with great correctness. I was amused one evening on going out of the opera when it was half over: offering my ticket to a decent-looking man standing near the door, he bowed, but refused it, saying that men with jackets were not allowed in the house.

Beyond Botafogo, the ride may be continued to Babylonia, the hill on which stands the telegraph; the view from hence is superb. It is the continuation of the chain which terminates in the Sugar Loaf at the entrance of the harbour.. This is a most singular rock of solid granite, 900 feet high, so smooth that it was thought to be perfectly inaccessible till it was scaled by an adventurous Englishman, who planted and left a Union-Jack on the summit, to the great annoyance of the Brazilian authorities, who could get no one to go up and dislodge it; and it is said that, having found out the culprit, they at last begged of him to make another ascent to take it down.

There are a good many new houses belonging to Brazilians about Botafogo, and on the road to the Botanical Gardens, but they are built in the worst taste, painted with glaring colours, and surrounded with white-washed walls and terraces. The owners have succeeded in defacing the most beautiful prospect in the world.

The great fault of Rio is its situation. Although surrounded by mountains and even divided by smaller hills, the city itself is built on such a flat piece of ground, that

there is no drainage, nor are there any cesspools: so all the filth of the town is carried away in tubs on the heads of slaves, and thrown into the sea. These vagrant nosegays, called by the inhabitants "Tigres" (tigers), walk down the street about dusk, and discharge their burden at one of the landing-places; so "tub time" is an hour when one must be scrupulously careful, not only in walking along the streets, but in landing from the harbour. Sometimes, if a person, has a spite against another, he will bribe one of these "tigres" to upset his *pot-pourri* opposite his enemy's door.

From one of the smaller hills, surmounted by a telegraph, there is an excellent view of the town, which, from here, looks a good deal like Lisbon, though the background is far more beautiful. The hill is a great inconvenience to the town, for it checks the sea-breeze. It is said that some Englishman offered to remove it, but his offer was not accepted by the government. Most of the hills are composed of whitish granite, so the best building materials are to be got close at hand. They are quarried by the blacks, and this labour is inflicted as a punishment on refractory slaves.

The environs of Rio afford the most pleasant residence. Hardly any of the foreign merchants, or even the clerks, live in the town. The favourite situations are the shore of Botafogo Bay, about three miles from the city, the suburb of Gloria, a distance of a mile, and Praia Grande, which is on the other side of the harbour. Small steamers ply to the first and last-named places, and omnibuses run to Botafogo and Gloria. From Praia Grande, there is a fine view of the city, and near it, perched on a steep hill, covered

with vegetation, palm-trees, &c., is a very pretty church, dedicated to the Virgin. There were also several fine specimens of the Brazilian aloe (*Foucroya gigantea*), a very striking plant, but I do not think it so striking as the American one (*Agave Americana*), of which one sees such numbers in Sicily and Portugal. The church is much frequented by sailors, who make their vows and offerings there before and after their voyages. Just beyond, is Zuruzugu or Five Fathom Bay, surrounded by steep mountains, and beyond that an inland lake; but the water is brackish, as it is only divided from the sea by a long slip of sand. This is a noted place for landing slaves, and it is not always safe to walk about there, as those engaged in the nefarious traffic may think you are watching their proceedings.

The water for the city is chiefly brought from the mountains of the Corcovado. The springs are collected, and brought down a little ravine to a large stone cistern called the Mia d'Agua, at the head of the beautiful valley of Larangeiras, and from it a covered stone channel leads the water round the shoulder of the mountain to the city. It is carried over the suburbs on an aqueduct, consisting of a double row of handsome arches, which communicates with the fountains of the town. As the supply is not sufficient, the government is now at work, bringing a large stream from the mountains of Tejuco. When this undertaking is completed, no city will be better supplied.

I stayed at Tejuco a few days, with a merchant, who had a small country house there; but the weather was rainy, and I could not go far. The view towards the bay and city of Rio is very fine. Near Tejuco are two cascades, which are great lions to the Brazilians; but though the situation is

pretty, the supply of water is too small to make them effective. I met a Norwegian captain here, who came with some Englishmen, and he and I drew some invidious comparisons between the fall and the fosses of his native land. He was a very agreeable man, well-educated, and spoke English fluently. He was very fond of English poetry, and spouted a quantity of Shakespeare to me, but with such an odd pronunciation that I could not understand one word of the performance, and to this day do not know from what play he quoted.

The view beyond Tejuco reminded me of one of Poussin's landscapes. On the slopes of the hills is a very good coffee plantation, belonging to a gentleman named Mott, who will generally show it to strangers. Coffee is the principal export of Rio, and is sent chiefly to Europe. It is a of very fair quality, but not equal to the Mocha or to that of the West Indies. The plantations are frequent on the hills at the back of the Organ Mountains, and look like rows of Portugal laurel bushes, five or six feet high. The berries are brought down on the backs of mules, and coffee forms the usual beverage for the inhabitants, who drink it rather strong. Half a cup of ground coffee is used for each cup of the liquid.

There is also a good deal of gold exported from Rio. It is brought from the mines of the interior; the principal are called Morro relho and Morro del Rey, and the precious metal is procured by washing.

The market of Rio is a fine large building to the north of the principal square. It is well supplied with fish; but the price is always very high, as the fishermen have a sort of monopoly, and will only bring a certain quantity to market,

in order to keep it up. The best fish is the garoupa; immense prawns (camaroens) are very plentiful. Strangers are often told, as a joke, that these are kept in pits, and fed with the dead bodies of slaves thrown in from time to time; and I have known people who would never touch them on that account. Parrots, monkeys, &c., are very common, and a few game birds. Occasionally, large lizards of two or three feet in length are brought to market, and they are said to be excellent eating. Deer are sometimes killed in the woods; but I have never seen them in the market, though there is a small animal, called the paca, to be had, the flesh of which is very good. Fruit is supplied in great abundance. Oranges and bananas are to be had all the year. The oranges were superior to anything I had before tasted, and excel the Maltese. They are said to be better in Bahia, and better still in Pernambuco; so it appears that the hotter the climate, the more suitable it is to this fruit, as the Maltese and the Egyptian are certainly far superior to those of Portugal and Sicily. The banana (*Musa paradisaica*, called "plantano" by the Spaniards, and "plantain" in the West Indies,) is a most nutritious fruit; but few people like it at first, as the taste is rather sickly and insipid. There are a variety of sorts, which bear fruit of different sizes, but the short thick one is the best. It is very nutritious and productive; and it is said that forty feet square, planted with bananas, will support a man for a year. The plant itself is very handsome, and the great leaves, ten or twelve feet in length, and two in breadth, make a splendid feature in the landscape of the tropics. Each plant bears one bunch of fruit, after which it should be cut down, when suckers spring up in all directions from the root, so that it

is a vegetable more suited for idle people than even the potato, as it does not require planting, and the fruit can be eaten without the trouble of cooking it. The fruita da Conde, or cherimoya of the Spaniard, and custard-apple of the West Indies, is delicious, but varies a good deal in quality. The maricuja, Spanish granadilla, the fruit of the passion-flower, is very good. It is about as large as a swan's egg, with a pulp and seeds like a gooseberry. The alligator or avocada pear, the mammon, papaw, or mammy apple, are common fruits, not so good as those before-named. Pine-apples are common enough, but not very good.

A great many ships are built at Rio, including numbers of beautiful clippers for the slave trade. It was rather amusing to see the audacious way in which these vessels sailed about, though an English war-steamer was generally lying in the harbour. They always effected their escape from the harbour by the same stratagem. No vessel is allowed to sail after sunset, so as sunset approached, the slaver would slide past the steamer, and before she could light her fires, or get up steam enough to follow, the sun was down and the slaver gone. Even if the steamer was more alert, the slaver was pretty safe, as the law protects her till she is four miles from the Brazilian coast. Notwithstanding these favourable circumstances, however, whilst I was at Rio, one fellow was captured. H.M.S. 'Kestrel,' employed to carry the mails to Buenos Ayres, sailed one morning, and was becalmed a little way outside the harbour mouth, when a Brazilian tug-steamer appeared, towing out a fine clipper brig, bound for the Coast, which she cast off, and left near the 'Kestrel,' thinking that being

employed in the packet service, she had no commission for searching vessels. But this was reckoning without their host, and Lieutenant Baker soon sent a boat on board, and took possession. The tug was just returning into harbour, with the owner of the brig on board, when, to his horror, he saw the green and yellow ensign hauled down from the peak, and the Union-Jack run up. He immediately returned, and found the vessel had been seized. The owner stood on the paddle-box of the tug, stamping with rage that he had been outwitted, and at length ordered the crew to throw a hawser over the bowsprit of the brig, and tow her back. A musket or two pointed at the steamer showed that such a thing could not be done with impunity, and her captain not much liking the job, said he had been paid to tow the brig out, but there his business ended, and he was not going to fight; so the disappointed owner was obliged to return, and the slaver, now in charge of an officer and prize crew, continued her voyage to Sierra Leone, where she was condemned, broken up, and sold. A vessel is liable to be taken as a slaver if she is fitted up for the trade, or even if she has anything on board ready for fitting. Thus if there are planks on board to make a slave deck with, or more hands than are necessary to work the vessel, stores of farinha, or extra tanks for water, the vessel is considered to be prepared for the slave trade, and is condemned accordingly.

The Americans engaged in the nefarious traffic, adopted a very cunning artifice, which answered well for some time. A captain would navigate an empty vessel under American colours to the African coast, where a Brazilian captain, crew, and cargo, were ready for him, and he would then

R.E del. et lith.

Hullmandel & Walton Lithog.

RIO JANEIRO

sell his ship to the Brazilian, and take a berth back as a passenger. Arrived at Rio, he repurchased the vessel, and again started for the Coast to pursue the same course, so that, in all the voyages from Brazil, the ship was safe, and half the risk was avoided.

Rio Janeiro is generally allowed to be the most beautiful place in the world. I was often asked my opinion of it as compared with Naples and Constantinople; but these comparisons are very difficult to make, as one city excels in one particular, but fails in another. With respect to Naples, I think that there is one view of the town, from near Virgil's tomb, which, for a picture, surpasses anything in Rio; and in Constantinople, the city itself, with its numerous mosques and graceful minarets, far exceeds in point of beauty the city of Rio, which is flat, and has no fine buildings. But if we take the whole thing, the harbour, the city, the rocky mountains among the distant chain of the Organs, and then ascend the heights and bring in the rich vegetation with the glow of the tropical sun, I think that Rio must be assigned the palm. In Rio, indeed, so many beauties are concentrated, and they come so fresh to one not conversant with tropical scenery, that it generally presents itself to people as one of the most beautiful spots on earth.

One thing that strikes strangers on the first visit to Rio is the number of negroes in the streets, some working hard, but many idling about, looking out for a job. The best and strongest negroes not brought up as servants or to any trade, are employed in carrying coffee from the stores to the custom-house, where it is shipped. They work in gangs of ten or twelve, each carrying a bag of coffee on his shoulders. They are well fed, look

fat and healthy, and work cheerfully, one singing a song and often carrying a rattle, whilst the others join in chorus, and always go at a jog trot. The work is too hard for them, and they soon get knocked up, but they like it; as after they have earned a certain sum every day, which they pay to the masters, the rest becomes their own. Many slaves are sent out into the street in this way, often with a basket to do porter's work; then they have to pay their owner a milrei (two shillings), and keep the rest themselves. They appear much like machines, or rather children, and can never be trusted to go anywhere alone. When hired and loaded, it is always necessary to walk before them. They then follow with apparent indifference; but if they lose sight of their hirer for a moment, they are lost, and so is whatever they have been entrusted with.

The Brazilians appear in general to be kind masters to their slaves, and it is their own interest to feed them well and take care of them, as they then do more work, just as the owner of a horse keeps him well for his own interest; but with a slave he must also be kept cheerful and happy. They sometimes flog them, but I cannot see how that is to be avoided; and though it appears cruel to the spectator, who only sees one side of the question, yet if he inquired into it, he would generally find that the slave richly deserved punishment. Many of the slaves are excessively idle, and are led away from their work by the least thing. They get drunk with their master's money, steal, and commit all sorts of crimes, and how is the owner to punish them? If he puts them in prison he loses their labour, and has to pay for their maintenance, and this is a mode of treatment the black does not dislike. The master cannot fine him or stop his wages, as he has

neither money nor pay. He cannot turn him off as one does in England, because the slave is his property and not hired. The only thing is to let him out to some man who has a quarry or plantation, where he will be kept at hard work, and then, if idle, he will be flogged; so it comes to the same thing in the end. This is one of the evils of slavery, and no one here would have slaves if they could get free labour. What trouble should we have in England if we were obliged to buy and own our servants? How should we keep them in order? Many would flog them I am sure, otherwise we should be continually having to sell them, and buy others at a loss. With us a good steady servant lives for years with his master, and so does a good slave in Brazil, and then becomes much like a servant, and does not wish to have his liberty. A labourer in England often works nearly his whole life for one master, and often on the same farm, and he does not wish to change. The only difference is that he gets his pay, (little more than sufficient to keep him,) instead of being kept; but when he is old and past his work, he has not the advantage of a slave, for then he must starve or go into the workhouse, whereas a slave must be kept. A sailor on board a man-of-war is a slave for the time: he sells his liberty for three years, although he is always singing of freedom. He is liable to be flogged, and even shot if he runs away; but he is always happy, for he gets his meals at regular times, without having the trouble to think about it, and generally has not much to do. A private in the army is nearly the same thing. I abhor slavery, but if one view all the circumstances with an unprejudiced eye, and then look at the condition of our own people, the freest in the

world, it will be found that there is not so much to blame in one system, and to praise in the other.

Many of the slave women are sent out as pedlars, with a large basket of goods to carry round to villages: others with cakes and sweetmeats, which the Brazilian ladies make themselves. Slaves expert at all sorts of trade and work, are to be bought, and fetch prices proportioned to their attainments. Good cooks, seamstresses, washerwomen, tailors, and blacksmiths, are bought and sold, and it is curious to see them advertised in the newspapers, to be let or sold just like horses; and sometimes it is announced that these useful slaves are to be sold in payment of a debt, and then comes a long list of their names, with the qualifications and capabilities of each person. They have long, fine-sounding names, as Januario, Celestino, Theodora, Agrippina, &c. Their price, of course, varies according to the supply. Boys of twelve or fourteen generally sell best, as they are easier taught at that age, and are generally made house servants. They fetch from £60 to £80. They are chosen from their look and figure, and are not taken unless they have clean sound legs, as negroes have often swelled legs, and are subject to the elephantiasis. Beggars may be seen lying in the streets of Rio, most disgusting objects from this disease, their legs nearly the size and shape of elephants, and so swollen, that hardly any vestige of foot or toe are visible.

CHAPTER III.

THE VENDA OF PIEDADE—FOREST SCENERY—PIC-NIC IN THE FOREST—RIDE TO CONSTANTIA—HOSPITALITY TO TRAVELLERS—PETROPOLIS—GERMAN COLONY—PORTA DE ESTRELLA.

I HAD put off my journey to the Organ Mountains for some days, in order to accompany a gentleman, who was going to stay a few days with a friend who had a house just behind the range. Monday, June 3, was at last fixed, and we left Rio in the morning, in a felucca or lateen-rigged boat for Piedade, a small port at the head of the bay. We put our two mules, our saddlebags and some provisions on board the boat, so that, on landing, we could begin our journey without further trouble. The felucca was rowed by four black slaves belonging to the owner of the boat, a Portuguese, who steered us. Three of them were tolerably good-looking, but the fourth had a most diabolical countenance. He was like the Ghouls drawn in the illustration of the "Arabian Nights." I remarked to C—— what an ill-looking fellow he was, and soon afterwards, when he got up to take a draught

of water from a jar in the bow of the boat, I saw that he had a heavy chain round his leg. It is not an uncommon sight to see slaves working with chains on their ankles, and there is another punishment for runaways, still more cruel—namely, an iron collar round the neck, with three hooks sticking out in different directions, designed originally to prevent their running through the woods, just as refractory pigs in England are decorated with a wooden triangle.

We expected to get the sea-breeze about mid-day, when our sails would have been of service, but, unluckily for the rowers, it did not blow at all, so we had to depend on our oars alone, and did not reach Piedade till past four o'clock. We landed our mules, and at sunset started for Frejão, a venda at the foot of the mountains, at which we intended to sleep that night. It was about four leagues from Piedade, along a flat and sandy road. The moon soon rose, and we had a pleasant ride, arriving at Frejão about 8 P.M. The venda, or inn, was a nice-looking house, but inside it appeared to have but little furniture. The inkeeper was well known to C——, so bestirred himself to make us comfortable; and after a supper of fowl and rice, the regular Brazilian fare, we turned in for the night.

Frejão is prettily situated near the mountains, and is the usual halting-place for people about to cross, this being one of the chief roads to the province of the mines. Near the inn was a rancho, a large open shed, and a troop of about fifty mules with their drivers, were halting there for the night. We were up in good time the next morning, and after a light breakfast, started for the ascent of the mountain.

The scenery, as usual, was very beautiful. In two or three

places, torrents rushed down amongst great rugged stones overhung with trees. One was crossed by a bridge built of beams half of which had fallen into the stream. Near the summit of the first ridge the road had been altered and improved: in fact, the men were still at work at it, and had cut it along the face of the hill, through the virgin forest. The great trunks of the trees were laid bare, and the deep shades festooned with creepers, were now opened to the light of day. The trees were nearly all evergreens, a great many of the rose-wood species (*Jacaranda*), with leaves something like a Portugal laurel, and white stems. They were chiefly of hard wood, and it is nearly a general rule, that the smaller the leaf is, the harder is the wood. The trunks are mostly white: a few palm trees shot up here and there, but no fir. One species of *Araucaria* is a native of Brazil, but none of the wood is good for masts or spars; so in Brazilian built vessels they are generally made of foreign timber. The lanchas and smaller craft often use the hard wood of the country for masts, but they do not look well, being long though pliant sticks, and generally crooked.

Much of the forest here had been cut some time before, and though it had all grown up again as thick or thicker than before, yet, to an experienced eye, it presented a very different appearance. Many of the hard wood trees do not grow up again, but the new forest is, perhaps, more difficult to get through than the original one, as bamboos and lianas lace the whole together, rendering a long knife necessary to cut a path. The views into the valley below were exquisite. The rounded shoulders of the lower hills were covered with forest, and the sun lit up one side of the trees with a golden light, whilst the other side and the ravines

were softened with a light blue haze. Above us rose the bare crags of the "Finger Mountain" and the "Cabeza de Fraile," the two points so conspicuous from Rio, which have given their name to the chain, Serra dos Orgãos, being compared to the pipes of an organ. From the top of the pass called Boa Vista the view was still more extensive, embracing the whole of the plain, the bay, the city of Rio, and all the mountains round.

After a short halt, during which I made a hasty sketch, we proceeded on our journey, and descending a little, passed March's House, formerly a sort of boarding-house, and once a great place of resort for the Rio merchants. Then, fording a rocky torrent just below one cascade and above another, we turned down to the hospitable house of Mr. H——, at which we were to stay three or four days. We arrived about 11 A.M., and after an early lunch went to look at the cascade, then drawing our knives and cutting a path, climbed to the top of it, and followed the course of the stream for some way into the forest. We found the easiest way was to get into the water-course, and jump from one rock to the other.

The scene was very beautiful. The trees, thickly covered with creepers and parasitical plants, formed a green arch over the torrent, and the sun, shining through with a dim, broken light, could hardly penetrate the thick veil. The stones were nearly covered with green moss, here and there varied with patches of red and grey lichen. Ferns of the most elegant forms hung over them, and the whole, reflected in the clear brown pools, formed the most perfect picture imaginable. Every turn of the brook seemed more lovely than the one before it; sometimes a huge tree had fallen across, making a

E del et lith.

Hullmandel & Walton

FOREST IN THE ORGAN MOUNTAINS

London Hurst & Blackett, Great Marlborough Street

sort of bridge covered with vegetation; here a clump of bamboos overtopped the trees, and hung down again nearly to the water; there the palmito, with its slender stem, rose above all the rest, and waved its feathery crown in the air. In another place, the brook seemed to emerge from a green cave like those sometimes represented in the scenery of a ballet; but the most fertile imagination could never have invented anything so beautiful. I could have spent hours there, but was obliged to go back to dinner. The next morning, however, I returned, and choosing a place where a huge tree overhung the water, set to work with my sketch-book.

The stillness of these forests is very impressive, for there seem to be hardly any animals in them, and very few birds. Occasionally a flock of green parrots skim over the tops of the trees, or a toucan climbs about the branches; but there is not much for birds to feed upon, and they are more numerous in the open parts, and where there is cultivation. There are plenty of insects and a few snakes, but not so many as I expected.

One day we had a pic-nic in the woods, at a place where the river falls over a ledge of rocks, and near which Mr. H—— had been clearing a patch of ground for cultivation. The spot was excessively picturesque. Above the fall, the river, much broader than where I had before seen it, ran deep and tranquil through the forest, the trees forming a thick wall on each side. Everything was silent, the dark brown water hardly appearing to move, and no living creature in sight, though footmarks on the sand banks told us that the capybary made them his frequent haunt. This species of water-hog is common in the rivers, but is very timid and

rarely seen in the daytime. Our pic-nic went off with the greatest success, two stout negroes having been sent forward laden with provisions, and the solitudes of the forest were enlivened in a manner not very common, before we broke up and returned home.

The next day, Mr. C—— and I took leave of our hospitable friends, and rode over a distance of four leagues to a place called Constantia, a farm and boarding-house, kept by a man named Heath. This person had originally been a clerk in Rio, then a manager of March's estate, and had now purchased a farm of his own, where he had laid out a splendid garden, and built and furnished a house for the accommodation of visitors. Soon after starting, we came to a large cleared space, in which were the remains of several small houses. We rode up to one, which C—— well remembered in its palmy days, when a great friend of his lived there, holding it as a sort of country house. It had been deserted only a few years, yet nothing remained to mark its former importance but the corner posts, the fallen-in rafters, and a heap of stones. Two or three trees that stood in the garden still flourished, but the enclosure was broken up, and all in ruins. C—— turned away with expressions of regret, for he had spent many pleasant days there, and the impression remained on his mind till we reached Constantia. Here I was greeted by a shout of welcome, for two friends, who had been staying at the place for some days, instantly caught sight of me. These were the English minister from Rio, and the captain of H.M.S. 'Comus,' lying in the bay. Heath's was a very comfortable place to stay at. The house was in a little valley amongst the hills, and put me much in mind of some of the little farms in Norway. The garden

was well laid out, and planted with different kinds of fruit trees, including peaches, pears, and apples, which all flourished. Vegetables and strawberries also do well in the cooler climate of the hills, which is more suitable than the country about Rio. The scenery immediately round Constantia, though not so pretty as usual, was not without beauty, and we spent a few days pleasantly, amusing ourselves in leisure hours with an occasional game at quoits, which the English luxury of bottled porter enabled us to pursue with vigour.

I thought of proceeding alone to a place called Morro Quemado, a Swiss colony, planted at the farther end of the mountain by the Emperor. It was said to be rather a difficult road to find, being only a "picada," or wood path, and I was surprised to learn that I could not get a guide anywhere. Heath had some blacks, but they had never been to the place, nor had he himself, so I could not get a very good description of the road. Rather reluctantly, I was obliged to give up my project, and turn my steps to Petropolis, whither C——had preceded me the day before, intending to return to Rio to meet the English packet. The distance was nine leagues. Mr. Hudson described the route to me, and sketched out a little plan of the country, riding a league and a half with me to a farm called Aurelianos, to set me on my way. Here there was a black man very ill, to whom he took some medicine. The poor fellow appeared to be sinking, and we heard that he died two days afterwards.

From this place I rode on alone through very pretty mountainous scenery, but I could afford but little time for sketching. The path was narrow, and in places where others crossed, it was rather difficult at times to distinguish the right one. I began to think, at last, that it would turn

out like the famous Yankee road, that began near the town broad and level, but diminished by degrees till it became a horse-road, then a deer-track, then a squirrel-path, and finally went up a tree.

At one place where the path forked, I debated a long time which turning I should take, examined the footmarks in both, and ultimately decided on the one contrary to my directions. I rode along for more than an hour in doubt, looking anxiously round the country, but at length I saw a negro, who told me I was right, and about four o'clock I came to a house, at which I had been recommended to sleep. There are no inns in this part of the country, and one has to depend a good deal on the hospitality of the people; but it is the custom to pay them quite as much as one would at an inn. The owner of this place, however, though tolerably civil, evidently would not have been pleased at my stopping all night; and, discerning this, I got a feed of Indian corn for my mule, and started again for Petropolis.

I reached the main road, which leads to the mines, just as it got dusk, and then had three leagues more to go. Here I met several blacks, and was surprised to find that they appeared to know nothing about Petropolis, so that I began again to doubt whether I was in the right road. While I was hesitating, I saw another black and asked him; but though he appeared to be very intelligent, he seemed equally puzzled. At length, he asked me if I meant Corgo Seco; I replied in the negative, adding that it was the colony I wished to go to. He said that was Corgo Seco, and then I found that this was the old name for Petropolis, and was generally used in preference by the natives and blacks, who have a difficulty in pronouncing the new one, though they

sometimes call it Petrops. The negro was very civil, and told me that about a mile further on I should come to a broken bridge, where there was a path on the right hand going down to the water, which I was to follow. On reaching the spot, I found the path with little difficulty, but it was a most dangerous place, the whole centre of the bridge having fallen in, and left a hole upwards of twenty feet deep. The bridge had been in this condition for some time, but such casualties are not much heeded in Brazil. I passed the brook safely by the little side path, and about half-past eight arrived at my destination.

The inn at Petropolis is kept by a Swiss, and has tolerable accommodation. On my alighting, the servants inquired for my guide, and were quite astonished that I had come on without one, telling me that many had missed the road even when they had guides, and been obliged to sleep in some cottage; but the blacks are so stupid when they move at all out of their usual course, and are so easily puzzled, that I think one gets on just as well without them.

Petropolis, so called from the Emperor Pedro who founded it, is a German colony, still quite in its infancy, having only been in existence two years. It is situated just at the back of the Organ Mountains, about two miles beyond the culminating point of the road which leads from the end of the Bay of Rio Janeiro to the mines. The elevation is about 2260 feet above the sea. Several small valleys, each with a clear brook, meet here, and joining, form the head of a river called the Piabanha. They all have German appellations, and are called Rheindal, Bingenthal, Westphalie, &c., rather odd names to meet with in Brazil. Petropolis, indeed, is a complete German village. The men, dressed in blue cap

and blouse, drive their long light waggons about the roads, and smoke their china-bowled pipes, and drink their Schnaps, as regularly as in the Fatherland. In fact, they stick rather too much to the German customs, and often fall into the vice of intemperance, which, bad enough in Germany, is much worse in Brazil.

The settlers have each a piece of ground given them, and many have built rather neat cottages on their allotments, but they seemed to want system, and many of the trees had been thrown into the river, which in some places was nearly choked up. A palace has been built for the Emperor, and a good broad road is in progress up the Organ Mountains, so the colony has every chance given to it; but I do not think it will succeed. Morro Quemado, a Swiss village, did not get on well, nor did the German colonies planted many years ago in Spain, in the Sierra Morena.

As Petropolis is situated at so high an elevation, one might expect a great difference in the temperature from Rio Janeiro, but I observed that in the mornings and evenings it was quite cold, the thermometer nearly, if not quite, down to the freezing-point. Yet the forests around were very luxuriant, and the trees were crowded with orchids, a class of plants generally supposed to require great and constant heat. There was a good deal of bamboo here, and that beautiful production of the forest, the palmito (*Euterpe edulis*), was not uncommon. It is a most graceful tree, and looks like a very slender palm, with a stem six or eight inches in diameter, rising to the height of 70 or 80 feet. It has a small crown of leaves at the top, and just below this, where the blossoms shoot forth, the stem is thicker, and something like the stalk of a cabbage. This part is eatable,

and considered very good, either boiled or in a salad, and the graceful tree is often cut down for the sake of this morsel. I have myself eaten it with great relish. The tree-fern, another ornament of the woods, is common here, and near the village I saw some with stems 25 to 30 feet in height.

I stayed at Petropolis but one day to rest my mule, and then returned to Rio, intending to revisit it at some future time. The ride to Porta de Estrella, on a small river, at the head of the bay, was about four hours, and the scenery as usual magnificent. The new road, as broad as a turnpike road in England, was just being made, and led down the mountains through the forest with a very gradual slope. It was well engineered and supported with great walls like a Swiss pass; but it appeared to me that, unless it was a whim of the Emperor's to make such a grand causeway up the mountains, it was far beyond what was required for the traffic. The old paved road which leads down a different part of the mountain is still in use. It is shorter, but in very bad repair. It is said that the blacksmith who lives at the bottom of the hill petitioned against the new road, under the plea that his trade would be destroyed, as it chiefly consisted in supplying shoes for the mules that had lost theirs in the descent.

At Porta de Estrella we found the little steamer, which plies daily between that place and Rio, had just arrived. Accordingly I hastened on board with my mule, and after threading the numerous windings of Rio de Estrella, we emerged into the bay, and made a pleasant passage to Rio.

CHAPTER IV.

EXCURSION INTO THE INTERIOR—INCIDENTS ON THE ROAD—BRAZILIAN MULETEERS—A COUNTRY TOWN—PARTY OF ENGLISH—SAFETY OF THE ROADS—SOCIETY IN RIO.

WHILST at Petropolis I learnt something of the Falls of San Francisco, on a river of that name, which runs into the sea between Bahia and Pernambuco; and though the information was very meagre, I had some idea of visiting them. The report of their grandeur chiefly originated with a German, named Schram, who had a sugar-house near Bahia, and had visited them, and coming to Rio some time before, he gave an extraordinary account of the Falls, which, he said, surpassed Niagara in grandeur, though they were not so large. The height of the fall he calculated to be 500 feet. A German whom I saw at Petropolis, told me that he had been on the river 400 leagues above the Falls, where he was engaged to build a steamer for its navigation, and that it was there a good broad stream. I heard afterwards that his so-called steamer was not worked by steam, but in some other way, by paddles. At Rio I made more inquiries about the

Falls, and found an Irish doctor named Malet, who, about twelve years before, had descended the whole of the river, starting in the province of the mines, where it rises, passing the Falls, and going down to the sea. He had encountered innumerable dangers and difficulties; had nearly died from a fever; and had been nine months on the voyage. He was given up for lost and dead, but at last made his way down to the sea, and re-appeared at Bahia. He told me, however, that he had never wholly recovered from the fever, and that he thought he should always feel the effects of it. From him I learnt that the Falls, which were called Cachoeira de Paulo Affonso, were very fine, though he did not estimate the height at more than 250 feet. He described the river as being very large—so wide, indeed, some way above the cataract, that he could not see across it. This I could hardly credit, but he showed me his journal written in pencil twelve years before; and I took down the names of all the places, thinking they might be useful, having half made up my mind to pay a visit to this unknown wonder.

The English packet 'Petrel,' now came into Rio, and was to stay a fortnight, when she was to start for Bahia, and I determined to take a passage in her, and see if I could get up to the Falls. I was the more tempted to make this arrangement, as it was too early to go to Buenos Ayres and cross the Andes, on account of their being still blocked with snow. In the meantime, till the packet was ready to sail, I arranged to ride up as far as the Parahyba river, on the road to the province of the mines, which is beyond Petropolis.

Accordingly I started again for the mountains, and having

ordered a mule to be sent on board the steamer, embarked for Porta de Estrella. The steamer sailed at noon; but no mule appeared, and I afterwards found that the man of whom it had been hired forgot all about it. Fortunately there was an English merchant on board also bound for Petropolis, and he agreed to take a gig with me as far as a place called Fregoza at the foot of the mountains, where I could sleep and hire a mule to pursue my journey.

We arrived at Porta de Estrella at 3½ P.M., and found a gig ready. It was a sort of cabriolet drawn by two mules, one in the shafts, the other fastened to a splinter bar outside, and carrying the black postilion. The mules appeared to be nearly unbroken, at least to harness, and every now and then we were treated to a bout of kicking and plunging, but we got on very fairly, and after an hour's drive arrived safely at Fregoza. We stopped at the inn, a good-sized house, but my friend soon proceeded on his journey, while I remained for the night, so that I might go up the mountains the next day at my leisure.

I succeeded in hiring a good mule here for two milreis (four shillings) a day, for as long a time as I pleased, of course keeping him on the road; and the next morning, about eight o'clock, throwing my saddle-bags on his back, I started, ascending slowly the steep road, and making a good many sketches on the way to Petropolis, where I arrived about 3 P.M. I put up at the house of Mr. Moss, who has opened a sort of private boarding-house, and I found it a most comfortable and well-arranged one. I stayed here the whole of the next day, merely riding a few miles to see the waterfall of Itamyrati, one of the lions of the place. I did not expect much, yet in that little was

rather disappointed. The stream was but small; and although the rock over which it fell was high, yet just around it (a thing uncommon in Brazil) the scenery was not pretty. However, I followed the stream upwards into the forest, and there its course was indeed beautiful. Tumbling over the rocks, or sleeping in deep pools, overshadowed by all sorts of trees and creepers, it presented a much prettier aspect in these recesses than at the fall.

The next morning, I started on my journey towards the Parahyba river. I had no exact object in going, but only rode up there to see the country, and chose that road, as it was one of the main channels of communication in the country, being the chief road to the mines. Several of the other visitors who were staying at Moss's accompanied me for the first two leagues, to a house called Padre Correo, which formerly belonged to a priest of that name. There is a small chapel attached to the dwelling, and in front of it, in the road, stands an enormous tree, the boast of the place. It has five or six huge stems joined together at the base, but separated above, and extends over a large space of ground, affording a most grateful shade to the troops of mules that stop to bait there, as a rancho is now attached to the house. From this point, I continued my journey alone.

The road, which is tolerably wide and good, leads by the side of the Piabanha river, which, at a place called Olaria, is crossed by a wooden bridge. The scenery was pretty, but there was a good deal of sameness in it, consisting always of hills covered with thick forest, and blue mountains rising up behind them. I passed several vendas and ranchos, at

which troops of mules were resting. The troperos, or carriers, answer in some respects to the arrieros of Spain, and, like them, carry all kinds of merchandize into the interior of the country, as the roads for wheel carriages are confined to a few miles round the capital. All other traffic is carried on by means of mules, and thus a carrier's calling becomes very profitable. The troperos are generally very active hard-working men, very honest in their dealings, and anything entrusted to their care will be delivered safely. Many of them are from the province of St. Paul's, the inhabitants of which seem to have more spirit, and more industry and enterprise, than the other Brazilians. A troop generally consists of fifty or a hundred mules under one tropero, and several black slaves, who drive and take care of the mules and of the burdens. Each black has seven mules under his charge. They travel three or four leagues a day, and every mule carries about twelve arrobas—four on each side and four on the top, called the "sobre cargo"—about 384 lbs., or $27\frac{1}{4}$ stone in all.

The troperos will undertake to carry any kind of merchandise, but the principal thing brought down from the interior is coffee. Salt, linen, crockery, millstones, and even chains are sometimes carried up to the mines. The millstones are carried on poles, between two mules, and the chains sometimes require three or four to transport them, a coil being carried between each animal. When they arrive at the resting-place, the mules are unloaded, tied to stakes, which are always stuck in the ground round the ranchos, and the burdens ranged in regular order on the ground, with the packsaddle on the top of each. The ranchos are long open sheds, supported on posts, generally a

little way from the venda. The muleteers lodge there free, but buy their milho (maize) and caxas (brandy) at the venda. Often these roadside encampments presented very picturesque scenes—the men cooking or lying down round a fire, the mules tethered each one to his pole, everything quiet except the noise of eighty or a hundred pair of jaws munching and grinding the hard milho.

Trains of mules sometimes come from very long distances —some from Cuyaba, on the head waters of the Paraguay, or from Villa Bella in the province of Mato Grosso, and take ten weeks or more on the journey. If a traveller wish to go to those out-of-the-way parts, he can hardly do better than entrust himself to the charge of one of these people, and he will travel safely, get shelter at night, and obtain a fowl and rice, or something of that sort, for his supper.

After proceeding about eight leagues, I stopped at a place called Pampulho. It appeared a pretty good house, with a venda in the ground-floor as usual. The *cuisine*, however, was not well furnished, so I had to make acquaintance with the regular Brazilian dishes, farinha, and fajão, which are to the natives here what potatoes are to the Irish. Farinha is Mandioca flour, and fajão a sort of small black bean, neither of them bad when eaten as vegetables, but poor fare alone. But with the help of some dried ham, I made out my supper pretty well. In the venda was an old man, who I found spoke Spanish, and with him I was able to enter into conversation, as I could speak that language better than the Portuguese. Unfortunately, he was much more anxious to show off his own knowledge than to give me any information. He was chiefly learned in geography, and

seemed delighted to talk about foreign countries. Germany, Italy, Spain, Turkey, Egypt, all seemed familiar to him; but he had jumbled them all up together, and made one great mistake, thinking that London was on one bank of the Thames, and Manchester on the other, and joined together by a tunnel. This was the Thames Tunnel, which, indeed, seems to have spread its fame over all the world, and astonishes people more than anything else.

I slept at this inn; and starting in good time the next morning, by mid-day reached the town and river of Parahyba. It was a moderately large stream, full of black rocks, but not rapid; and the hills being low and cleared of wood, the situation was by no means picturesque. Six large stone piers for a bridge stood up in the middle of the river, but they have been in the same unfinished state for years, and will probably remain so for years to come. The river is now crossed by a large ferry-boat, which traverses it on a chain stretched from side to side; and a train of mules coming down at the same time with ourselves, we crossed immediately.

The town on the bank of the river was a small insignificant-looking place, containing only a few shops; and I could find no venda or inn where I could get a little milho for my mule and a meal for myself, or even a bed, had I wanted one. However, I had plenty of time to go on, so I fed my mule at the door of a shop, where I bought the corn, and rode out of the town, annoyed the more for having seen in the shop, tins of preserved salmon and other English things of the same sort, while I was unable to procure a piece of bread.

The road now led among hills of no great elevation,

cleared in some parts, but generally covered with thick forest—

> "Majestic woods of every vigorous green,
> Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills,
> A boundless deep—immensity of shade."

The evening drew on fast, and my mule began to be tired. It soon grew dark, and I had not yet found a place of shelter. Descending a long, steep hill, I rode on in the dark, asking every one I met the distance to Paryhybuna, where I had been recommended to stop. At last I came to a small house, where some people were laughing and talking round a fire, which blazed before the door.

"Au Senhor," I shouted, "es este Paryhybuna?" "Si, Senhor," answered the merry voice of a black, who I found kept the venda. And he told me that I could have a bed there; and on my alighting, got me a tolerable supper, and was very civil, as blacks generally are. My bed-room was not first-rate. The walls were of wattle and mud, not quite meeting the roof; but the bed was clean, and I found no fleas.

In the morning, it was cold enough, and on getting up, I found that a thick fog obscured everything. Wishing to make a sketch, I walked down to the river, and the mists clearing away, disclosed a very pretty scene. The Paryhybuna, a considerable stream, looking like a salmon river, full of rocky rapids and deep pools, was here crossed by a long bridge built of beams on stone piers; but the river was so confined by rocks, that I think it was possible to jump over it without a bridge. Above, the stream was tranquil, and overhung with thick groves of splendid trees—below, it

expanded into several deep pools, and then ran under a huge rocky cliff which had a picturesque effect. It forms the boundary between the province of Rio Janeiro, and that of Minas Geräes.

As I advanced, I found that the scenery did not improve, and I determined to retrace my steps, and return to Rio. Accordingly, mounting my mule, I rode off, intending to sleep at Pampullo. As I approached this place, I saw some very primitive-looking mills for pounding Indian corn. A log of wood is balanced on its centre, and one end has a pestle fixed to it, under which the corn is placed upon a stone, while the other end is hollowed out into a long trough. Water is brought into the trough by a spout, and as it gets full, it sinks by its weight, raising the pestle, when the trough of course sinks, and the water rushes out, causing the pestle to fall with force upon the corn. The machine necessarily works very slowly, giving about two strokes per minute; but time is of no consequence in this country, and the mill wants hardly any attendance.

My mule was tired before I got to my destination, so I stopped at a large venda, called Riberon, where the host told me I could have a room, though the house was very full; a large English family having just arrived from Rio, on their way up to the mines of Morro Velho. It proved to be a Mrs. Keogh, who had come out with her family by the last English packet, and was now going to join her husband, who was engaged at the mines. They were under the charge of a Scotchman, Dr. Brent, whom I knew in Rio, so on asking for him, I was invited in and drank tea with them. It was rather a large party; Mrs. Keogh and her eight children, five of them grown-up daughters, and with servants, arrieros, &c.,

they had a troop of thirty-eight or forty mules. Many of them had hardly ever been on horseback before, and at first, the worthy doctor found no small difficulty in getting them along on their journey of twenty days. One of the young ladies was very pretty, all were good-looking, and one was said to be as fine a singer as Jenny Lind. I could not help thinking if this were true, that she had better have remained in Europe than gone to the mines of Morro Velho. They had brought an immense quantity of baggage; among other things, two piano-fortes, rather difficult articles to move in Brazil, where everything is carried on mules. I started before they were up the next morning; but I heard afterwards that they all arrived safely at the mines.

I got on but slowly all day, my mule being lame, and I only kept her going by continual feeds of milho. Stopping at one place called Luis Antonio (I suppose from the man who kept it) I was highly amused by an exhibition of sagacity where one would least look for it—namely, in a pig. The mule was feeding from a nosebag, and the pig was watching for any grains of corn that might chance to fall, when, none having been dropped, he got tired of waiting, made a dart at the mule, and seizing the nosebag, twitched it off in a second, and scampered away, spilling the milho in all directions.

Luis Antonio, if that was indeed my host's name, was a fat, good-tempered fellow, but rather too civil. He offered to take my saddle-bags off the mule, but I anticipated him, and did it myself. After a minute or two, he took them up and put them on a low wall in front of the house as if for more security. He then looked at me, and I could not but smile as our eyes met, knowing well why he did it. The

fact was, he thought I was bringing gold down from the mines, and lifted the saddle-bags to try their weight, so I took an early opportunity to show him that most of the weight was caused by a sketch-book, and a pair of thick boots. The circumstance gave me a favourable impression of the security of the country; for I found it was a common practice to bring gold down in this way, and instances of robbery are very rare.

There is a good deal of coffee grown on the hills about here; but the trees did not look healthy, the leaves having a yellow tinge. They should be dark, like a Portugal laurel. The other crops were milho, or maize, fajão, a sort of bean, mandioca, or cassava, and castor-oil. Birds were not numerous; black parrots, and a few red-breasted toucans being all I saw.

It was late when I arrived at Petropolis, where I remained one day, and returned to Rio the next, descending the Organ Mountains by the old paved road. The mule went very well as far as Fregoza, her home, but beyond that nothing would induce her to move. I reluctantly plied my whip and spurs, but she bore it all patiently, and stood still in the middle of the road. I dismounted, but she would not lead, so I got on again, not knowing what to do. The heat in the wide, flat plain was terrific. At last, a black who was passing, drove on my mule for about a hundred yards; but he went away, and she stood still again. Thus brought up, I should have been too late for the steamer at Porta de Estrella, had not some Englishmen overtaken me; and one of these, by frequent application of a hunting-whip, kept the mule at a canter all the way to the port, where I arrived at last in good time.

There is not much society for a stranger in Rio Janiero, for the English residents mix but little with the natives; and the Brazilian ladies have none of that ease of manners and fluency of conversation which distinguish those of Spanish descent. Another drawback is, that the English live chiefly in the country, at a distance of four or five miles, and so leave town after business hours and ride home. From my countrymen, however, I experienced the greatest hospitality. I had many letters of introduction, and on presenting them, the recipients, with hardly an exception, put themselves and their houses, not only in words, but literally and truly, at my disposal. Rio is chiefly supplied with flour from the United States, from which they also import another article, almost a necessary of life: I mean ice. In the Rua Dereita is a regular Yankee bar, where a thirsty soul can obtain sherry-cobblers, juleps, and sangarees, compounded in the true New York fashion.

I endeavoured to learn something more about the Falls of San Francisco, but was unsuccessful. Mr. Gardner, a botanist, sent out here to collect plants for Kew Gardens, attempted to ascend the river some years ago, but soon became so ill from fever and ague, that he was obliged to halt at a hut on the river bank, and gave up the project. He published an account of his wanderings in Brazil, and was afterwards appointed curator to the Botanic Gardens in Ceylon, where he died about a year ago. Everybody agreed upon one point, that it would be a rough journey, and some said dangerous; but the reports of dangers are so often exaggerated, that I was not much alarmed, and so prepared to start by the English packet for Bahia. It was some satisfaction to reflect that if I did not succeed in reaching the

Falls, I should see Bahia, perhaps Pernambuco, and quite a different part of Brazil. I was astonished at the want of communication between the different parts of this immense empire, and the long time required to transmit intelligence from one part to another. When the last mail came in from England to Rio, they had the same dates from London and Parà, about the fifth largest town of the empire, situated at the mouth of the Amazon River. The dates for the upper part of that immense valley must have been nearly a year old.

CHAPTER V.

VOYAGE TO BAHIA—STORY OF A SLAVER—BRAZILIAN FISHING-BOATS—SIGNAL FOR PILOTS—MAROIM—ROUTE TO THE FALLS—PROPRIA—ASCENDING THE RIVER—PORTA DES PIRANHOS.

I LEFT Rio, on the 7th of July, in H.M.S. 'Petrel,' T. Creser, commander, and had a long but not unpleasant voyage to Bahia. My friend C——, who had accompanied me to the Organ Mountains, was one of the passengers, on his way home. On leaving Rio, we had contrary winds, which kept shifting about from north to north-east, so that after five days' beating, we were to the south of Rio Harbour instead of the north. As we approached Bahia, we saw two or three of those curious craft, the jangada. They lie so low, that, at a little distance, they look as if the men on them are standing on the surface of the water. They consist of a raft of five logs of light wood bound together, but so loosely, that the water washes up between each log. They are very buoyant, but every wave dashes over them. They have a seat or two for the crew, which consists of two or three men, and there is a little

frame to keep their provisions out of the wet. We passed close to one which had three men and two sails; on the foremast a square sail, and a lateen aft. It was steered by a paddle, and was on a fishing excursion twelve or fifteen miles from the land.

We made Bahia on the evening of the 20th, but the wind dying away at sunset, we were obliged to anchor off the lighthouse. When the land-breeze blew, the odour from the shore was delicious, and the air felt heavy and loaded with the fragrance of flowers. We hung over the bulwarks, inhaling it with a pleasure that none but those who have been some time at sea can appreciate.

Bahia has an excessively pretty appearance from the harbour, which is the mouth of a bay much larger than that of Rio Janeiro. It takes its name from the "Bahia de todos os Santos," the proper name of the city being San Salvador. In the same way the proper title of Rio is San Sebastião, but it is commonly called by the name of its harbour.

C—— and I landed, and took up our quarters at the hotel, such as it was, and I went and called on the English Consul, Mr. Porter, and presented my letter of introduction, which had been given me by Mr. Hudson, the English minister at Rio. Mr. Porter received me most kindly, and hearing my wish of proceeding to the Rio San Francisco, took me to the house of a German named Gultzow, to whom I had letters, and who proved to be agent to Mr. Schram's house at Maroim, the nearest town to the river. Of course he knew more about that country than any one, and on my inquiring about the best means of getting there, he told me that a Bremenese schooner now lying in the bay was to sail for Maroim at three

that afternoon, and I had better go in her. Mr. Dyssel, head of the house, was then in Bahia, and gave me letters to the other Germans at Maroim; but I could learn nothing more about the Falls, nor could I get a guide to them, as no one in Bahia had been there. However, I saw the captain of the schooner (yclept, the 'Katarina,') and agreed for my passage, not sorry to find that, as there was no wind, he would not sail till the next day, for I had not yet obtained any passport. At seven on the following morning, I was ready and on board, and we soon got our anchor up, and stood down the harbour with a fair wind, but which, unfortunately, did not last long, and for the two next nights we were still in sight of the lighthouse.

The 'Katarina,' was a schooner of about 200 tons burden, of the clumbungy build, and with the light winds that we usually were favoured with, we thought ourselves fortunate when she went four knots.

The old pilot, who had come on board at Bahia, was a native of Maroim, and was our chief amusement on the voyage. He had been in the slave-trade, and had, like many others, been ruined by it. He gave us a lamentable account of his last voyage, when he was second mate of a fine brig fitted out in the most expensive way from Bahia, and had arrived safely on the coast of Africa, and taken in a full cargo of slaves, but was becalmed two days' sail on their return; and here an English steamer hove in sight. They had every sail set to catch the slightest breeze, and were just beginning to move through the water when the steamer came on flap, flap, flap, and ——. The old man threw up his hands, and walked forward to hide his emotion. He soon came back, however, for it was a grievance he liked to

recount, though he obtained no pity from us. He had had a quadrant, a telescope—a new one from London, as he said—and besides his pay would have been allotted three slaves as his share had they been landed; but the cruel English captured all. He was taken up to Sierra Leone in the vessel, which was condemned, and he was turned adrift, with nothing but the clothes he had on. He then described to us the way the slaves were shipped; how they packed them, fed them, &c.; and never thought of the abominable practices he was exposing; but the conduct of the English he considered to be too bad.

We sailed up slowly in sight of the coast, and saw many jangadas fishing. The old pilot pointed out to us all the remarkable hills and headlands, the entrance to Sergipe del Rey, &c., and in the middle of the fourth day from Bahia, we made the entrance of the Cotingiba river. The shore was low and sandy; but on the southern point was a high tower, or Atalaya, as it is called, in which was a look-out man, who hoisted flags as signals to vessels about to enter. If there was sufficient water on the bar, two flags were shown, one over the other; if it was dangerous, one only. As we came abreast of the tower one flag was hoisted, and in a few minutes hauled down.

We stood off again, waiting for the other signal, and the old pilot began to get puzzled. I was the best Portuguese of the party, and with the mate, who had picked up a little of that language on the coast of Africa, cross-examined the old fellow about what was best to be done. We did not know a great many of the technical terms, such as the pilot-boat (catraia), so had written down several of them in pencil on the top of the companion ladder, and referred to the place as to a

dictionary. Our pilot was quite decided that we must not attempt the bar unless we saw two flags, so we tacked, and stood up and down the coast for some time. The sea-breeze was very light, and the old craft missed stays several times, which did not improve our position; for if it had fallen calm, the swell would have certainly sent us ashore. The spy-glasses were in great requisition, and we watched the bar anxiously, but could see nothing but long lines of white rollers without any apparent opening. At last, just as we had gone about to gain a greater offing, a little sail appeared in the river behind the white line of rollers, and the old pilot recognised it as the long wished-for catraia. She was well handled, soon beat over the bar, and nearing us, passed under our stern.

Then rather a doubt arose, as the captain, I saw, did not wish to pay for two pilots, and the old one not liking to lose his job, no one knew quite what to do. I, on my part, had no idea of the pilot-boat being sent away again, and we to run the risk of lying outside the bar all night; so I said to the captain: "Tell the pilot to come on board, and we will go in." He said nothing, rather wishing to implicate me; but the mate pulled off his hat and waved it to them, on which they tacked again, and lay to under our stern. The boat was dropped with a couple of hands, and we took the pilot on board. He was a fine stout negro, jet black, with a red shirt on, and he immediately took charge of the vessel. The pilots going ahead in their little schooner, we squared the yards and followed them, and in a few minutes were in the rollers. The captain was in a great fright when we reached the rushing brown water, and as one of the men in the gang-way gave the soundings four fathoms, three and a half, three,

he got worse and worse, and his teeth chattered so that he could hardly speak. We were now in the channel, and close on each side of us rolled the muddy waves foaming along towards the shore; but there was no real danger, and the pilot looked on with the greatest coolness. However, it was a relief to all when we were fairly in the river; and there, after sailing up for about a mile, we anchored for the night.

The river was a pretty-looking stream, with low wooded hills a little way inland, and the shore fringed with groves of tall cocoa-nut trees. A few cottages appeared amongst them, and one or two large lanchas, or sailing-boats, were anchored near. The moon soon rose, and then the scene, with the glassy river and the graceful cocoa-nut trees, was excessively fine.

The next morning we were under weigh with the flood tide, and sailed up the river about six miles, to another village, boasting a custom-house and police-office. The captain and I went on shore to present ourselves to the authorities, and enter the ship, for which purpose I acted as interpreter. Here I found Mr. Winter, the manager of Schram's house, who had ridden down from Maroim; and on reading my letter, told us that he should expect us both to dinner at four o'clock, and that a room should be prepared for me at the house. He returned on horseback, and we, taking the boat, went up by water.

It was a long pull—for the tide had turned against us—but at length we came in sight of the little town of Maroim, and I disgusted the captain, a German, by saying that I thought it looked rather like Hamburg. We landed close to Mr. Schram's house, where Mr. Winter most hospitably received

us. Maroim is situated at the end of one of the branches of the Cotingiba river. It might be expected to be a most sickly place, for at low water it is surrounded with mud, mangroves and musquitoes, but oddly enough it is one of the healthiest places in Brazil. Mr. Schram's is the principal house in the town, and is distinguished by a flag-staff, and the Hanseatic Arms over the door, as he acts as Consul for those towns. He was now in Europe, and the establishment was left in charge of Mr. Winter. Nearly all the produce of this part of the country consisted of sugar, which is bought by this house and shipped for Germany. Several other Germans, Messrs. Weiderman, Hollzerman, Weucherer, &c., were employed in different situations, and seemed to vie with each other in showing me kindness. There was also an Englishman settled in the town, named Wynn, a most good-natured, indolent fellow, who had formerly been a clerk; but liking everything better than business, now kept a shop, and acted as Swedish and Norwegian Consul. Both he and Weucherer were very anxious to go up to the Falls of Paulo Affonso, and had been thinking of doing so for some years, but never could make up their minds to start. Weiderman had been there with Mr. Schram, but could give me very little information, though all agreed the expedition would not be a difficult one.

Having waited at Maroim a day or two to see if Mr. Weucherer would accompany me, I found that it was no use to delay longer, and so hired a couple of horses and a black as portador, or guide, and set out. My guide was to convey me as far as the town of Propria, or properly Piripuru, on the river San Francisco, a distance of about fifteen leagues. Here I was to send the horses back, and

embarking in a canoe, ascend the river as far as Porta des Piranhos. We did not start till nearly ten o'clock in the morning, as we had to go but seven leagues that day. The road was deep and clayey, and in the first half-hour the portador's horse fell twice, but luckily both steed and rider escaped unhurt. Neither of the horses were shod, as it is not the practice in this country—why, I could not imagine, and they could tell me no reason, except that they never did. The country we rode through was uninteresting, though in many places were luxuriant crops of sugar-cane, and the landscape was dotted with red-roofed Engenhos. Many curious plants ornamented the thickets, and the banks were covered with the sensitive plant (*Mimosa*) which shrank from us, and drooped as we brushed past.

In the evening we arrived at a large house called Alegrete, where we were to stop for the night, and to the owner of which I had brought a letter from Mr. Winter. He was very polite, and bestirred himself to get me something to eat. He called to the slaves: "Au Minerva, chiame Patroclo," (Oh, Minerva, call Patroclus,) and Patroclus having answered the summons of the woolly-haired black girl, supper was soon set before me. My host and I then reclined in hammocks, and smoked our cigars, when he questioned me concerning my journey, the state of Europe, the revolution in France, &c., and I did my best to enlighten and amuse him. I had a slight breakfast the next morning, and at half-past seven left Alegrete for Propria, my host wishing me a prosperous journey, and begging me to rest at his house on my return.

I soon found that my guide had never been beyond Alegrete, and therefore did not know the way; but he made

inquiries of every one we met, and so we arrived at last safely at Propria. On our way we passed at least seven or eight crosses on the road-side, each marking the spot where a murder had been committed. Several had been put up recently, and I found that the unfortunate victims had generally been either killed in revenge, or in attempting to catch runaway slaves.

We came in sight of the San Francisco river half-an-hour before we arrived at Propria. Black clouds were gathering overhead, and we had to gallop into the town to escape a wetting. This was just the beginning of the rainy season, but fortune favoured me, and I did not suffer much from it. Having a letter to a Portuguese named Gimarāens, I went immediately to his house. He received me kindly, gave me a dinner and a bed, and arranged about a canoe for me. I hired a good one with two men, to go up to Porta des Piranhos, a distance of about twenty-two leagues, where it was to wait to bring me back, and it was agreed that I should pay for the canoe at the rate of two milreis per day, and eight milreis to each man for the journey, a milrei being equal to two shillings English.

For provisions, I bought ten pounds of biscuit, two stone bottles of Figuera wine, and a large bag of farinha or mandioca-flour. I had besides a four-pound pork piece, that I got on board the English packet, half a ham, given me by Mr. Winter, and a large flask of gin. After dinner, Senhor Gimarāens walked with me to the river to look at the craft. It was a large "canoa aberta," which is a canoe hollowed out of a large tree, and then sawed down the middle, four or five planks being let into the bottom to give more beam, and strengthened with timbers. It had a mast

forward, on which was set a large triangular sail, and in the bows was a "toldo," or hut made of palm-leaves, thatched over bent sticks. This, with a mat laid in it, was to be my house for the voyage; and I afterwards found it an excellent protection from the sun and rain. I was now introduced to the crew, Manuel Christo, a Brazilian, and his cad Januario Caboclo, a sort of half-bred Indian; and I was immediately dubbed Capitão, no one here being without a title.

The San Francisco is a fine stream at this point, being half a league wide, tolerably deep, and with a current of about three miles an hour. After the rainy season, it is said to be nearly a league wide—four English miles—and the current to run more than six miles an hour; so it must then pass a large volume of water into the sea. I heard that at all times vessels could get fresh water on the bar, without entering the river.

Propria, which appears to be a corruption of its Indian name Piripuru, is a town of about 400 inhabitants, situated on the southern bank of the river, twelve leagues from the mouth. It has two churches, one a large edifice, but in an unfinished state.

Everything being prepared by the morning of the 30th July, I rose very early, anxious to begin my voyage, but the wind did not spring up till half-past nine, when we set our sail, and shoved off into the stream. At the first village, Colajio, the men stopped to buy dried beef, or carne sertão (country meat) as it is called, which they ought to have provided before; but said they thought it had been provided by me. As, however, there was but little wind, we did not lose much time, and all was soon arranged. The man put a shovel full of earth on to a board, and making a fire on it,

cooked the meat as we went before the wind. Several other canoes accompanied us up the river. Some of them, in addition to their triangular sail (which like ours was laced to the mast, and boomed out like the mainsail of a cutter), had a studding-sail of exactly the same size and shape on the other side, hauled up to a block at the mast-head, and also boomed out; thus the three sails together, when they bellied out with the wind, and the booms rose, formed a square, having a very odd appearance.

The old canoe went merrily through the water, the foam rushing and hissing under her bows, and when the wind dropped, a little after dark, we had made nine leagues. During the day we passed the villages of Colajio and Traipoo, and we now anchored at a place called Serkão. I was stretched under the toldo and just going to sleep, when I heard a grating noise under the boat repeated several times. On inquiring the cause, Manuel told me that it was a fish called manding, *cantando*, as he expressed it, under the canoe. I was rather doubtful of this, but a day or two afterwards I caught several of these fish; and whilst pulling them up, and when they were jumping about on the bottom of the canoe, they all made the same noise. They were a yellowish-brown in colour, something like a large bullhead.

The next morning was calm and clear, and the river was as smooth as glass. Swarms of little fish, called piabas, were swimming about the canoe, and with a small hook, and some farinha, I soon caught enough for breakfast. The fish of this river are very numerous, and some sorts grow to a large size, and excellent eating; though when I wanted any I always found great difficulty in purchasing them. One of the most curious is the piranhos (*Myletes macropomus*). It

is a yellow fish, growing to about eighteen inches or two feet in length, and is very thick. The mouth is strong, and furnished with pointed teeth as sharp as a razor, and fitting one into the other like the teeth of a saw. It is so fierce and eager after flesh, that it is quite the terror of the river. If a man or any animal fall into the water where they abound, the piranhos rush at him in a shoal, and each one tearing out a mouthful, soon destroy life. All the animals fear it, and when they drink, which they seldom do except in shallow water, take care not to put their noses below the surface, yet even with this caution, they often get bitten. Dr. Malet told me that he saw a dog thrown into the river as an experiment, when he was seized immediately, gave one yelp, and disappeared. The piranhos is excellent eating.

The wind sprang up about $9\frac{1}{2}$ A.M., on the third day, and with occasional squalls and rain storms, continued till nightfall, when we anchored for the night at a village called Pão de Assucar (sugar-loaf), from a conical hill near it. We had run eight leagues, passing Barra de Panèma, Lagoa Fonda, and Limoens, all on the north bank of the river. The stream seemed about the same breadth, but I cannot think that it was near two miles; generally, the banks were flat, but here and there rocky bluffs projected into the river.

The next morning, as usual, was calm and clear, but the wind, as is the case on most of the rivers in hot countries, did not spring up till about nine o'clock. Whether it is a continuation of the sea-breeze I know not, but it always goes down at sunset, and probably arises from the same cause as the sea-breeze. I bathed this morning, being assured there

river before the wind, and arrived at Porta des Piranhos at 3 P.M. For the three leagues previous, the river was much narrower, full of black rocks, and ran between high hills covered with a scanty vegetation. Above this, navigation ceases on account of the rocks and rapids. The "port" is a small village on the north bank of the river, and the inhabitants, to all appearance, are poor enough. Several of them came down to my canoe to look at me, and hear the news, &c.; and amongst others was the portador Felix, who accompanied Mr. Schram up to the Falls. I immediately enlisted him in my service, and sent him to hire a couple of horses, if possible, whilst I walked up to the village. There were two small shops at which were sold *carne seco* (jerked beef), wine, *caxas* (brandy) pronounced *cashas*, gin, hardware, linen, &c. The chief one was kept by a man named Pacheco, to whom, having a letter to him, I applied for horses, and he soon procured two. Several of the natives gathered round staring at me, and asking all sorts of questions. Some inquired about Senhor Adolphe (Schram), Senhor Emilio (Weiderman), &c., and described how the latter lit his cigar with a match between his teeth, asking if I could do the same, and were much amused when I struck a light on amadou with my knife. They were wild-looking fellows, with long black hair, dressed in a shirt and pair of drawers tied at the ankle, leather hats, and sometimes leather jackets, and each had a long pointed knife in his belt. Although in such a different part of the world, they were very like Laplanders, or rather Fins, but much taller; and, in point of scenery, the swift rocky river, and the barren hills added much to the resemblance. The houses, canoes, &c., were very much in the style of the north of Norway, and I could

almost fancy that I was on the banks of the rushing Alten. After some little bargaining, I hired the two horses to go to the Falls and back in five days, paying eighteen milreis for the job; and that being made safe, I packed my saddle-bags, replenished the wine-bottles, bought a little maize for the horses, and then returned to my canoe to sleep, prepared to start in the morning.

CHAPTER VI.

A BRAZILIAN COUNTRY HOUSEHOLD—SIMPLICITY OF THE NATIVES—APPROACH TO THE FALLS—THE CATARACT—NIGHT ON THE BANK—AN UNPLEASANT INCIDENT—A PRIMITIVE FISHERMAN—ANGLING FOR PIRANHOS—NIGHT ON THE RIVER—FOSSIL REMAINS—DISCOMFORTS OF TRAVELLING—THE RIVER AMAZON.

We did not leave Piranhos till nearly nine o'clock, and ascending a valley between two hills, soon lost sight of the river. The country was rocky and dry, thinly wooded with stunted trees, and the ground covered with prickly plants, including the carawa, of which, in this part of Brazil, ropes are usually made. The cacti grow to a large size here; I noticed some as big round as my body, and upwards of thirty feet high, branching out like regular trees. The country was uneven, though without high hills, and was very thinly populated, not without good reason, for there was little to attract inhabitants. After a ride of four leagues, accomplished in three and a half hours, we came to a place called Olho d'Agua (eye of water), from an adjacent spring. A few

cottages were scattered about, and we stopped at the best, saluted the owner, and dismounted. Felix, my portador, seemed well acquainted with the host, and after unloading the horses, we turned them out to graze, and entered the house. Our host was a man well off, and possessed land, cows, a wife, and two slaves; but like all others in this wretched country, he seemed to live almost wholly on farinha and fajão. He was hospitable as far as his means went, cooked some fajão for Felix, and brought me a basin of milk. The back part of the house in which the family sat, was nothing but a roof supported on posts, at the foot of one of which was a fire.

In a corner, the wife was sitting on the ground working, and near her, a black slave-woman was making lace on a pillow. Dogs, goats, turkeys, and fowls, went in and out as they pleased, and on the rafters sat three or four green parrots. Nearly every cottage had some of these birds, which were being tamed and taught to talk. When they have learnt a few Portuguese words they are taken down to the towns, and sold, always bringing a price in proportion to their accomplishments. We ate our frugal meal, and as it came on to rain hard, stayed some time. Felix availed himself of the opportunity to make some snuff, which he did in rather a primitive way, roasting some tobacco on a wooden skewer, and then rolling it up in a corner of his leathern frock, when he pounded it on a stone with the handle of his knife, till he had reduced it to powder. The conversation was rather amusing, but principally turned on hunting, and the host related with great glee two or three stories of his having killed some huge ounces which infested the country, and which had taken off several of his cows. At last, the rain ceasing, we saddled the

horses and continued our ride; but having gone one league, another heavy storm came on, and obliged us to stop at the next houses called Talhao, where, though we had only come five leagues from Piranhos, we decided on sleeping. We went to the house of a man who was called rich, but I saw no difference between his dwelling and those of his neighbours. He was dressed in a shirt and drawers, but wore neither shoes nor stockings, and the boys, his sons, ran about naked. Our horses were turned out to graze, but there appeared to be hardly any grass, everything was so burnt up and barren from the former drought, though the rain now came down in torrents. The people here appeared wilder than ever, and I thought of the Cornish miner's speech when he was crossing the Pampas with Head: "They be so wild as the donkey, and there be one thing, Sir, that I do observe, which is, that the farther we do go, the wilder things do get!"

In the house they collected round me, asking all sorts of questions and wanting to see everything. Felix rather acted as showman, and I had to exhibit my knife, compass, pistols, &c., but what created most amusement, was an indian-rubber elastic band that I had round my sketch-book. It was passed from one to the other, examined, stretched, and commented on. At last I told the master of the house, who was showing it off, to put it round his head. He stretched it carefully, and did so, and amused every one excessively; but much more were they delighted when he tried in vain to get it off, creating on every side roars of laughter. He looked serious enough as he pulled his hair up, and thought some trick had been played upon him, and that the magic fillet was a fixture; but at last he succeeded in getting rid of it, and joining in the laugh, wanted somebody else to put it

on. They then asked why I went to the Falls, and would not believe that it was from curiosity alone. I did not tell them how far I had come from curiosity, as they might have thought I was really a madman, and treated me as such. They imagined, indeed, that I was on the look out for mines, and inquired whether I should know where gold and silver were to be found, if I were to pass near them. I assured them of my ignorance, and retorted by inquiring if they had ever seen a steam-boat or a railway, and if they had not curiosity enough to wish to see one. I said I had seen plenty, and they were nothing to me; but all agreed that a railway with an engine that would draw people, merchandize, and cattle, at the rate of ten leagues per hour must be indeed a wonder. I had now excited them, and had to describe a railway train, engine and all; but when I came to the tunnel, and said that instead of going over the hill the train went through a hole cut in it, and that it sometimes went nearly a league under ground, their credulity seemed taxed to the utmost, and I have no doubt that they set me down as not only half-cracked, but an unscrupulous romancist. At last, it was time to go to rest, and we slung our hammocks in an outer room, and slept soundly till day-light.

We started in the morning at seven o'clock, intending to reach the cataract in the evening. Nine leagues only now separated me from these wonderful Falls, and in proportion as the distance grew shorter, my eagerness to see them increased. I was rather doubtful about the horses, for they did not seem very fresh; and neither of them being shod, and the path hard and stony, their feet began to get very tender. In the middle of the day we rested at a place called Salgado, four

leagues from the Falls, and got a sort of dinner there, consisting of three plates—one of farinha, one of fajão, and one of brown sugar—which we set between us on a bench, and Felix and I sat across the ends of it, diving our spoons alternately into each dish. The people here had a good deal of Indian blood in their veins, showing it in their swarthy countenances, straight black hair, and large handsome eyes. A bow and some arrows rested on pegs in the wall, and a couple of naked boys amused themselves with shooting at a hide with a roughly made cross-bow—all very Indian. We gave the horses some milho, and I was much surprised to see several lean dogs, which were loafing about the house, watch the horses as they ate, and eagerly snap up any grains that happened to fall. I have since often seen a dog with an ear of maize between his paws, gnawing off the grains as he would gnaw a bone, and I remember a terrier that always came when the chickens were fed to pick up his share. A league further on we passed the last cottage on our road; it was called La Cruz, and was inhabited by a fine-looking negro, who came out and brought us a calabash full of milk.

The country was now very rocky and sandy, and we crossed two or three dry water-courses. The ground was covered with bushes, amongst which a shrub called alecrin was very plentiful. It is a sort of rosemary, with a curious twisted stem, and aromatic leaves. One tree, with leaves something like an oak, and a smooth bark, stung like a nettle. I believe it is a sort of *Tatropha.* Felix knew all the properties of the different trees, and announced one *(Angeca)* to be good for tanning, another for making ropes, another for curing the bite of poisonous snakes; and it is said that the

armadillo, when wounded by fighting with snakes, runs to this tree, and eating some of the leaves, renders the bite harmless; but no other animal possesses this important secret.

I became very anxious to get to the Falls ere the sun went down, so that I might see them before I slept, for it would not have been pleasant to have waited all night without gratifying my curiosity. But the path was bad, the sun very hot, and the horses tired, so our progress was extremely slow. At two leagues more, we came to a huge rock, called "Piedra de Agua," in which was a small hollow full of water, covered with two or three flat stones. We stopped here, and though the water was rather green and warm, quenched our thirst, and replacing the stones, continued our route. At this point we obtained an extensive view over the country, and Felix pointed out the most remarkable hills. One to the south, a great distance off, he said was composed of one stone only, and was called the Serra Encantada (the enchanted mountain). It was a wild-looking scene: an undulating country, covered with low trees. During the last league I listened anxiously for the sound of the Falls, but got very near them before their roar was audible. The reason was, that they fell into such a deep sort of trench, that the sound was suppressed. At last I heard their sullen thunder, and saw the river above glancing in the sunlight, and full of rocks and foaming rapids. I urged my horse forward, but he would not go out of a walk, which appeared slower than ever. At last we got to our destination, and halting under a large "caibea" tree, hobbled and turned loose the horses, and taking off our spurs, walked down to see the Fall. We were separated from it by two large water-courses, now dry,

but which in the rainy season become large torrents, and present serious difficulty to any one wishing to approach the river. When Mr. Schram was here in May, they were full of water, and he was only able to pass them by the assistance of two fishermen, who were there by chance, and who made a sort of raft, and floated him over; Felix first swimming across a pool with a line. Even now they were full of huge rocks, troublesome enough to climb over. The sun was just setting, and lit up the steep cliffs below the Fall with a beautiful red glow, the water itself being in shadow. The river above was full of rocks and rapids, but was not much below the general level of the country. It divides into two large branches, and several smaller ones, the largest of which, about two-thirds of the river, is again divided at the top of the cataract by three or four large rocks, like the Rhine at Schaffhausen. Between these it rushes down in great torrents, and joining in the descent, falls about one hundred feet into a sort of huge cauldron, inclosed, except on the side where I stood, by perpendicular cliffs. The next largest arm shoots down this precipice, and joins the first just where it leaves the basin, and then the united streams take their final plunge into a deep pool below. Between the two, three smaller streams fall into the same basin. Thus, from the place where I stood, I had on my right, a Fall something like Trollhättan in Sweden; in front one like Terni, though not quite so high, and some others which anywhere else would have been considered large. Below the last pool, the river runs in a sort of deep trench, and being turned sharp to the right by the perpendicular cliff which forms the side of it, from a course about S. by W., it runs away about W. by N. The point of land formed by this angle of the river, is cut off by two

other large streams, which leaving the main river above the Fall, tumble into it some distance below; so that it would be, I think, nearly impossible to approach it from the right or Bahia bank. Below the Fall, the river, running directly against the perpendicular cliff, turns both ways; on the left (looking down the stream), it forms a sort of creek, terminating in a deep cavern, inaccessible when the river is high; on the right, it continues its course.

Having now a very good general idea of the place, I returned to the trees where we had left our saddles, and provisions. Walking in the dark, I drove the sharp spine of a cactus, numbers of which grew in all directions among the rocks, right through my deer-skin boot, nailing it to my foot. I had some difficulty in getting it off; but though wounds from these thorns are generally troublesome to heal, I suffered but little pain from it afterwards.

I was very tired, and indeed knocked up by the heat of the sun, and the fatigues of the day's journey; so after a supper of ham and biscuit, and a cup or two of wine, I lay down by the fire, and wrapping myself in my Spanish cloak, tried to go to sleep. I tried, however, in vain; for I always find it very difficult to sleep the first night in the woods. First, the fire got low, and I had to replenish it with fuel; then it was too hot, so I had to move again; then I lay listening to the bells of the horses, wondering how far off they were, and whether they would stray; then to the sullen roar of the cataract; to the owls, and the cries of the various birds and wild animals of the forest, and so passed most of the night. Towards morning, I slept a little; but awoke unrefreshed, and found it was raining.

I had no time to lose, and although I felt very ill and

agueish, and began to doubt whether I had not taken the fever, I walked to the top of the perpendicular cliff, made a sketch, and then measured the height. The cliff is but little higher than the whole Fall: so, joining some fishing lines (which I had brought on purpose), we let them down, and found the height to be 248 feet, showing that Dr. Malet's judgment (he guessed it at 250 feet) was not far from the truth. I could not see the stone, which we tied at the end, touch the water; but letting down 50 fathoms, I measured how much had been wet. Felix then amused himself by rolling huge stones over, and by watching them splash in the river, and taking the time of their descent, I came nearly to the same measurement. The sun soon afterwards shone out, and formed a beautiful rainbow across the whole gulf. I then returned to the upper Falls, looked them all over again, and made one or two sketches.

The stone is reddish, and I think is a sort of clay-slate: where the river washes, it is black, and polished like coal. I do not know the cause of this curious appearance; but I noticed it also at Assouan, at the first cataract of the Nile, and it occurs, according to Humboldt, in the rapids and falls of the Amazon and Orinoco rivers. I think that the action of the water mixed with sand must be the cause, as there is a good deal in both rivers; but the stone is different, that at Assouan being granite or syenite.

It resembles the Egyptian cataract in another respect, which is, in the number of kettles, or devil's cauldrons, scooped in the rocks in all directions. Some stones were perforated in an extraordinary manner, one about five feet high was nearly hollow. The perforation had commenced near the top, a stone or two had got in, and then being

whirled round continually, had by degrees descended and worn away the inside of the stone, leaving a hollow shell. Sand is a great assistance in this process. I could not form a correct idea of the breadth of the Fall, everything being on so large a scale, and not being able to cross it.

My sketches being finished, I cut my initials on a tree, fired a pistol-ball into it just below one of Schram's, and took my departure about 3 P.M. We soon caught the horses, loaded up, and then took them to the river to drink, for although they had been turned out close to it all night, yet not knowing the place, it was impossible for them to get down to the water. At the spot to which we now led them, there was a sandy creek running in from the river, between walls of blackened rock, and here the water ebbed and flowed just like the sea. This was caused by a huge rapid above, which drove the water backwards and forwards in great waves. I held my horse by the halter, and he went in up to his knees, but just as he began to drink, the wave retired, and left him dry, sucking at the sand and wondering where the water had gone to. I held him back from following it, or he might have been carried away, but climbing along the rocks I let him go in deeper. He then slaked his thirst, the water being sometimes up to his girths, sometimes not covering his hoofs. The place is called "Ven y va," (come and go.)

I went as far as Salgado that evening, and slept there, at the house where I purchased my hammock. I now bought a boa constrictor's skin, though a small one, not more than ten feet long. These snakes are common in this part of the country, and grow to the length of twenty-eight feet, though I have never seen the skin of one of that size. I

did not see one alive, though I much wished it. They are here called Giboa. They will seize any animal, and destroy it by crushing it in their huge folds, but when found gorged with a recent meal, they are easily killed. Sometimes the troperos have killed them with their sticks. The natives tan the skins, and sometimes make riding-boots of them.

Whilst resting in the forest, amusing myself with finishing a sketch, I took a draught of water from one of the stone bottles; and on a sudden felt a burning sensation in my mouth and throat. I told Felix to taste the water, which he did, and said that it was quite good. I tried it again, and my mouth burnt worse than before. It then struck me that he had poisoned me, yet I hardly knew what object he could have for such an action. I told him to try the water again; and he took two or three gulps so willingly, that I could not believe there was anything wrong on his part, and afterwards eating some biscuit and drinking a little wine, I tried the water again, and it was perfectly good. As I was painting, I must have got some whiting into my cup or my mouth, and this caused the burning.

We arrived at the river, at Porta des Piranhos, at ten o'clock next morning. The horses were regularly knocked up, and went their last day's journey dreadfully. Their hoofs were worn down to the quick by the hard stony path, and they limped along as if they were on hot irons; but we got safe back, and recommended the owner of the horses to have them shod, which is not the custom of the country. As I had not yet breakfasted, I rode down to the canoe; but my men, though they were delighted to see me, could give me no breakfast. Meat was out of the question: it would

take a long time to buy, kill, and cook a fowl, and there was no fish. Altogether, this is the usual Brazilian bill of fare. As a last resource, I told my men to catch me some piabas, and throwing a handful of farinha into the water, thousands swarmed round the boat. Manuel told the Indian Januario to catch some: so he, grumbling, took the earthen pot, or "panella," which we had for cooking in, and a plate, and stepped out of the canoe. I was changing my clothes, and looked on in silence, not knowing what he was going to do. He walked into the water where it was about eighteen inches deep, held the panella between his feet, and taking the plate in one hand, with the other sprinkled farinha in front, and in the mouth of the pot. The piabas rushed to the place, and actually followed his hand into the kettle after the meal; when he slipped the plate on the top, came out of the water, and poured them out on the sand. This to me was a new way of fishing. The piabas were soon replaced in the kettle, put over the fire, and by the time I was dressed, they were ready for my breakfast. This being soon finished, I walked up to the venda of my old friend Pacheco, to pay for the horses, &c. Several natives were idling about, and I was scrutinized all over, and asked all sorts of questions; while Felix, who was now the great man, amused them with describing all I had done on the journey.

Senhor Pacheco's house was not very fragrant, as the eaves and some poles in front of it were garnished and festooned with stripes of beef, undergoing the process of drying, and they smelt as if in a state of incipient decay. Several hides also were pegged out on the ground to stretch, and the combined odour was anything but pleasant:

R.F. del. et lith.

Hullmandel & Walton Lithog.

PAULO AFFONSO.

London. Hurst & Blackett Great Marlborough Street

therefore, having bought two or three things that I wanted amongst which was a tanned boa's skin, I returned to my canoe; but first treated all the natives who liked it to a glass of gin.

It was no use to attempt going down the river till the evening, when the wind, which during the day always blows up the river, might lull; so I prepared my fishing-tackle, and set to work to try and catch piranhos. Cutting the wings off a salmon-fly, I baited with a piece of ham, and threw in. They were not fastidious, and I soon had a bite, but pulled up the line minus the hook. I put on a large one with treble gut; but, with hardly any pull, it shared the same fate. I then set to work in earnest, using a large salmon-hook, bound strongly to a thick line, and armed it for six or eight inches up the line with wire from the porter-bottle. Baiting my hook with a piece of fowl, which Manuel had just killed for my next day's dinner, I tried my fortune again. The smaller fish were a great trouble, repeatedly getting the bait off; but at last, after missing one or two bites, I hooked a fine fellow, hauled on him, and got him to the top of the water; but he gave one plunge, and bit the line and wire through, as if it had been cut with a knife. The natives were not surprised at my want of success, and described the teeth and jaws of this fish as something tremendous. I thought I would have one yet, so took a strong Irish salmon-hook, a rare good one from John Phillips of Dublin, which might well have been trusted on the Namsen, bound it on the line, and armed it well with triple wire. At length there was a bite, and I gave him plenty of time, struck him, and began hauling him in hand over hand. Manuel seeing the great yellow fish as he came near

the surface, rushed at me to seize the line and jerk him into the boat; but he gave two or three plunges, bit off the hook, and escaped. We examined the line, and found that he had not only bitten through the line and wire, but actually through the thick shank of the hook. I had nothing stronger, and as it was now getting dark, I gave up any farther attempts, though much wishing to get a piranho for a specimen. The moon now rose and shone brightly over the quiet scene. My men, and one or two of the inhabitants, were sitting on the sand round a fire, talking and watching the pot in which my fowl was boiling; and after looking on for some time, I, tired with my journey, crawled under my toldo, and was soon asleep.

I started from Porta des Piranhos on my downward journey at about half-past 10 P.M. The full moon was shining brilliantly, and the night was beautifully calm. We soon passed through the rocky, rapid part of the river, and then my men ceased rowing, and both were soon fast asleep. I awoke at sunrise, and found the men still sleeping, and the canoe drifting quietly down the centre of the river. The wind sprang up as usual about nine, and landing at the village of Pão de Assucar, the men cut a huge bundle of a sort of creeping plant that grew in the sand, with a flower like a large pink convolvulus, and which they called Salsa; and fastening the bundle to the painter of the canoe, which, like the anchor, was at the stern, they threw it overboard, and as it floated just below the water, and exposed a large surface to the current, it was of great assistance in towing the boat down stream against the wind. Dr. Gardner, in his work on Brazil, says that he never heard of this method before; but a similar plan is mentioned by Herodotus, who

says that the boatmen on the Nile (for in that country, as here, the wind generally blows up the river during the day) used to fasten a wattled handle, with the lower edge loaded with stones, under the bow of the boat, to tow them down the stream, steering by means of a rope with a stone at the end of it, dragging over the stern.

We arrived in the evening at Propria, and again slept at the house of Senhor Gimarāens. Manuel enlisting himself into my service, as portador, I hired horses, and started next morning for Maroim. Senhor Gimarāens showed me some bones of a Megatherium, or some animal of that sort, which had been found a short distance up the river, and he told me that they were not uncommon. I also heard that at some distance up the country, to the north-west of the Falls of Paulo Affonso, large beds of oval stones are found of different sizes, but every one of which, on being broken, is found to inclose a fossil fish. I afterwards saw one of these curious stones in a shop-window in Rio Janeiro; but they rated it at so high a price, that I did not purchase it.

Returning towards Maroim by a different route, I slept the first night at a place called Cabral. The house was large, and newly built, and the owner had a fine sugar estate adjoining, and was a rich man. When we rode up and asked for a night's lodging, as is the custom in Brazil, he asked who I was, which I left Manuel to explain, and he then ushered me into his drawing-room. It was a large handsome room, containing a table and about three dozen chairs, ranged in order, but little other furniture. He and two of his friends who were in the house, sat down and conversed with me till tea was ready. I was dreadfully hungry,

having had no dinner; but I did not like to ask for anything to eat, and when tea came, there was nothing with it but a plate of little cakes. I made an excuse for retiring to the bed-room, hoping to find Manuel to get me something more; but he did not appear, so in my room I was fain to eat for my supper a few little biscuits, and drink some gin and water, which I luckily had remaining in my flask. I made a resolution not to go to such large houses in future.

I was up before sun-rise, got a cup of coffee, and started again, hungry enough, but had four leagues to ride before I could obtain anything to eat; and though I tried to appease my cravings by chewing the end of a cheroot, was nearly famished by the time I reached Maroim. The Brazilians seem to care little about breakfast. They drink a cup of coffee when they get up, and then will go, if necessary, till the middle of the day, without feeling any inconvenience. At the hospitable house at Maroim a beefsteak and a glass of Lisbon soon set me right, and then I had to recount my adventures, and show my sketches to my German friends. I found that Weucherer had much wished to accompany me to the Falls, and would have done so if I had waited a day or two. The Falls are called Paulo Affonso, or Cachoeira de Paulo Affonso, from a man of that name, who, as the story goes, being one of the first white men in that country, was taken by the Indians, tied hand and foot, and sent over the falls in a canoe; but by some miracle he got safe to the bottom, loosed himself, and escaped.

It is extraordinary how slowly Brazil has been advancing in most parts, particularly with regard to the Amazon river. This enormous river, unlike most others in the world, was once navigated downwards from near its sources: Orellana,

one of Pizarro's generals, having embarked on the Napo, and after one of the most wonderful voyages on record, arrived at the mouth of the river at Para. But it would take as long, and be nearly as troublesome, to go down it now, as in Pizarro's time. It is a most splendid river, and well adapted for steam navigation. There is plenty of water, with hardly a rock for a thousand miles; for another thousand the navigation is easy, and the only difficulty would be getting the wood, which lines the banks of the river, cut for fuel.

CHAPTER VII.

SHIPWRECK ON THE BAR—SHOOTING EXCURSION—DRUNKEN SLAVES—THE VILLAGE OF THE BAR—OUR VESSEL DRIVEN BACK—CRITICAL SITUATION OF THE 'BOM JESUS'—THE BAR CROSSED—RETURN TO BAHIA—THE SLAVE TRADE—ATTACK ON A CAPTURED SLAVER—RECKLESSNESS OF SLAVE DEALERS—HABITS OF THE NEGROES—VOTIVE OFFERINGS—INSECTS AND REPTILES—THE BRITISH MINISTER—OUR LADY OF THE ROCK.

I FOUND at Maroim that the Englishman Wynne, with a Frenchman named Dominic, had gone to the mouth of the San Francisco, where a Jersey vessel had been wrecked on the bar. She was called the 'Malvina,' and was homeward bound from the river Plate, with a cargo of hides and tallow. The master said that he was beating up to the northward, and thinking that he was yet some distance from the land, on a sudden ran on to the bar of the San Francisco, where the vessel struck, and soon became immoveably fixed in the sand. He said a current must have put him a long way out of his reckoning; and many suppose that when this river is in flood it pours so much water into the sea, that it forms a strong back eddy to the southward; but there

must be some other reason for the numerous wrecks which happen on this coast. H.M.S. 'Opossum' some years ago got clean over the bar of this river by some accident, and anchored safely inside; but it was with the greatest difficulty that she was got out again, there not being sufficient water on the bar, till she was lightened of nearly everything.

Wynne acted as agent to the 'Malvina,' and sold the wreck and cargo; but had some difficulty in preserving them from the attacks of the natives, who would have plundered everything. I found that they had written a letter to me, telling me of the wreck, and sent it to a town called Pinedos, seven leagues below Propria, thinking I should return that way. Had I done so, I would have gone down there.

With regard to my return to Bahia, I found that a Brazilian schooner, called the 'Bom Jesus' (Good Jesus), was going to sail at the next high tide, which was in six days' time; so I went down and took a passage in her, as I preferred to return that way, to taking the long uncomfortable ride by land. With a tolerable wind, it is a voyage of two days only, whereas the journey by land takes seven or eight, the roads as well as accommodation being bad, and there was now every probability of rainy weather. During the week, I and Weiderman paid a visit to Weucherer, who lived at a place called Santa Anna, about three leagues off. It is a very rich sugar district, though wild and lonely. Nothing can be bought for food but farinha and dried beef, and often not even that. The country is flat, and although but little above high-water mark (for the tide runs up nearly to the house) and a long way from the mountains, yet in the nights and mornings it was very cold. We had some

difficulty in keeping ourselves warm at night, though covered with plenty of coats and blankets. Early in the morning, when we went out shooting, the bushes and trees around being full of birds of all colours, we often started in our thick pea-jackets, with our hands in our pockets to keep them warm.

In the morning the birds were very numerous, singing on every spray; but we found, what I heard before, that it was nearly useless shooting them, unless we had a clear space for them to fall on, the bushes being so thick, that unless we could mark the exact spot, or if they moved in the least after they fell, we could never find them. They were tolerably tame, and some of them remarkably so. I one day saw five little green parrots sitting on a branch, and knocked down three at one shot; but the remaining two did not fly away, or take the least notice. Little monkeys were not uncommon; but they made such piteous gestures and cries when wounded, that it is impossible to fire at them.

There were not many flowers in the woods, except orchideous plants, which grew in the forks of the trees like great aloes. Near the house, however, was a beautiful specimen of an aristolochia. I was told it was the gigas, but I do not think it was. It grew on the clayey banks of a river, covering a bush about twelve feet high, and had a great many blossoms, about eight inches long by four wide, of a beautiful velvetty reddish-brown, veined all over like a dragon-fly's wing. It was called by the natives Papo de Peru (turkey's breast), from a fancied resemblance to the plumage of a copper turkey. It is also called Flor de Casimba (pipe-flower), from the part where the stamens and pistils lie being twisted downwards like a pipe.

On my return to Maroim, I found Wynne and the Frenchman, who had come back from the wreck, and learnt that a very large turtle had been caught, and part of it was the next day to be converted into soup, all of us dining together at Schram's house. Wynne, who thought he knew a great deal about turtle soup, was to concoct one tureen, and the black cook of the house, a very tolerable artist, was to make another, to see which was the best. The nigger carried off the palm, though Wynne, according to one of the Germans, had "travelled (*travailler*) all day in de kitchen like de debil, and then lay down in his hangmat (hammock) till dinner time." After the soup we had some cold punch, quite *en règle*, when a rather amusing circumstance occurred. One of the slave boys, three of whom waited at table, had for his dinner what we left, and thinking to imitate us to the letter, must have some punch also, so took a draught of the Demijohn of "canha," and then gave his companion some, both coming into the room to prepare tea quite drunk. The consequence was that they were punished the next morning at the hands of the cook, receiving a certain number of strokes on the hand from a piece of wood called a Palmitorio. The slaves here, however, were treated with excessive kindness, though they were always giving a great deal of trouble, and I am sure no one would have slave labour if they could get free.

The day for the 'Bom Jesus' to sail had now arrived, so Dominic, who was going to Bahia on business, accompanied me down to the bar in a canoe, the schooner having already dropped down the river. Wynne and Peter Holzerman, the cashkeeper, went with us for pleasure, Wynne taking his dogs, from which he never parted. We had a

good canoe, furnished with a large toldo or roof, and at one in the morning, on August 16th, we left Maroim. I soon fell asleep, and did not awake till sunrise, when I found we were about half-way. My companions each took a mata-bichou (a dram of canha to "kill the insects," which might be supposed to have got into their throats during the night), and I washed my face and hands. Canha is not at all disagreeable, and I believe it is as wholesome as anything of the kind, if it can be taken (and this, I think, is the great secret) weak enough. New rum, indeed, is considered to be the most deadly drink that is to be found; but canha, though coming under that name, is white and pure; and I suppose, being just expressed from the sugar-cane (hence its name) it is free from the deleterious qualities of regular rum—or kill-sodger, as it is called in the West Indies. At Maroim we used to take one glass regularly at twelve o'clock, and throughout my tour I always, when I could, had a glass of weak rum or brandy-and-water at noon, and again at eight o'clock in the evening; and it certainly did no harm, for though I went into all sorts of climates, and was exposed to all sorts of weather, yet I hardly had a day's illness the whole time.

At the village of the bar, which is called Cocoeiras (the cocoa-nut grove), we stopped at the house of a Portuguese, an old settler in Brazil. He had a very tolerable house, and a large garden at the back, planted with cocoa-nut trees, mandioca, and cotton. The village extended on both sides of it, and the shores of the river, for some distance, were wooded with groves of cocoa-nut palms. A great number of these nuts are sent to Bahia, and our vessel, the 'Bom Jesus,' was loading with them. The trees are in bearing all the

year, and each year produce fifty or sixty nuts, worth a vintem (halfpenny) each. They grow best on the sandy shore, within reach of the spray of the sea, and are said to bear sooner if planted on a bag of salt.* They begin to bear when six or seven years, and, I fancy, go on bearing till very old. The flower is small and white, and flowers and fruit in every stage may be seen on the tree at the same time. The bark, leaves and every part are very useful—the leaves to thatch with; the fibres, for making ropes, and a variety of purposes. The mandioca (*Jatropha manhihot*), otherwise called cassava, is the great support of the population, and from it is made the farinha, which here supplies the place of bread. The roots, which are like thick knotty sticks, are dug up, and ground by being held against a wheel, the tire of which is covered with points like a rasp. The moisture and liquid, which are both deadly poison, are then squeezed out with a screw or lever press, and the residue, or flour, is dried on large copper pans about four feet in diameter, under which a fire is kept burning. The flour must be continually raked about whilst drying, and all that is ground in the morning must be dried the same day, or it will spoil. A good deal of castor-oil is also made here. It is obtained from a plant called Mammon, the seeds of which are pounded, and then presssed in bags made of cocoa-nut fibres, and the oil is boiled in a flat copper pan.

About $3\frac{1}{2}$ P.M., the tide turned, and taking leave of our friends, we went on board the 'Bom Jesus,' and beat down

* Sometimes the nuts fall off; the remedy then is to drive a large iron nail into the stump of the tree. This odd treatment is said to have the desired effect; I suppose by letting out some of the super-abundant sa .

to the bar against the sea-breeze. We had in company my old Bremenese friend the 'Katarina,' another schooner like our own, and two lanchas or native boats, so we made a nice little fleet, beating down the channel, and passing each other on different tacks. The difficulty of crossing the bar arises from a vessel having always to beat out against the sea-breeze, just after the turn of the tide; and as the breeze lasts but from nine till sunset, the bar can only be crossed with safety when the tide turns to run out some time in the middle of the day; as, if the vessel does not get a certain offing before sunset, and is becalmed outside, there is great danger of her being set ashore by the rollers.

Great black storms were flying about, it had blown fresh during the night, and the weather altogether looked very doubtful. The pilot-boat went out first, but when on the bar, found the sea running so high, that it was thought dangerous for us to attempt it, so, to my great annoyance, the pilot put up his helm and returned. We were all obliged to do the same, and in about half an hour, were quietly anchored again at the Cocoeiras. Wynne and the German had just started for Maroim in the canoe, so Dominic and I stayed at the house of the Portuguese, and slung our hammocks there for the night.

The next day we went on board again, and once more beat down to the bar; but just as we reached it, we encountered a tremendous squall of wind and rain, and were obliged to put back as before. This was the last day of the high tide, at least it would afterwards fall too late, so we had nothing to do but to return to Maroim and wait eight days, till the tide served again. Such are the delays which often occur to travellers out here, and they cannot be avoided.

Our time being up at last, Dominic and I again went down to the village of the bar, and slept there, as the schooner was to weigh about 11 A.M. Before that hour we were on board, and started on another attempt, the pilot-boat leading the way, followed by the 'Katarina,' while our craft, the 'Bom Jesus,' and two large lanchas brought up the rear. We had a motley crew on board. The captain, Chico Pedro, was a smart, active little fellow, of an athletic build. His nose and mouth were finely shaped, but his crisped hair showed he had in his veins a slight stain of African blood. He was most civil and obliging, and did all in his power to make his passengers comfortable. The crew were of different shades, from the mate, a Portuguese, to the common sailors, who were chiefly true bred darkies. The craft was a schooner of about 180 tons, with an immense mainsail and other sails in proportion, and was deeply laden with hides and sugar, besides upwards of 9000 cocoa-nuts, taken in whilst waiting at Cocoeiras, by way of filling up, and most of these were loose on deck, incommoding us not a little. To add to the confusion, pigs, turkeys, and tortoises, were running about, with three or four monkeys and some parrots; and as the cabin was full of cargo, and we had nine passengers, there was not much room to spare. On the quarter-deck were three bunks like dog kennels, one of which I had for my sleeping place, and two fellow-passengers filled the others; the rest slept on deck. I did not look forward with pleasure to the bar; for I saw that, if we missed stays, a thing likely enough to happen from the crowded state of the deck, nothing could save us from destruction. I had some dread, also, of the 9000 cocoa-nuts, knowing that, if we were swept by a sea, they would be all

adrift, and help most materially to prevent the management of the ship. Indeed, a merchant told me that he had once been off the bar in company with eight other sail, when five were wrecked in attempting to get in, and one of them being a slaver, numbers of unfortunates perished.

But on we went to the trial! The pilot-boat dashed gallantly ahead, and soon got into the broken water. The 'Katarina' followed; but just as she reached the first of the rollers, up went her helm, round she came, and passing under our stern, squared yards, and made for the entrance of the river, having found that there was not water enough for her to pass. We persevered and got out safely, though a sea swept us fore and aft, as we crossed the bar, and sent all the cocoa-nuts to leeward, pitching them up as high as the bulwarks, and carrying many over the side. I burst out laughing to see the black fellows, who, not able to turn pale, became a sort of slate-colour with fright, and showed their chattering teeth from ear to ear. One of the passengers, however, admonished me not to laugh, as the next sea might send us to the bottom.

Soon after crossing, we had dinner, Chico Pedro doing the honours with the greatest politeness. He provided us all with plates, and most of us had knives and forks, and two large dishes of beef and fajão being placed on the booby-hutch, which went over the hatchway, we stood round, and each helped himself. We quenched our thirst with red wine, and cracked a few fresh cocoa-nuts for desert. In forty-eight hours we entered the harbour of Bahia.

On landing, I took up my quarters at the hotel; but Mr.

Porter, the English Consul, kindly inviting me to his house, I went there, and remained his guest till the arrival of the English packet, fourteen days afterwards. Never did I spend a more pleasant fortnight. The scenery cannot be compared to that of Rio; but it is more tropical, and the broad-leaved banana, the black shadowed mango, and the massive jackfruit trees, give it a luxuriant appearance, which is perfectly enchanting. Bahia being built partly at the foot, and partly at the top of a steep bank or hill, is divided by this eminence into two parts—the mercantile and trading community residing at the bottom close to the shore, while the gentry live on the top. The latter portion of the town, called the Victoria, contains a great many beautiful villas, and it is here that most of the English merchants reside. The houses stand in nice gardens, and are well exposed to the sea-breeze; so that although quite in the tropics, the Victoria is always a pleasant and cool residence. The negroes form a large proportion of the population, and indeed in the middle of the day, few white people are seen about the streets and roads. The negroes are a fine race, much superior to those in Rio; and coming principally from the same country, speak one language, and therefore are much more likely to revolt, and are more dangerous than the negroes in other parts of Brazil. Many of them are well educated, and can read and write Arabic. They have formed clubs for liberating each other, and hold secret meetings, while they are able to communicate in a language unknown to their employers, and consequently must possess a great deal of power. On one occasion, indeed, they did revolt, and carried everything before them; but having no head or organized plan, they attacked the fort without arms, and as it was defended by the troops,

who had nothing to do but fire on them, numbers were killed. They work hard, and may be met toiling up the hill, in the heat of the day, with huge loads; but they never seem the worse for their exertions. The women have particularly fine figures, and dress in a very graceful and becoming costume. They shave the head, covering it with a small white turban; and wear a white chemise so loose that it only hangs on one shoulder at a time, wrapping round their waist a striped cloth called a "paño de la costa;" the ground white, and striped horizontally with broad blue, narrow blue, or blue and pink stripes, or some mixture of that sort, but always in good taste.

This fine race of blacks come from Upper Guinea, and are called "Minas," being shipped at the port of Mina. About ten thousand per annum are now imported, although the traffic is not allowed by Government, and they must be smuggled on shore. Still the slave trade is connived at by the authorities, and so long as the slaves are not actually landed in a port, it is not difficult to manage. Numbers of beautiful slave-vessels were now lying in the bay, looking like men-of-war in their equipments.* I saw one called the 'Andarinha' (swallow), which had just landed her eighth cargo. She was formerly a Baltimore pilot-boat. Such luck is not common, for it is said that the trade pays well if two ships land their cargoes, and the third is lost. Another beautiful vessel, the 'Brasiliense,' sailed for the coast whilst I was here, and went down the harbour in fine style, under all her canvas, going a great pace with a very light wind. Her

* Since my visit, the trade has been nearly entirely stopped, partly by the vigilance of our cruisers, but more by the Brazilian Government itself.

hull was painted bright green, and this circumstance oddly enough saved her on the coast. H.M.S. 'Amphitrite' had taken a slaver, and the master asked the slave captain whether there were any more loading on the coast. They will generally give every information of the whereabouts of the other vessels (I suppose to keep up the price, by getting them taken), so he described exactly where this 'Brasiliense' was, and gave all particulars about her. As a last question, the master happened to ask what colour she was. "Verde, Senhor," (green, Sir,) answered the slaver, which was such an odd colour for a ship to be painted, that the master thought he was telling lies, and as he did not follow the man's directions, she escaped.

Just at this time there was an affair with a slaver which caused a great sensation amongst the inhabitants of Bahia, and made the English for a time rather unpopular. H.M.S. 'Grecian,' cruising off the Brazilian coast, took a brig, the 'Bella Michalena,' bound to Bahia, with a full cargo of slaves; and putting a prize crew on board, under the command of an officer, sent her into Bahia for provisions, of which she was in want. Hearing of another slaver in the vicinity, he did not accompany her in, hoping to be able to capture the other also. The brig was brought in, and anchored in the bay, apart from the other ships, and the officer went on shore and reported the case to the Consul. Mr. P— told him he had better go on board again, and warned him to keep a good look-out, as the people were in a very excited state; naturally enough annoyed to see a ship belonging to Bahia, brought in captured. In the evening the vessel was attacked. Two large lanchas, manned by seventy or eighty Brazilians, Portuguese, &c., were drifted down on her. The officer fired

both his pistols, and then threw them at the attacking boats, and somehow or other they were beaten off; but he was so unprepared, that no ammunition could be got at; the key of the arm-chest could not be found, and was obliged to be broken open, and not a musket was fired until the boats were going away. Then, indeed, they were fired on, and several were killed. The attack does not seem to have been conducted with much courage or energy, and principally consisted in throwing billets of wood at the Englishmen, calling them names, and defying them to "come on." Some of the prize crew were said to be wounded, but I know that not a drop of blood was spilt on their side. The decks of the attacking lanchas were nearly, if not quite as high, as those of the brig, so that if the seventy Brazilians had had the least courage, they must have carried her. The English papers made rather a fuss about the affair, and the officer obtained great credit for his gallantry.

A short time before I arrived at Bahia, another incident occurred in connection with the slave trade, exhibiting the recklessness of the traders, and their utter disregard of the lives of the blacks. A man had had his ship captured on the coast of Africa, but still wishing to make a venture of some sort, he bought a boat about the size of a ship's long-boat, and decking it, and buying fifty young children, set sail for Brazil. Having a long passage, and being out of water, he was fallen in with by an English merchant ship, which, pitying the poor wretches, supplied him with water, and he continued his voyage, and arrived in Bahia with great part of his cargo.

The Brazilians, as I said before, are not in general severe to their slaves; the worst masters were the Dutch and the English—perhaps, because being very indus-

trious themselves they dislike to see idleness in others, whilst the Brazilians and Spaniards, though more cruel, have not this failing.

When a slaver is captured, it is taken to Sierra Leone or St. Helena, tried before a commission, and if found to have been engaged in the trade, is condemned. The crew are set free, but the ship, after being sawn in two, to prevent her being bought again for the same trade, is sold. Slave vessels are slightly built, but are beautiful models. Many are constructed at Oporto, Genoa, and other ports of Europe, but not unfrequently are American. The slaves are liberated, but here the great difficulty comes—what is best to be done with them? It would be no use taking them back where they were shipped, for they are generally brought down from a distance in the interior, so they would be unable to regain their own country, and would be soon taken and sold again; they are therefore sent to the West Indies, and apprenticed there for a certain number of years.

In Brazil, each having a price, can soon earn sufficient, if they are industrious, to free themselves; but when they obtain a little money they buy slaves themselves, and most cruelly they treat them, working them much more severely than white men do. They seem to have no feeling of race, or love for their country or countrymen, but ridicule those lately landed as an inferior set, and abuse each other with such epithets as "negros," "negros from the coast." To avoid this reproach, they will say: "Senhor, I am a Brazilian; a Brazilian born, and not a negro from the coast, Senhor."

A good many whales are caught at Bahia, sometimes in the bay itself. Large open boats are employed for this

purpose, carrying about twelve men. They have one large lug-sail, and are very fast. The crew, who are mostly blacks, are often dressed *en costume;* one crew in red, red woollen shirts, red trowsers and red caps, another in blue, &c., and they look very well. There is a boiling establishment in the bay. It adds much to the picturesqueness of the beautiful bay, to see its waters covered with the white sails of the whale-boats, scattered about, or clustered together in a group, when in pursuit of a fish.

The rides and walks about Bahia are very pretty. On Cape St. Vincent, the northern point of the entrance, stands the lighthouse and a church, and near it the English burying-ground. I looked for the grave of a relation of mine, poor Musters, who died here, a midshipman; but no stone or inscription marks his last resting-place, and the only memorial of him, is his death recorded in the Consul's books.

On another point, running out into the bay beyond the town, is the fort of San Felipe, and a large church, which enjoys a great reputation for sanctity. I went to visit it, and found in one of the chapels a large collection of wax models of limbs, which had been healed of various diseases, and these memorials were put there as thank-offerings, interspersed with crutches and sticks, no longer required by their cured owners. But the most curious feature was a collection of pictures, which had been hung up as votive offerings. Some of these were ill-done daubs of fires, carriage upsets, escapes from robbers, and other casualties; but most of the offerings were representations of slavers escaping from English cruisers: schooners and brigs, with tall raking masts and all sail set, and an English man-of-war in chase, while, from a cloud

close over the mast-head of the latter, appeared an angel's hand which held the wicked English vessel back. I suppose if the blacks were to paint a votive picture, they would put in a different effect. Near this church is some very pretty scenery, a villa or two now going fast to decay, and some fine trees. From this spot there is a beautiful view of the bay and city.

I think the plague of insects and reptiles in Brazil is much exaggerated, but in the Para districts, they are no doubt very bad. The chief pest is the chegoe, or jigger of the West Indies; but if the feet are frequently washed and examined, it is easily extracted. It gets into the foot generally at the side of the toe-nail. At first it is hardly visible, and only causing a slight itching, is often not perceived for some days. It then grows nearly to the size of a small pea, and has with it a bag full of eggs. It must then be taken out with a needle, by undermining it with the greatest care; for if the bag is broken, or any part left in, it forms a troublesome sore. A little snuff or cigar-ash is generally rubbed into the hole to kill any part that may be left. The negroes are careless about them, and the flesh is often all eaten off their feet by these insects. It is said that an English doctor once attempted to carry one home in his foot, but he fell a victim to the love of his profession, for the chegoe bred in his toe, which mortified, and caused his death.

The carapato is another nuisance, and is generally found in the woods, or in sheds where cattle have been. It is a sort of tick, attaches itself firmly to the skin, in which it buries its head, and it is difficult to get off. Mosquitoes and fleas are very plentiful; but I have found them so in all countries that I have had the pleasure of visiting. The vampire is

common, but principally attacks horses. At Maroim the horses were often found in the morning, weak from the loss of blood, caused by these attacks, and the blood still streaming down from the withers, at which place they are always bitten.

I returned to Rio Janeiro by the English packet 'Express,' and there found Mr. Southern, and the 'Alecto' steam sloop waiting to convey him to Buenos Ayres. He had been sent out as Minister Extraordinary to try and settle the affairs of the river Plate and the Monte Videan war, and was going to start in a few days. I intended to go there in H.M.S. 'Spider,' which was employed in carrying the mails to the river Plate, and was then lying in the harbour. Three brothers named Arcos, Chilians by birth, who had come from England in the 'Express,' and with me from Bahia, also took a passage by the same vessel. I dined the first day with Mr. Hudson, the English Chargé d'Affaires at Rio, and there met Mr. Southern; but the next day, when I went for my passport, they both strongly recommended me not to go, saying that there was no protection at Buenos Ayres for any British subject, there being neither Minister nor Consul there, and that Rosas might put me in prison as a spy, and no one could take any notice of it. This was true enough; and they argued so strongly upon the subject, that though I held out for some time, I at last gave way, and said that I would not go. The only way now left me was to go back to Bahia, from thence to Para, and get up some way or other to the West Indies. I landed everything, therefore, from the 'Express,' and the 'Spider' and 'Alecto' sailed, leaving me at Rio Janeiro.

On making inquiries, I found that it was perfectly easy to

go to Para, as a steamer went there every three weeks; but there was no communication northerly from that place, except by occasional American vessels which happened to call there, and touched again at Bermuda. I might go to Chili round Cape Horn, and several good ships were advertised for Valparaiso; but then I should miss Buenos Ayres and the Pampas, which I particularly wished to see. In the meantime, H.M.S. 'Inconstant' arrived from Monte Video, and soon afterwards the 'Kestrel' schooner; and hearing better reports of the country, I began again to alter my opinion with regard to my course. Captain Shepherd of the 'Inconstant,' and Lieutenant Baker of the 'Kestrel,' both gave the same account, and said they believed that, as far as Rosas and the Government were concerned, I should not encounter the slightest difficulty, but there was always danger to be apprehended on the Pampas, from the attacks of the Indians. This, however, I knew that I must risk. The officers of the 'Inconstant' were going round the Horn to Valparaiso, and offered me a passage; so I determined to go down to Buenos Ayres by the 'Kestrel' which would sail in three weeks' time; and if I found there I could not cross the Pampas, to join the 'Inconstant' at Monte Video. I got rid of part of my luggage—for one always has to carry a good deal in these countries—by sending it round the Horn to Valparaiso in a Danish vessel. An English yacht, the 'Nancy Dawson,' belonging to Mr. Shedden, was lying in the harbour. He intended to go to look for Sir J. Franklin, and then continue his cruise round the world; but death put an end to his enterprise, at Mazatlan, on the coast of Mexico.

It was now October, and the weather was rather rainy, and when fine, began to be excessively hot. I made several

85655

excursions with the officers of the 'Inconstant,' and could not regret being detained another month at Rio. I made a new acquaintance here, Sir H. T——, who, coming from England by a Jersey merchant brig, brought letters of introduction to me. He was a capital fellow, and I tried to persuade him to go on with me to Buenos Ayres; but it seemed that, like Lord Bateman, he only "shipped himself on board of a ship, some foreign country for to see," and did not care to go further; so finding an English schooner about to sail for Falmouth, he took a passage in her, and sailed for England the same morning that I set out for the Plate.

I must say a few words about one of my rides at Rio. We went to a church about twelve miles distant, called Nossa Senhora da Penha (Our Lady of the Rock), being built on a huge rock of granite, which rises bare and smooth from the richly-wooded plain. A flight of steps chiselled in the solid stone leads up to the church, and in front is a large cross, visible to the whole of the surrounding country. The view is very fine, being backed by the mountains near Rio, and the magnificent bay glitters in the distance. The road led through forests, the trees of which were loaded with parasites, and the banks ornamented with flowers. The large pink amaryllis was not uncommon; and the top of the rock was covered with a bed of gaudy zinnias.

I left Rio on the 3rd of November, in H.M.S. 'Kestrel,' for Monte Video and Buenos Ayres. She was formerly Lord Yarborough's yacht, but had been bought into the Government service. Among the passengers were an old Chilian gentleman and his wife, named Arcos, the father and mother of the three brothers who came from Bahia with me.

They had now come from England, and were going to return to Santiago, of which place Madame A. was a native, and they intended to cross the Pampas in carriages. M. Arcos, who was a Spaniard, had been in the army of San Martin, and leaving South America about twenty years before, had since lived in France and Spain, but was now returning to his adopted country.

We were welcomed to the south by a few heavy squalls, mixed with rain, thunder, and lightning; but after a voyage of about ten days, anchored off the town of Monte Video, where, besides several smaller vessels, we found the 'Raleigh,' 50-gun frigate, bearing the pennant of Commodore Sir Thomas Herbert.

CHAPTER VIII.

MONTE VIDEO — BUENOS AYRES — THE GAUCHOS — THE ARGENTINE HORSE — BULLOCK-WAGGONS — THE SALADERAS — IRISH SETTLERS — THE RED RIBBON — TYRANNY OF ROSAS — VISIT TO ROSAS' DAUGHTER — A NOCTURNAL VISITOR — MIRAGE — HORSE RACES — START FOR THE PAMPAS.

MONTE VIDEO has not an inviting appearance at a distance, nor does it improve on better acquaintance. It was formerly a place of great trade, and a pleasant residence; but the civil wars of the country have destroyed it, and the siege, which lasted for nearly ten years, completed its ruin. The troops of Rosas under General Oribe now closely beleaguered it; and before we landed in the morning, we heard shots fired from his lines. The streets seemed to be nearly deserted — no carriages, but few foot-passengers, and the pavement in most places broken up. Everything showed that the life of Monte Video was gone; and though no one dreaded immediate capture, they did not seem to think it would be long delayed. The situation for trade is excellent,

the port being very fine, and at the mouth of the immense Rio de la Plata, the estuary of the three great rivers, the Parana, Paraguay, and Uruguay. What a country do these run through, fruitful in every production ! The people want only a stable government to be the richest in the world. There is no limit to the quantity of cattle, horses, &c., they might produce; but there is no security for any one to invest money in such a country.

Monte Video is not only suffering from the harass of a long siege, but it has become a sort of refuge for the discontented vagabonds of all the countries of Europe—English, French, Italians, Germans, Basques, go there as mercenaries, style themselves patriots, and consider they are fighting for the liberty of the country. The men of war go there also to protect the place; the French land their troops, the English their marines, but hardly know what they are fighting for, or who they are supporting. Garibaldi formerly had a command in the Monte Video army before he found a struggle for liberty, as it is called, in Europe. Another famous commander, and I believe a very good fellow, was an Englishman well known as "Cockney Sam."

The anchorage is good, the bottom shelving out very gradually for miles; but ships are exposed to those tremendous gales called Pamperos. It was one of these drove H.M. steamer 'Gorgon' on shore, though with steam up and all anchors down, leaving her on the sandy beach high and dry. Her captain, master (who now commanded the 'Kestrel,') and officers, having worked and persevered in the most extraordinary way, at last succeeded in getting her afloat again. It was supposed to be such a hopeless case, that

the French and Spanish officers said it was useless to attempt it; but when they saw the ship again in her element, they complimented our gallant countrymen by saying that none but obstinate, pig-headed Englishmen could have done such a thing.

I was not sorry to leave Monte Video, for the army of oppression outside the walls, and the troops of liberty within, made a sojourn there anything but pleasant. The outsiders would fire if any one was seen near the lines, those inside had a habit of lassoing people, and robbing them, if they went down to the landing-place at night.

Embarking again in the 'Kestrel,' in twenty-four hours we cast anchor in the river off Buenos Ayres. The Parana is here a very large river, about twelve miles wide, but so shallow that we were obliged to anchor four miles from the town. The shelving of the shore is so gradual that, except at high water, no people can land even from boats, and high wheeled carts come out and take the passengers on shore. Small vessels can anchor within two miles of the town: they then discharge into lighters, which again unload into carts. At low water the sands are dry for a long distance, which gives the town the appearance of standing on the sea-shore, though the water is fresh for forty miles below. The tide is very irregular, and depending chiefly on the wind, will be sometimes high for a day, and then low water for a day or two afterwards.

Buenos Ayres is built on a slight ridge, which here runs across the otherwise level plain. It has a fine appearance at a distance, a cluster of well-shaped domes and bell-towers rising above the houses, while it is fronted towards the river by the ancient red fort. It looks rather like an Oriental

R.E. del. et lith.

Hullmandel & Walton Imp.

BUENOS AYRES.

London: Hurst & Blackett Great Marlborough Street.

city. The plan is very regular: all the streets cross each other at right angles, and are equidistant, so the city is divided into a number of solid squares, or "quadras." Hence quadra becomes a term of measurement, and as the city is laid out in the same way much beyond where the houses end, quadra is used a long way into the country, and several miles from Buenos Ayres I have been told a place is so many quadras off.

The centre street is called the Calle de Federacion, all others branch from it to the right and left, but have different names on each side. The houses are good, and built after the old Spanish or Moorish fashion, with flat roofs and a court-yard in the centre. In the middle of the court is generally a tank and well, called "algibe." The flat roof, called the "azotea," is used as a promenade, and furnished with seats. It was from these azoteas that the English troops under General Whitelock were so annoyed, when he entered Buenos Ayres in his unfortunate and ill-planned expedition. The great square is bounded on one side by the fort, on the others by the public offices, and the cathedral, a large imperfect building. Towards the square it has a large Grecian portico, but being unfinished, it looks like the Parthenon in brick. Besides a great number of churches belonging to the town, there is one English, one Scotch, and one American, all in good situations in the main streets, an instance of liberality towards the Protestant religion, that I never before saw in a Catholic country. Rosas gave the ground for the English church, and I believe was present at the ceremony of laying the first stone.

Buenos Ayres is badly off for hotels. There is a French one, but very dear; and all are filled up with captains of ships,

who generally live on shore a good deal, on account of the distance that their vessels are from it, and beef-steaks and onions play an important part in the *cuisine*.

On entering the town one cannot but be struck by the picturesque appearance of the population, and the independent air with which the Gauchos ride about the streets. Their costume is very attractive. They wear very wide white linen drawers called "canzoncillas," handsomely ornamented from the knee downwards with open work, and sometimes having a fringe of silk falling over the feet. A "chiripa," a poncho of some bright colour, is fastened round the waist, and drawn up loosely between the legs, forming a sort of large baggy trowsers; and a short jacket, and a broad leathern belt with pockets in it, complete the costume. The belt, which is called a "tirador," is fastened behind with four or more pillared dollars, and in this is stuck a long knife, often sheathed and hafted with silver. Their boots, which are open at the toe, are white, and made with great care from the skin of a horse's hind leg. They are formed without seam, the heel fitting into the angle which constituted the hock of the horse, and the opening at the toe is where the animal's shin bone passed through. These boots are troublesome to make, being scraped and rubbed with great care till quite thin and pliable. The hat is a narrow-brimmed Panama straw, encircled by a red ribbon, and they wear large silver or iron spurs.

The uniform of the soldiers is good and simple, and corresponds with what they have always been accustomed to. They wear a red woollen shirt, red chiripa, and a red foraging cap, with white cross-belts. They are all cavalry, as no gaucho can be expected to go anywhere without a horse,

though they are sometimes used also as infantry. They are generally very handsome, wild-looking fellows, and their graceful and easy seat on horseback strikes one with admiration. The gauchos should only be seen on horseback. They ride very long, not depending at all on the stirrups; and as the saddle, "recado," takes the shape of the horse's back, they sit in the position that a man would, if he had no saddle or stirrups, just as we see the warriors on the frieze of the Parthenon sculptured. As in this position the chief of the pressure against the saddle is from the thigh, they appear to sit loosely on their horses, for the leg and foot swinging gives that appearance, but all the time they are perfectly firm.

They generally go with a loose rein, and do not pretend to know anything about "holding a horse together," "lifting him along," or "lifting him over the fence by the bridle," as our English jockeys do. They do occasionally get thrown, but when a horse plunges, they hold on by sticking their long spurs under the hide of the recado. If the horse falls with them when galloping, they often manage to alight on their feet. Rosas was reckoned the best gaucho of his time; meaning that he was the best rider of an unbroken horse, and the most skilful thrower of the lasso and bolas. He could drop on the back of a wild horse as it rushed from the door of the corral without saddle or bridle, ride it, and bring it back to the enclosure. The saddle called a "recado," is, I think, peculiar to this country. It is not pleasant to ride on at first, but most people like it when they become accustomed to it, and they will often ride a horse with a recado that would throw them with an English saddle.

The Oriental loves his horse and treats it well, but the gaucho neglects his. Probably this arises from the character

of the horses of the Pampas and their cheapness. The same reason makes him cruel to the cattle, which he seems to think are without feeling. When driving cattle into the town for slaughter, the gaucho does not scruple to hamstring those that are tired, and leave them groaning in the road till they have leisure to come back and fetch them. I have often found three or four in this state in the course of a mile, after a drove has passed along the road.

The horses are not what we in England would call good, but they are very tolerable, and generally are pleasant to ride, with a long easy canter. When broken, they are very tame, "muy mansos," as the natives say, for often forty or fifty are turned loose into a corral together; and in the town they are left standing in the street at the door of the house with perfect impunity. At first, Englishmen generally find a little difficulty in riding them, as they are accustomed to be turned by the whole bridle being pressed against the neck, and not by one rein only being pulled; and as the bits are very sharp, if not ridden with a light hand, they are apt to rear. It is the fashion to cut off the mane, leaving only one lock to take hold of in getting up. The tails are never cut, and the commonest gaucho would think it *infra dig.* to ride a short-tailed horse. The only paces are a walk and gallop, and as none of them trot well, the best way is not to try them. Few are shod except in the town.

The country round Buenos Ayres is very flat, but not so perfectly level as the Cambridgeshire fens. Nor is it so utterly destitute of trees as I expected. Many of the roads are lined with weeping willows and poplars, and the hedges are made of huge aloes (Agave). There is another tree called the ombu, not uncommon, and as it will not burn, it

escapes the ruthless axe. Plantations of peach trees are grown for fuel, and cut regularly like coppice wood in England; but in the town the bakers heat their ovens with thistle stalks. Of thistles there are two sorts, one very large with lilac flowers, and which is apparently the wild artichoke; the other of a more slender form, with variegated leaves and small purple flowers. This is the true Pampas thistle which so overruns the country, and though only introduced by the Spaniard, now covers it for hundreds of miles. Fennel was also imported at the same time, and now grows in great quantities about the outskirts of the towns.

The roads near the city are excessively bad, and are often impassable in wet weather. There is no stone to use for their repair, so the water collects in large pools called "pantanos," which, when drier, become deep muddy quagmires. In these the carts stick fast, and many a bullock dies in them. No attempt is made to mend the holes, except when a dead ox is thrown into them, and this rather makes the passage worse. The natives sometimes turn these impassable pantanos to their advantage, by opening a passage through their field, where they put up a bar and charge a small toll on passengers.

The bullock-carts, by which all heavy goods are carried into the interior, are cumbrous-looking machines, with two very high wheels and a hide tilt. They are drawn by three pair of oxen, which are guided and goaded by an immensely long cane slung to the roof of the tilt and reaching the leading bullocks; a small cane hanging from this, like the dolphin-striker of a ship, goads the middle pair of oxen; and the wheelers are pricked along by a hand cane. A row of these

waggons slowly rolling along with all the canes at work, has a most curious appearance. Troops of waggons often cross the Pampas to Mendoza, and accomplish the journey in about seventy days. Sometimes they go to Tucuman and the northern provinces, a much longer voyage, taking up European manufactures and bringing back sugar, rum, &c.

Hides, tallow, and jerked beef are the chief exports of Buenos Ayres; and the quantity of cattle driven in from the country and slaughtered, is enormous. Near the town are large killing and salting establishments, called Saladeras, the principal at Barraca, where a creek runs up from the river, affording great facilities for shipping. The saladeras here, five or six in number, are on so large a scale that when in full work (which is not all the year), nearly five hundred head of cattle a day are killed at each. The rapidity with which they are killed and cut up is wonderful. Several corrals full of cattle surround the yard, and from these about sixty beasts are driven into a small enclosure, which terminates with a sliding door, raised above a platform on wheels. A block is fixed over the doorway, and through this is passed a lasso, the end of which is made fast to a couple of horses, each having a rider. The butcher then stands on a board running round the outside of the enclosure, near the top of the rails, and throws the noose of the lasso over the head of one of the bullocks, when the horsemen gallop off, dragging the entangled animal up to the block; and one thrust of the knife piercing him just where the head joins the neck, he falls dead on the platform, and is drawn away. In this manner a whole herd are quickly dispatched.

The dead bullock is pushed under a long shed, where

about a dozen men, covered with filth and dust, are each busy on a carcase. The flesh is cut off in flakes, the bones disjointed, and the skin taken off at the same time. I looked on at one fellow dressed in a poncho; and thought that, by the rapidity and sureness with which he handled his long knife, he must have been at this work from a child. At last he looked up, and said to me in a rich brogue: "Is it the first time yer honour has seen this sort of business?" He was one of the numerous Irishmen who have emigrated to this country. The flakes of meat are put by to make jerked beef, so called from the native name "charqui," the joints and other parts are thrown into huge coppers and boiled down for tallow; and the heads are ranged in order by themselves. After the horns are taken off, the front of the skulls, with the bone of the horns, are used to build walls round the saladeras, and have a most curious appearance. Sometimes the roads are repaired with them, and very unsightly they make them look. As may be supposed, the smell from these saladeras is dreadful; and the first time I rode down to the Barraca, I was nearly sick, though I soon became accustomed to it. In the evening, the stench is often very strong in the city, as on every side there is beef, beef, beef. The pigs eat beef (but more frequently horse-flesh); the poultry eat it, and it is said that it may be tasted in their eggs; the ducks are fed on beef, and even in the pigeon-house a large lump is thrown for the pigeons to peck at. Fleas and flies swarm everywhere, fostered, I suppose, by the quantity of cattle and beef. All sorts of animal food are plentiful; and when the English fleet blockaded Buenos Ayres, instead of there being any scarcity in the town, it cheapened every-

thing to a wonderful degree, as the country had no sale for its produce.

Sheep farming is carried on to some extent near Buenos Ayres; and many of the estancias—for so the farms are called —are owned and managed by Englishmen. The flocks increase very fast; but the country is subject to such droughts, that often the hopes of the farmer are at once destroyed. The thistles also are a great nuisance, and do much injury to the wool. At Monte Grande, near Buenos Ayres, a Scotchman, named Robertson, hired a farm, and planted a sort of colony there, but it failed. Riding near it one day, we found an Englishman, who had charge of a farm, and he gave us a dreadful account of the drought which happened some years ago—a visitation to which the country is always liable. It had not rained for a long time, but by working hard at the wells, they could just keep the sheep supplied with water, when a pampero (gale from the south-east) bringing clouds of dust, came up across the plains. The sheep ran before it, and were scattered about the country, and died in heaps. One farmer lost 25,000, another 30,000 in this drought.

I think a great deal might be done to improve this country, as water is generally found at the depth of ten or twelve feet. Poplars and other trees grow well; and if they were planted in belts and rows, they would not only keep the soil moist, and attract more rain, but would break the force of the pamperos, and shelter the flocks from their violence. The soil is good, deep earth, without a stone for miles; and it grows, amongst other things, splendid crops of lucerne, the stalk of this most useful plant being often a yard long. The Irish, numbers of whom have emigrated here, do most of the hard agricultural labour, such as ditching, harvest

work, &c., a gaucho only working hard on horseback. The Irish generally dress in the costume of the country, but are easily distinguished by the slovenly mode in which they put on their clothes, and the odd combinations they adopt, such as a blue-tailed coat with brass buttons over a chiripa.

I found Buenos Ayres a pleasant place to stay in. The chief amusement was riding; but there was a tolerable opera in the city, and an Italian company. It was well attended, few gentlemen appearing in the front row of the boxes. The ladies usually dress in white, but each had a little bow of red ribbon in their hair. This is the colour of Rosas, or rather the federal colour, and all were obliged to wear it. The ladies are generally handsome, of a very good style, and winning manners; and in few countries could you see so many pretty faces and such well-dressed women, as in the Opera House of Buenos Ayres. In the Pampas, and among the lower orders, on the contrary, though the men were often very handsome, I never saw one good-looking woman.

The gentlemen of Buenos Ayres were at this time all obliged to wear red waistcoats, as well as a red band round the hat, and a red ribbon in the button-hole. The red waistcoats at an evening party, or at the opera house, have a curious effect, and make the wearers look like a swarm of club footmen.

At the opera every night, just before the performances began, the curtain rose, and the principal actors were discovered standing on the stage, when one cried—"Viva la Confederacion Argentina!" and all the others answered, "Viva!" "Viva la Constitucion!" was then called out, with the same response, followed in succession by—"Viva el Restorado, Rosas!" "Mueran los salvajes Unitarios!" (Death to the savage Unitarians.) The curtain then fell,

and again rising, the opera began. All the actors wore their bow of red ribbon, and when the part of a "gentleman" came on, he presented himself in a red waistcoat; and even Amina herself, in the "Sonnambula," was obliged to walk in her sleep with the red badge in her hair. The forbidden colours, denoting the Unitarian or opposition and Monte Videan party, are blue, green, and yellow, and these are never seen. Oddly enough, the Buenos Ayrean flag is blue, striped with white.

Foreigners were not obliged to wear either the waistcoat or the ribbon, but I wore the latter when crossing the Pampas. At this time Rosas had the people completely under his command, and they were forced to obey his most arbitrary mandates. On Sundays and fiesta days he generally exercised the National Guard; and as some citizens, who were not enrolled in its ranks, had laughed at their having to turn out for drill in the hot day, whilst others were amusing themselves, Rosas ordered that no one should stir from his house, or even look from his housetop or window, whilst the exercise was going on. At half-past three, therefore, when there was exercise, a gun was fired, and every one retired to his house and stayed there till another gun at sunset withdrew the interdict. During the interval, the police perambulated the streets, and only women and officers in uniform were allowed to pass.

On Sundays and fiesta days, when there was no exercise, there was a "paseo," or promenade, on the banks of the river. A band was in attendance, and the people drove or rode up and down quite in the Hyde Park style. The ladies ride in habits and hats, well turned out, and many of them in looks, equipment and style, would cut a good figure in Rotten

Row. One of the best figures and riders was the daughter of Rosas, Manuela, or Manuelita, as she was always called.

A short time before I left Buenos Ayres, I called at the town residence of Rosas, and his daughter received me, as she does all strangers, with great urbanity. Finding that I had not seen their quinta or country house, she begged me to do so; so one afternoon, I rode out there, in company with Mr. Southern's secretary. The quinta of Palermo, is a long, low, white building, surrounded by arcades, gardens, poplars and weeping willows planted around it. It is built in some flat meadows, but little above the level of the river, and was formerly a complete morass. Rosas has, by great labour and perseverance, made it tolerably dry, and planted it. He is said to have chosen this marsh from a sort of obstinate pride, saying that any one could build a house in a good situation.

We did not see General Rosas, the governor, liberator, restorer of the laws, &c., but were received by his daughter, whom we found walking in the gardens with one of her maids of honour. She showed us over the house and gardens, and then mounting her horse, without hat or habit, and merely tying a handkerchief over her head, cantered back with us to Buenos Ayres.

As Mr. Southern wished to purchase some carriage-horses, he made an arrangement with a man who owned one of the largest droves, and some of the best horses in the country, to collect them on a certain morning, that he might send his coachman to choose some of the best. Of course I was anxious to witness this interesting sight, and Mr. Henderson, his secretary, with Mr. P—— of the 'Alecto,' agreeing to accompany me, we rode out to a place called Quilmes, about five leagues distant, in the evening, and slept at the farm of an

Englishman, so that we might be near the appointed place in the morning. There was a *pulperia* (grog-shop) attached to the house at Quilmes, and several gauchos were drinking there. Amongst them was an Irishman rather far gone, who came out and spoke to us. He seemed to have been pretty well educated, and occasionally used Latin quotations, and speaking of something or other said, that it must be done "vi et armis." I asked him what part of Ireland he came from. "The wust part," he answered. "The west or the worst part?" said I, "though I believe the terms are nearly synonymous." "Faith they are," said he; "and I come from both." "What place?" asked I; "Galway?" "You're very near it; I come from where the great Atlantic rolls his huge billows on the coast, but not Galway." "Mayo, perhaps," said I, and this time I was right, for he came from near Westport, a part of the country I knew well.

He now returned to what he called his "otium cum dignitate," with his "buenos amigos," at the pulperia. I and my friends retired to another room for the night, but as I went to sleep I heard him enlivening the gauchos with hunting songs, roaring out loud choruses. His view-halloas and tallyhos, mingling with my dreams, I was soon galloping over the plains, then in the vale of White Horse and the Braydon country, till at last I awoke with a start, thinking that I had just blundered through a thick fence and that they were who-whooping the fox in the adjoining field. A crash and who-whoop there certainly was, for our Irish friend had staggered into our room with his shout, and tumbled over our saddles, which we had brought in for security. I called the landlord, and soon tallyhoed him out

again, and the rest of the night we slept in quiet, or as quiet as swarms of fleas would permit.

The next morning we rode out before sunrise, and found the horses collected in the middle of the plain—a drove of about fourteen hundred, stallions, mares, and foals, all together. The owner was there; and two of his men, by riding round the horses, easily kept them together. They did not attempt to break away, but now and then thirty or forty would run round in a body disturbing the rest, and raising a cloud of dust. The owner said he did not know how many he had, but that he had a great many. These being all unbroken, none of them would suit us, so he said that he would have a small lot of good broken horses driven in from another place. We returned to his house, and in a short time saw the horses approaching, looking at a distance like a long black streak on the plain. There was a good deal of mirage floating about, and sometimes they appeared to be skirting a large lake; sometimes the plain seemed bounded by steep cliffs, reflected in the water; then all would change again and vanish. At last the horses arrived, and were driven into the corral. There were about two hundred of them, mostly black and brown. We chose three tall black horses, and they were soon lassoed and sent to Buenos Ayres. The cost, £5 each, was considered a high price, but it was for the "English minister," the owner having told Mr. Southern that he might have the pick of them at that price. We returned to Quilmes, and after a late breakfast, rode back to Buenos Ayres. Mr. H—— and P—— would not eat any pork. The reason was that, as they rode back, they had seen three pigs in the road, feeding on a dead horse, one inside his ribs.

On our ride home, I was amused to see some people

drawing water from a well. A woman on horseback, with a lasso attached to her saddle, let down a hide bucket, and then, riding away, drew it up to a man, who emptied the contents into another vessel; but these people can do nothing without horses.

On the afternoons of Sundays and feast days, there is generally horse racing among the gauchos on a flat piece of ground near the river. It is one of the most picturesque scenes I ever saw. Every one is, of course, on horseback, dressed in his best, and the variety of colours in the ponchos has a most lively effect. The racing is not at all in the style of Newmarket; the horses starting in pairs, when and how the riders please. The great object seems to be to try and get a good start. The jockeys ride side by side for some distance, each with his whip raised; when one thinks his horse is going well (for they are both cantering), he cries "Vamos" (let us go), and the other, if ready, answers "Vamos," and away they both gallop, pushing and jostling each other all the way. Before they are at the end of the course, another pair often start. The gauchos bet on the races, and ride about with their bank-notes held up between their fingers, shouting, "Cinco pesos sobre el picazo. Diez pesos sobre el alazan," (five dollars on the grey; ten dollars on the chestnut), &c.

These bank note dollars are not very valuable. Though they began at, I think, 4*s*., their price depreciated gradually, till now they are only worth $2\frac{1}{2}d$. Many people speculated in them, and lost a great deal of money, thinking that when at a shilling or sixpence each, that they could not descend lower. Rosas tried to keep up their credit a little, by ordering that nothing but notes should be used as payment.

My time for starting across the Pampas now drew near. I found that Rosas, who knew I was going, expressed a solicitude about my safety, and talked of the danger from Indians, giving Mr. Southern to understand that it would be better for me to go with Mr. Arcos, who was to have an escort of twenty-five soldiers for his protection. I did not quite understand their arrangement, nor did I wish it, but preferred going with my one peon, Jose Maria Pavon, whom I had already hired. After thinking it over a good deal, I made up my mind to start just before Arcos. Arcos got his passport rather suddenly, and on Saturday evening told me that he was going to start on Monday morning. On Sunday I found my peon, Pavon, with some difficulty, and told him to be ready with the horses at five the next morning. It rained so much in the night, that he did not come till seven o'clock, and then said that it was of no use starting, as the roads were nothing but water. "Agua y no mas, Señor." I was ready, and as the day was now fine, said I would start in the afternoon. After breakfast I went round the town to pick up a few letters which I had promised to take for the merchants, and returning to my lodgings about twelve, found the horses at the door. One American, I well remember, wanted to send a letter to Santa Fe, and tried to persuade me that it was in my route, and more safe than the direct way; but it was really one hundred or two hundred miles out of it. The day was dreadfully hot, and I felt quite exhausted—rather bad to begin a long ride. Pavon made his appearance at one o'clock. We packed our baggage, saddled the horses, and about three o'clock, I buckled on my great iron spurs, and mounted. Looking down the street in which Arcos's house stood, I saw the

carriages at the door, a servant on the roof of one fastening the luggage, and several peons standing about. "I am off before them," thought I. I then called on Mr. Southern to bid him good-bye. He smiled as I walked in, in poncho and long boots, wished me a safe journey, but shook his head as if he never expected to see me again. Poor fellow! the thought was prophetic, for he has since died of the yellow fever at Rio Janeiro.

Pavon overtook me just outside the town; and putting our horses into a hand gallop, we began our ride of a thousand miles.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIRST STAGE — THE POST-HOUSES — LIFE ON THE ROAD — THE INDIANS—HABITS OF THE GAUCHOS—A SCOTCH SETTLER—THE ARAUCANIANS — INDIAN RAVAGES — AN ESCAPED CAPTIVE — AN ALARM—A STORM—FIRST VIEW OF THE ANDES—MENDOZA—LIFE IN THE ANDES—THE MOUNTAIN PASSES—FORDING THE TORRENT —SUMMIT OF THE PASS—THE DESCENT.

THERE is a line of post-houses all the way from Buenos Ayres to Mendoza, established by the Spaniards. I posted across, and employed four horses the whole distance—one for myself, one for Pavon, one for the baggage (though I had but little), and one for the postilion, who goes each stage to show the road, and to take the horses back. The charge for the four, if I remember rightly, was about a shilling per league. This cleared everything; but I generally gave the postilion something after his ride, by way of *buono-mano*. The horses are always paid for at the post where they are hired.*

On leaving the city, the road was bad for a short distance, and full of ruts and pools; but it became clearer by degrees

* The distance from Buenos Ayres to Mendoza is three hundred and eighteen leagues.

as we got more into the open country. We changed horses at Figuera, a distance of three leagues, and went on four leagues more to Puente de Marques. The horses were bad, but cantered along, and I was surprised to find how easily they seemed to do their work. At Puente de Marques, Pavon agreed that it was better for us to stop the night, although the sun was not yet down. He said there was danger of robbers, and the postmaster corroborated his opinion. "There always were robbers," he said, "until the thistles were withered." "Quando hay cardos, hay siempre gauchos," "and you have got a good poncho," added he. I thought my poncho not a great temptation, and knowing that I had between forty and fifty pounds in gold in my belt and in the carpet-bag, was disgusted at the thought that I might get my throat cut for a tolerable poncho. It is necessary to take a good deal of coin on these expeditions, as I had not only to pay for the horses, but to give Pavon forty dollars for his services, and find him in horses and food—a pretty high guerdon, considering that he was a native of Mendoza, so was going home; but that made no difference. He was an honest fellow, and I had not the least scruple in giving him money without counting it. At Mendoza I should have to hire mules, and did not know what they would cost, and, in fact, I must pay the whole journey till I arrived at Valparaiso, the first place at which I could draw afresh. We stopped at Puente de Marques, unpacked the horses, spread my recado, or saddle, in the post-house for my bed, and put all things to rights. The postmaster went to finish a tank, which he was building by the well, and I walked a few yards off, and looked over the plain. The sun's red orb was just touching the horizon, and cast a ruddy glow over the

low thatched cottage, the well, and the stooping figure. Beyond was nothing but thistles, dark purple in the distance, then reddish and brown in the foreground, but nothing else for miles and miles.

I was off in good time in the morning, and about 10 A.M. arrived at the town of Lujan, where we stopped, though it was not a post; and in a shop I obtained some fried eggs for breakfast. Pavon said that Lujan was a very holy place, and ordered three masses at half-a-dollar each to be said to his patron saint, the Virgin (for his name was Jose Maria) for our safe journey. He did not go to the church, or see the padre, for they did not know where to find him, but left the money with the shop-keeper, who promised to see it all right.

Old Pavon was a strange figure. His age might be forty-five or fifty, and he looked something between a smuggler and a whipper-in, wearing a red flannel shirt, dark-coloured poncho, chiripa, drawers, white boots, and a straw hat encircled with red ribbon. His horse was covered with all sorts of things for the journey—alforjas, or saddle-bags, lasso, bolas, maneas, or hobbles for the horse; chifres, bullocks' horns made into bottles, one filled with gin, the other with anise, and numberless other little things. As already remarked, I wore a red band round my white hat, and in my button-hole a red ribbon, with Rosas' sanguinary motto, "Viva la Federacion Argentina, Mueran los salvajes asquerosos immundos Unitarios." It had also an F. o M. (Federacion o Muerte) at each corner. As bread is nowhere to be procured on the Pampas, I had provided myself with a substitute, having obtained twenty ship-biscuits from H.M.S. 'Alecto' at Buenos Ayres, which would last me well the whole journey, one each day being ample for me. Beef, I

knew, was everywhere to be procured, and generally mutton, if I liked to have it killed. I also carried with me some tea, and arrow-root, and a bag of salt.

As we proceeded, we found the country was a perfect sea of thistles, and from a slight elevation you could see over their tops for miles. The wind whistled mournfully through them, and eddied the downy seed, like snow across the road. They had had notice to quit: the powerful November sun had scorched them up, and they were waiting to be swept down by the first pampero. Their height was not more than six feet, so that you could generally see people riding in them, but not cattle. The road was good, tolerably wide, and of beaten earth, for the thistle does not grow where it is trampled on. In some places were many biscacho holes, with their attendant owls, which stared and bowed at us as we rode past, or rose screeching perpendicularly in the air, if we came close; whilst the biscacho dived into the ground. The post-houses were better than I expected; there was always a tolerable room set apart for travellers, with a hide bedstead, a table, and a chair or two. Some of the poorer dwellings, indeed, had only a mud settle, but it served very well to spread a recado on. When the room was low, I often slept in my Brazilian hammock, swinging it to the rafters, and found it a great luxury, keeping me out of the way of insects, chickens, and dogs.

The people at the post-houses were always very civil and polite, and had a sort of innate good-breeding about them. On arriving and saluting the master, he always rose and returned the salute, asked me to walk in and sit down in the shade, and talked a few minutes; then, if he was engaged in anything, went on with his work without the slight embar-

rassment. We had the horses driven in as quick as we could; but what with lassoing, loading, and saddling, we rarely got away from a station under an hour, and it was often longer. When all was ready, we mounted, and bid the people good-bye, and away we went. In a little while, Pavon would turn round and ask what sort of a horse I had. "Que tal es, Señor?" "Bueno." "Bueno," he would answer, and then throwing the reins on his horse's neck, he would make up a paper cigar, trike fire, and smoke, without checking his horse from a gallop. At twelve I usually found people roasting beef, and then made my chief meal. They begin the day with a maté. This is a small gourd, in which they put a quantity of "yerba," or Paraguay tea, and some sugar, and fill it up with hot water. It is sucked up through a tube, with a small globe at the end, perforated with holes, called a bombillà. I never liked maté (for the beverage takes its name from the cup), but used to drink it sometimes early in the morning, when I could get nothing else. It is very refreshing. At one post, on a very hot day, Pavon brought mē a huge tin mug full of "cuajada"—curds and whey. I had not tasted any since I was quite a child; but it looked very good, and I found it deliciously cool and refreshing.

At Arroyo del Medio we left the province of Buenos Ayres, and entered that of Santa Fe. The thistles gradually disappeared, and we now saw little else but long grass, from one post-house to the other. There was occasionally a good deal of mirage. It seems to be formed by a strata of heated vapour lying near or on the ground, and reflecting the light, or sky, on its surface. This of course makes it look like water. It appears often here like a thin, bright stripe, visible only

when the angle of vision strikes it nearly horizontally and therefore always disappearing when approached. Sometimes I saw it in the road, and as I galloped along it seemed to wave about, appearing or vanishing according to the difference of the elevation of my eye as I raised or lowered my head. Mirage occurs most frequently in flat countries, and in still, and generally very hot weather: consequently, it is common in the Pampas, and in the sandy deserts of Arabia, where there is always a sort of haze on the ground. It is this haze over the yellow sand that gives that delicate pink and purple hue to objects in that country, and causes the splendid sunsets so frequent there. The smoke of London has the same effect on a sunset, both in magnifying and giving it redness.

On the third day we reached Guardia de la Esquina, the end of the province of Santa Fe. This part of the country is all grass. It was formerly much harassed by the attacks of Indians, and the post-houses are fortified with a high hedge of cactus (Tuña), and a small ditch—a sufficient defence against a foe who can do nothing on foot, for the cactus, which is something like the *Speciocissimus*, but with a yellow flower, grows very strong to the height of sixteen or twenty feet. The door into the enclosure was narrow, and five or six men with muskets could make a good defence against a party of Indians. Here we had short stages, and between the posts we rarely saw anything but a few deer, and an occasional partridge.

On the fourth morning we set off before five, intending to make a long day, but just before arriving at Cruz Alta at six o'clock, we met the *corres* (postman) from Mendoza. He had a postillion with him, carrying the mails on a led horse. He,

Pulgares and Pavon were of course old friends, and as in South America, though every one goes at a gallop, neither the correo nor any one else hurries, they stopped and had a chat. We asked the news "down the road." He said there was no danger, and that all was right—"Muy lindo, muy buenos es, Señor." We then compared our watches. He said mine was wrong, being half an hour too fast. "All right," said I, for he had Mendoza time, and I Buenos Ayres, but I did not stop to explain the difference. Pavon then offered his *chiffres* (bullock-horns of liquor), and the postman took a deep draught. Pavon followed his example for company's sake, and after a polite adios, we parted.

At Cruz Alta, a village fenced with cactus hedges, we found the people just preparing maté, and drank some with them. The horses were then packed and saddled, when it began to rain so hard that I would not start, but lay down in the post-house till it was over. We did not get off till 4 P.M., by which time the road was very bad and slippery. The usual pace is four leagues per hour; but I do not think the leagues here are three miles, though one of the officers of the 'Kestrel' walked six leagues near Buenos Ayres, and said the distance was fully eighteen miles. The people thought him insane, and wondered that he was too poor to get a horse. In Buenos Ayres it is said that beggars ride about soliciting alms. In Rio Janeiro I knew a beggar who had two slaves to carry him to his regular begging place, where they used to leave him all day, and come for him again in the evening.

We slept at Esquina de Lobaton, a single house, fenced with cactus. Just before we arrived here, we passed a train of upwards of twenty waggons, *en route* for Tucuman. They

had halted, and their bullocks were turned out to graze. I was often struck with the truth of Head's description of the Pampas, for the habits of the gauchos have changed but little in the last thirty years. Some improvements have crept in. A few chairs have taken the place of the horse's skull, once used for a seat; but the children still swing in their hide-cradles and play with a long knife, and the boy lassoes the dogs as they walk in and out of the hut. The postmaster here complained of the parrots, "los loros," and saying that his arm was bad, brought me an old carbine to shoot them for him. I fired, but the piece hung fire so long, that the parrots flew away: so I unpacked my own gun, and killed two for him.

Nearly the whole of the way to Esquina de Medrano, we passed over one uninterrupted plain of grass. The Rio Tercero (Third river, for they are called by their number in succession from Buenos Ayres) was a little way to the north, and was marked by a line of bushes. The two last post-houses were close to it. At Fraile Muerto is a very good house, and there we obtained some dinner, and met two travellers, who were going to Buenos Ayres. One, a soldier, exchanged money with me, giving me silver of Cordova for my Buenos Ayrean notes. We sat down on the bed in the post-house, laid the money out, and exchanged it, each taking it at what he thought the value. The other traveller was a sort of young merchant, who tried to engage me in politics, and seemed quite a free-thinker; but I avoided the subject, pretending I did not understand sufficiently what he meant, and only remarking that Buenos Ayres seemed very quiet, and the roads very safe.

Esquina de Medrano was one of the nicest-looking post-

houses on the road. It stood a little way back, on a wide plain, surrounded and dotted over with clumps of bushes, which gave it the appearance of a park, and close by ran the river—a clear and rapid stream, overhung with willows. The house was clean, and the post-room large and lofty. Altogether it was a charming place.

On Christmas day, I started at six for Tambito, the residence of a Scotchman, to whom I had a letter, and I proposed to sleep at this house. It was a long ride, and my legs had been so strained and bruised with riding on the recado, that at starting, I could not mount my horse without a hoist from Pavon. I arrived at Totoral at one o'clock, and as it was very hot—for in this climate it is now midsummer—rested there till four. But I did not gain much by this halt; for as we were going westward, the worst part of the day was the afternoon, when the sun shone in our faces. The stage was twelve leagues, and the sun set before we were half-way, so that it was quite dark ere we arrived at Tambito, by which time we had this day travelled in all thirty leagues. The country was all grass, with a good track over it:

"A boundless plain
Spread through the shadow of the night,
And onward, onward, onward seems,
Like precipices in our dreams,
To stretch beyond the sight."

I found that Tambito belonged to the Scotchman, Charles Stewart, and that he had charge of an estancia hard by, but that he lived at the town of Rio Quarto (the Fourth River), twelve leagues farther on; I was, therefore, disappointed in my expectation of a comfortable lodging, and found only a

miserable post-house, the worst on the road, a wretched hovel with one side open. But the people were civil, and I got something to eat, and slinging my hammock to the rafters, slept pretty well. In the morning I was roused, when the grey dawn was breaking, by the cocks crowing, sometimes on the roof just over my head, sometimes under my hammock, and making a horrid noise. I breakfasted on some biscuit and two or three eggs, which I ate raw, much to the gauchos' astonishment, and was in the saddle again by sunrise; and changing horses at Chacul, seven leagues, arrived at Rio Quinto at twelve o'clock.

Charles Stewart, or Don Carlos as he is here called, was a very rough diamond from Perth. He had been many years in the country, having left the banks of the Tay when young, and come to the Villa del Rio Quarto. He had undergone many vicissitudes of fortune—one day well off and the next pillaged of everything; now flying from the riotous townspeople, now leading them to battle against the Indians. Once driven away by some tumult, he had lived for a fortnight on a small island in the river. He was civil and hospitable, and I remained with him all the next day, partly to rest, and partly to hear about the Indians, who were reported to be near the town, in some force. Stewart, however, knew little, except that they were a few leagues to the southward, and had made several incursions lately. I called on the Gobernador, but he could tell me nothing more. The natives were in great alarm, though a number of soldiers (four hundred) were in the town, and it could easily be defended. The town was a wretched place, and very hot and dusty.

I wrote a letter for Charles Stewart to his friends in Scotland, he being quite out of practice, as he said, both of writing

and of English. I found it rather a difficult task, for he hardly told me anything that he wanted to say; but I finished it, took it with me, and posted it at Valparaiso.* He had not heard from home for more than ten years. In the evening we had what he called native tea, made from the leaves of a plant in his garden, which I found was sweet verbena (*Aloysia citriodora*). Mixed in equal proportions with common tea, it was not at all unpalatable. The next morning I started about 10 A.M., according to Stewart's advice, neither to start early nor ride late, by which course the Indians are best avoided.

There were soldiers quartered at Achiras and also at Morro, the two places at which I was to sleep before I got to San Luis, where the danger was supposed to be over. There are also two forts to the southward of San Luis.

The Indians who harass this country so much, are parties of the Araucanians, living in the southern part of Chili, whence they cross the Andes into the Pampas, and sojourn there, living on mare's flesh, and making incursions on the farms and villages, from which they carry off horses and cattle. They usually cut the throats of the Christianos, and carry off the women and boys captive. They are splendid riders, surpassing even the gauchos. Their arms are bolas and spears eighteen feet long. They charge with boldness, uttering horrid yells; but if the two first charges are received with firmness, they soon take to flight. These are the Araucanians who made such a stand against the Spaniards in

* One of the Arcos, whom I met in Valparaiso, told me that in the Pampas, south of Buenos Ayres, he met a Scotchman who hardly knew any language; he had almost forgotten English and had not learnt much Spanish, except a few badly spoken phrases, just to express what he actually wanted, and that very imperfectly.

Chili, and some parts of that country have never been thoroughly conquered.

Soon after leaving the town, Pavon's horse fell and rolled on his leg; but he said that he was not much hurt, though he complained in the evening. The first stage, Tambo, was a little hut on the banks of the river, which we had to ford both at our arrival and departure. The Sierra de Cordova, a long blue chain of mountains, was now in full view. It stretched away to the northward, but in front of us sunk gradually into the plain, and our track only crossed the end of it. The mountains looked high, but were not really so, the absence of trees making them appear much more lofty than if they had been wooded. I observed a good deal of red verbena (I suppose the *Melindris*) growing among the grass here, and shining beautifully in the sun. Pavon jumped off as we passed one patch, and gathering some, gave it me, saying it was so pretty. "Que bonita, es? Señor. Que linda? Muy federal," alluding to its bright red, the Rosista, or federal colour.

The next post-house was in a little concealed hollow of the mountain, and near it were several ruined cottages. We passed the remains of a chacra, or farm, also ruined, and a garden and orchard. Achiras is a large village, defended by a slight mud wall, loopholed for musketry, and has a garrison of soldiers. The post-house was more plentifully stocked with fleas than usual.

The route over the end of the Sierra de Cordova was over undulating grassy hills, enlivened in places by little streams of water. The country seemed to have suffered from the Indians, and many a ruined cottage here might have been the scene of Head's affecting description when the old post-

man buries his murdered son. On one long sweep, we saw at a great distance two men galloping towards us. They appeared to be leaning down close to their horses' necks. I asked Pavon, who with the postillion was watching them, what they were. "Quien sabé," said he, "hay gente"—(they are people.) I asked again, "Are they Indians?" "Quien sabé," and that was the only answer I could obtain. They proved to be two boys, one of whom sat his horse with his knees up to his chin and his feet swathed in bandages. He had been taken by the Indians some months before, and had been employed in tending horses, but had made his escape. He had walked northwards for fourteen days, living principally on ostrich eggs, till at last he caught an old horse, and then made his way to the dwellings of the Christianos.

From Morro to Rio Quinto I had one of the worst horses I ever rode, and I was heartily tired of him by the time I reached the end of the twelve league stage, for it was whip and spur all the way. It is no joke riding such a horse as this for thirty-six miles, under a scorching sun, and glad I was to arrive at the post. Rio Quinto is a pretty pebbly stream, overhung with trees, almost like a Welsh brook. The post-house is just beyond it. Pavon said that as the last horse did not suit me, I should now have a *potro* (colt) to ride, and so one was lassoed and brought in. He was a fine upstanding-looking horse, of a light dun bay. The man said that he was a good horse and quiet, but "muy ligero a montar"—that is, quick or difficult to mount. It was saddled, and Pavon told the man to get up, to see how it went. He mounted after two or three attempts, the horse springing away directly the stirrup was touched, but once

mounted, the gaucho rode him easily. Pavon said he would not do, but I made up my mind to ride him, so I mounted. We were all ready and off we went. The path was narrow, and led through bushes, and I nearly rode over both Pavon and the postilion in the first half-mile. We soon came to the open plain, when I gave the horse his own way, and he went quietly enough, proving one of the best horses I had ridden.

This stage of twelve leagues was considered to be one of the most dangerous, so we kept a good look-out for the Indians. When we had gone a league or two I saw Pavon and the postillion, who were riding ahead of me, anxiously watching the horizon, and my eye following theirs, I observed a troop of eight or ten horses galloping towards us. I asked what it was. "Yeguas corriendo" (mares running), answered my peon. "Yes, but what makes them run so? "Quien sabé; Indians, perhaps," answered he. "But do you think they are?" for I thought it of consequence. "Quien sabé," said he, and would give no other answer. I watched them, fully expecting to see a row of black heads appear above the ridge behind them; but we passed over an undulation of the plain, and I saw no more of them. Nor did we ever know whether there were Indians after them or not. So near may one be to danger, and escape it.

San Luis is a poor town, composed of mud houses and large gardens, so that we hardly knew when we were in it, or which part was called the town. It is situated at the foot of a fine-looking mountain, washed by a clear but shallow brook. I stopped the night at a sort of inn, kept by a Frenchman. Next morning I pursued my journey on the

vilest possible hack, and for nine leagues had hard work to get him forward.

This part of the country, from San Luis to Mendoza, is called the Traversia. It is a dry desert of sand and stones, sprinkled with low bushes. Many of the rivers from the Andes lose themselves in the Traversia, and the water, as well as that of the pools, is generally brackish and bad. Darwin, in his most amusing and instructive "Journal of Researches in his Voyage round the World," says that the beds of shingle composing the Traversia were accumulated by the waves of the sea, of stones washed down from the Cordilleras before the Pampas was formed, and that the great plain of fertile soil was deposited in the form of mud in the estuary of the Rio de la Plata. This formation is now going on under the sea off the present mouth, for the soundings for miles decrease with regularity, showing a gradual slope in the muddy bottom. Perhaps some day the whole of it will be raised, and form a large extent of new country. This dry shingle belt reaches to the Straits of Magellan.

The Traversia was very disagreeable to ride over. The sun was tremendously hot, and everything was still except the cicadas, which seemed to enjoy the heat, and sat chirping on the bushes. After a ride of two leagues, we came to a house; and as Pavon said it was really too hot to go on, and recommended a halt, we dismounted, and staid there two hours. I laid my recado in the shade at the back of the house, and snatched a brief sleep, but we were soon in the saddle again, and though it was still very hot, we determined to go on. Three leagues brought us to Desaguadero, when we saw that, if we proceeded, we should be in for a thunder-storm,

which was coming up perfectly black from the south-west; so we once more alighted, and made up our minds to rest for the night at a sort of farm-house, which was very fortunately at hand.

The horizon now became a brownish-yellow, and the storm began, preceded by a strong wind, bringing clouds of dust, which penetrated through the smallest crevice and obscured everything. Then came a deluge of rain, with the most tremendous lightning I ever saw, flash succeeding flash with such rapidity, that the peals of thunder seemed one loud crash. We found two other travellers in the house, who were on their way from Mendoza to Buenos Ayres, and we sat down together to a good supper, including a large dish of roasted kid. They were riding their own horses, and it was now our turn to tell the news of the Indians, about whom they inquired anxiously. We had not seen anything of the Arcos carriages, nor of the Buenos Ayres postman, which latter circumstance surprised me much, for he should at least have overtaken us at Rio Quarto.

A bright sun ushered in the morning, the first of the new year; but the air felt cool after the last night's storm, and we set off in good condition. Near the wretched post-house of Desaguadero we crossed the river of the same name, fording it easily, as it was now shallow, though sometimes it is a troublesome task. Here I had the first view of the long dreamt of Andes, though we were still fifty-five leagues from Mendoza, which lies at their feet. Even at this distance, they towered high above the horizon. The whole chain was plainly visible, and stretched down towards the south in a succession of snow-capped peaks. Aconcagua, or Tupungato, as it is sometimes called, rose high above the

rest. It is said that they are visible in clear weather from the hill at the back of San Luis, a distance from Mendoza of seventy-nine leagues. We halted at the post-house at A la Dormida, and after a long look in the direction of the distant mountains, I turned into my hammock in an open verandah. I was, however, severely punished, as the house was near the river, which swarmed with mosquitoes, and they made a perfect prey of me during the night.

I started in good time next day, thinking to arrive at Mendoza in the evening. We got to Retamo by one o'clock, having ridden in the interim twenty-one leagues. The country here was well irrigated by canals from the Mendoza river, and was planted with poplars, fruit trees, and vines, all exceedingly productive; but the road was not so good as on the Pampas. We were anxious to carry out our first intention and get on to Mendoza; but Pavon had some doubts as to how we should be able to cross the river; and on inquiry, every one said that it was high and dangerous in the afternoon. Under these circumstances, the temptation of a good house could not be resisted, and we put up for the night.

From this place, the Andes looked well, and not very far off, though, in fact, the distance was considerable. Behind the house was a large garden, or rather wilderness of fig-trees, plums, peaches, apples, and other fruits, all quite ripe. Pavon and I demolished immense quantities of them, and having been so long without fruit or vegetables, fully appreciated their excellence. The figs, large, black, and bursting, were the spring sort, called "brebas" by the natives, the "higos" being those that are ripe later. In the same way they dis-

tinguish the small spring peaches, which were now ripe, as "durasnos," from the "melocoton."

Starting from Retamo at six o'clock, I hardly arrived at Mendoza before eleven, the last part of the road being stony and bad, and crossed with numerous water-courses. We forded three branches of the river. They were rapid, but not deep, though the water appeared to have been higher in the night, for the melting of the snow in the Cordillera causes a rise in the afternoon, but it must be from the thawing of the day before. As we advanced, we obtained fine views of the Andes, particularly from one place, about six leagues from Mendoza, where the head of a murderer is stuck on the top of a high pole. "Una cabeza Christiana," Pavon called it. It was tolerably fresh, and appeared to be grinning at us in a ghastly way as we gallopped past. The mountains had some resemblance to the Pyrenees, approached from the flat country of the south of France. They have not such a collection of fine peaks, nor, seen from a distance, do they appear so snowy as the Alps, but they look higher and more aerial.

On arriving at Mendoza, I took up my quarters at the inn, a very poor place, and then proceeded to present my passport to the authorities. This business dispatched, I returned to the inn, where I rested for five days. I walked over every part of Mendoza, and think I never was in so dull a place in my life. Situated just at the foot of the Andes, on a fertile plain, one would expect it to be at least picturesque, but it is not so. The beauty of the mountains is not seen to advantage, and hardly any snow is visible from the town. The country is well irrigated, and channels with water ran down most of the streets. There is a fine Alameda of tall poplar-trees

at the back of the town, having at one end a wooden temple, and a niveria, or ice-shop, at the side. All this sounds cool, luxurious, and refreshing, but no one seemed to frequent the Alameda; the streets were hot and dusty, and the water in the channels was the colour of *café-au-lait*. Head and most other writers describe Mendoza as a delightful place, a terrestrial paradise; and from the situation, I fancied that it would be a second Granada, but it must be praised only in comparison to the treeless Pampas. The town seemed nearly deserted, nothing was going on, not even cock-fighting—though the Teatro de Gallos, a pit for the purpose, was in the back premises of my hotel.

I was heartily tired of Mendoza before my five days expired, and at length, having re-hirêd Pavon to go across the Andes with me, I prepared for a start. He lived at Mendoza, so was in no great hurry to leave it, but brought a friend of his, Felipe Dominguez, to let me some mules. Felipe was a fine old fellow, and I soon concluded a bargain with him. For thirty-five dollars he was to provide me with four mules for use, a spare one, and a peon to go with me, as well as find us all with provisions, which we were to carry with us; but on this point I made no actual bargain. He treated me pretty well, sending very good animals, two spare mules, and a piebald mare, as "madrina," to lead the way. Thus our troop consisted of six mules and a horse, one mule carried the baggage and provisions, two ran loose with the madrina, and Pavon, the arriero Juan, and myself, rode the other three. For provisions he sent beef, bread, onions, and pumpkins enough for all, as neither eatables nor houses are to be met with in the mountains. We also carried an iron pot, or olla, to cook in, a small iron jug for a kettle, and last, not least, a keg of old

Mendoza wine, which had been kindly given me by a gentleman named Yrigoyen, to whom I had letters of introduction.

Tuesday, January 8, was fixed for our start, but Pavon said he had some business to transact which would detain him till the afternoon, so that we had better sleep at Dominguez's house, about a league from the town, and get off early the next morning. In the afternoon, therefore, the mules were brought into the inn yard, and after long arranging and packing, we were at last ready, and putting the train in motion, set out a little before sunset.

Felipe Dominguez gave us a very good supper: a large dish of fowls, potatoes, onions and tomatoes, stewed up and garnished with chillies, was placed on the table, and each taking his plate, helped himself. This is the national Chili dish called "Casuela," and will almost bear comparison with Meg Merrilies' famous soup. "Pavon," said I, after supper, "where is the keg of wine that Señor Yrigoyen sent? let us try it." A cup was brought, filled, and passed round. "Caramba," said Pavon, "bueno es, vino anejo, muy bueno es mi patron"—(It is good old wine, very good it is.) "Let us try it again," said I, and the cup was passed round again, and then a third time "para probar" to try it, as Pavon said: "para probar," we each repeated. "Vino anejo, Señor, bueno de Mendoza."

At dawn we were up and mounted, taking a northerly direction, and skirting the mountains for some distance. The country was parched and barren, only producing a few prickly bushes. We passed another pole with a man's hand and arm, "Una mano Christiana," nailed on it. He had been executed for robbery and murder. About twelve o'clock, we

turned towards the mountains, and ascending slightly, entered a barren looking valley. I took one last look at the Pampas, which I should never see again. The view extended back for miles—flat like the sea, but covered with a light haze. A dark green stripe, and a wood of poplars, pointed out the situation of Mendoza and its fertilizing river, and towards the south, the Cordillera raised its snowy summit. I felt very independent as I followed my little troop into the ravine, but could hardly realise to myself that I had actually crossed the Pampas, and was now entering the Andes, places which I had read of since I was a child, but which had always appeared to me as visionary and almost fabulous.

Ascending this barren looking valley, we soon arrived at Villa Vicentia, a fine sounding name, though it consisted of only one house. We halted, cooked some beef, and then lay down to rest for about three hours. A young guanaco was tied to a post of the verandah, a pretty little thing, with large soft black eyes; it seemed quite tame. An old black sheep came and rubbed noses with it, and it licked the sheep's face all over, as if it recognised a friend.

At 4½ P.M. we loaded again, and left Villa Vicentia, proceeding slowly up the valley, which was still rocky and dry. I asked Pavon where we were to sleep? "Onde alcanzamos" —(wherever we shall arrive at,) replied he, throwing up his open hand in the direction of the mountains. He seemed to like to consider himself as master, and that he had charge of me. At length we came to a rill of water, which, lower down, was lost in the stones, and passing through a narrow gorge, entered a side valley running into the main one, where a patch of grass offered an inviting spot; and here we halted for the night, turning out the mules to graze, only one being tethered

with a lasso. We then lit our fire and dressed our supper—beef-steaks and a puchero, composed of beef, pumpkin, and onions, over which we made merry, and at last lay down to sleep.

Next morning we rose early, before the stars had faded from the sky, and boiling a pot of tea whilst the mules were being caught and loaded, had our breakfast, and left the little valley just as the sun was bronzing the higher points of the mountains. The ascent for some way was steep. Near the top we met a drove of donkeys, which had been carrying provisions up to the silver mines, situated in one of the most desolate parts of the mountains. From the highest point of the ridge, the eye scanned a curious and extensive view of barren rock and mountains, backed by the snowy summits of the main range. The valley of Uspallata, where we were to stop that night, lay stretched below, and a narrow dark green stripe pointed out the "potreros," or horse-pastures. The descent was long and tiresome, but we arrived in the valley by twelve o'clock. It is called fifteen leagues from Mendoza to Villa Vicentia, and fifteen more to Uspallata, but the distance cannot be near so much.

The valley contained only two or three houses, one of which was the Argentine police-station and custom-house, and another had been inhabited by an Englishman, an old man, who had managed one of the mines. I had seen him in Mendoza, where he introduced himself to me, hearing that I was English. He told me that he had left Uspallata a fortnight before, as his wife had just died, and he could not stay there any longer, but he intended to return for the corpse, and take it to Buenos Ayres to be buried. The distance was much less to Valparaiso, but he said it would be easier to

RE. del et lith.

Hullmandel & Walton Lithog.

USPALLATA.

carry her across the Pampas in a waggon, than over the Cordilleras on the back of a mule.

Two rapid streams joined at Uspallata, and formed the river which ran down to Mendoza; one stream came from the northward, the other down the ravine we were to ascend on the morrow. The water was good, and continues so as far as Mendoza, but lower down the river runs through some marshes and brackish lakes, and at Desaguadero it is not drinkable. The colour of the rocks and mountains here was very remarkable, and, as they were quite devoid of vegetation, they showed their strata and formation in a curious way—red, yellow, brown, purple, black, and white hills and rocks, all piled one over the other. We remained at Uspallata the whole day, which Pavon said was the custom of all travellers, and we found a Spaniard, also bound for Chili, who had been staying here all the day before, having suffered much from *puña*, shortness of breath arising from the rarity of the atmosphere. This was rather singular, as the elevation could not have been more than 6000 feet. In the evening I witnessed a fine storm effect. It gathered first behind the snow and then came rolling down one of the upper valleys, enveloping every crag and shoulder in its misty mantle, till all was obscured and dark.

We started in the morning at seven o'clock, in company with the Spaniard, but he soon lagged behind, and I saw no more of him. Fording the river, we ascended the valley, the path sometimes running close to its banks, sometimes being carried high along the face of the perpendicular rocks. These places are the much talked of "laderas," but the danger is greatly exaggerated. They are not difficult to pass, and the peril is principally to laden mules, who knock their burdens

against the rock and fall over, and numbers of skeletons are seen in the valley below. To prevent the mules striking in this way against the rocks, in narrow places large stones are put on the inside of the path, so as to make the animals walk on the edge, and thus clear the danger.

Some of the passes are very picturesque, the mountains of porphyry rising around, like huge red pinnacles. One pass in particular, called Las Animas, is exceedingly striking. Nor must I omit to mention the famous Arroyo de las Vacas, a rapid rocky torrent, which comes foaming down from the mountains. We all forded it in safety, and I think its dangers are overrated in descriptions, though the skeletons and dead bodies of fifteen or sixteen mules on the brink, showed that a struggle for life and death had often taken place here. On the other side of the stream we found a little pasturage, and encamped for the night, taking up our quarters behind a huge stone which had rolled down from the mountains. Beneath this boulder I spread my ponchos, and slept soundly, being heartily tired, as the slow pace of the mules was more fatiguing than the gallopping on the plains.

Next morning the mules were nowhere to be found. As the pasturage was scanty, we had turned them all loose, and they had wandered away. Juan followed their footsteps, and after a long absence we heard his halloo, and saw him with them, high up the mountains, so high that he was hardly discernible. Our day's journey took us over the Incas' bridge, with which I was disappointed, as I had pictured in my mind a huge ravine, such as that on the Via Mala or at Handek, blocked up by great rocks, with the path carried over them. Here the bridge had been

formed by incrustation of lime, which had made a hard layer over the shingle and débris, of which the bottom of the valley is composed, and this having been washed away by the torrent, the layer of limestone has been left and formed a natural viaduct. We rode across it, for it is more than thirty feet wide, and found the ground on the other side covered with the same formation, and sounding hollow under our feet. In it were two or three hollows, like graves, which Pavon pointed out as baños.

I saw here many flowers which are now common in English gardens. The yellow calceolaria grew in the crevices of the rocks, and the pretty mimulus around the marshy springs. There is a great quantity of small pink amyryllis on the Chilian side, and near the summit another flower, which looked like the hellebore, or Christmas rose. As we ascended, the scenery became wilder; the mountains on the right hand were very steep, and seemed to have been thrown up by some tremendous volcanic eruption; and they might really have been so, for a short distance behind them was one of the highest peaks of the Andes, the volcano of Aconcagua, which rises upwards of 23,000 feet above the sea.

One high peak, which bounded the valley, seemed to be capped by a layer of whitish stone, I suppose limestone; this was covered by a thick layer of snow, in bright contrast with the dark brown stone of the rest of the mountain. We passed at intervals, small round-topped houses of refuge, called casuchas, built by the Spaniards, and by them kept in good order, for the convenience and shelter of the postman crossing the mountains in the winter. They had steps up to the door, which was placed high, so

as to be out of the snow, and they were formerly supplied with fuel. They were then kept locked, and each postman had a key; now they have gone to ruin, and have neither fuel nor door. In several places we observed collections of walls, the ruins of small houses, which Pavon called "toldos Indios:" they are supposed to have been resting-places for the Incas.

We were now in a large valley, which for wildness and savage grandeur was equal to anything I had ever seen. In front was La Cumbre, the dividing ridge, serrated at the top with a succession of rocky pinnacles. To cross this would have been a difficult undertaking, had it not been for the disintegration of the rock, which had run down in steep slopes. It was approached by a zig-zag path, around the foot of which were stretched the skeletons of forty or fifty horses and mules, and among them a few human bones. They were the remains of La Madrid's troops, who, flying from Rosas in the winter, tried to get over into Chili, but were here caught in a snow-storm, and perished. On a large rock, by the side of the path, was placed a little cross of lath. Juan, the arriero, dismounted, and from a cleft in the rock pulled out part of the skeleton of a man, still retaining a portion of the jacket.

A small troop of mules had halted here, and one of the animals having gone astray, Juan undertook to catch it with the lasso. From the rarity of the air at this elevation, he could only run a few steps at a time, and came up with the mule quite out of breath. I suffered nothing myself. The best cure in such cases is said to be eating a raw onion, and we carried several with us for the purpose.

We now began our last ascent, and it proved a long and

tedious pull. The road was a succession of zig-zags, carried up the steep slope of earth, the harder strata cropping through it in many places, and forming walls of rock across our path. It was very steep, but the mules carried us up well, stopping a short time at nearly each turn to get their wind, and then starting willingly again. The scene was indeed wild, and the effect was increased by the cries of the peons, who shouted to encourage the mules. At one turn, Pavon, who was before me, stopped me suddenly, and jumping off, picked up a stone just in front of my mule, and looked at it intently. "What is it?" said I. "Nada, Señor; no es plata," (Nothing, Sir; it is not silver), answered he, throwing it down the hill, and he told me that sometimes cargoes of silver ore are brought down by this pass, and he thought the stone was a piece that had been dropped. In the Andes, people are always thinking of mining, and of finding gold and silver; and farther down the valley, I saw many places where the ground had been dug for a short distance. It is said that many cargoes of silver were buried in different parts of the road during the revolution, and men will often dig at the foot of a tree, or opposite any remarkable-looking rock, for the chance of finding these entombed treasures.

At length, we arrived at the summit of the ridge, and looked down some huge ravines into Chili. It was a fine picture of wild mountain scenery. The valley we had left ran up northwards, both sides shut in with snowy peaks. A small stream (the head of the Mendoza river) ran down it, but it was quite barren—a perfect picture of desolation. The summit of the pass on which we stood was, according to Darwin, 12,454 feet above the sea, so some of these peaks must be very lofty; but I could not see Aconcagua. The

snow lay about in patches. A condor soared high over our heads, but no other living thing was in sight. I walked about on the summit, but did not suffer from puña, feeling only the sensation that one experiences in winter on coming out of a house into the frosty air. The madrina here turned restive, and ran every way but the right one, leading her children, the mules, astray. Juan at last lassoed her, sprang on her back, and gave her a good spurring. It was rather a high elevation, and not a very safe place for such a feat, particularly as Juan had neither bridle nor saddle, but only the lasso round the mare's neck.

The descent called "Las Caracolas" was very steep, and on reaching the bottom, we found ourselves in an enormous ravine with huge buttress-like sides. On a flat patch were encamped two large troops, the mules turned loose to graze, and the burdens arranged in a circle, with the pack-saddles of each on the top. Both troops intended to cross the Cumbre next day.

In several places there appeared to have been large land-slips from the north side of the pass. The summit of the mountains had fallen into the valley below, blocking up the streams and forming lakes, which had again burst their barriers, and left flat beds. In one place, which I suppose had fallen later, there was still a black-looking lake; in another, the valley had been completely blocked up, and the path was carried down the face of the barrier in zig-zags. We travelled on till sunset, passing two or three other troops encamped, and at length halted for the night among some fragrant bushes.

The following day we continued our route down the valley, the rill, which took its rise at the top of the pass, increasing

as we descended, and becoming a noisy torrent. It was the river of Aconcagua, which runs down to the famous valley of Quillota, and covers it with fertility. Near the first house, called the Guardia Vieja, now deserted, I saw the bushes and trees, which were here more plentiful, wreathed with the beautiful *Eccremocarpus scaber*. Lower down on the side of the hill grew huge round-topped *Cacti*, twelve or fifteen feet high, and as large round as a man's body. They were laden with ripe fruit, and Pavon took some trouble to get it down for me, for the spines are a formidable defence. The fruit had black seeds inside, and was insipid and unpalatable.

At the Guardia, or custom-house, our passports were examined and kept, and the marks of the mules compared with their description. All horses and mules are branded in these countries; and when one is bought, the new owner must mark it over the old brand, or he is liable to have it taken from him.

The ride down the valley was long and tedious; the river was crossed in one place by a suspension-bridge of ropes, fastened to posts firmly fixed in the shingle. This is one of the primitive suspension-bridges, of which the Chilians are said to have been the inventors. It was narrow, and only fit for foot-passengers.

At sunset, we arrived at the town of Santa Rosa de los Andes, and put up at the house of a friend of Dominguez, the owner of our mules. We had a good supper, with plenty of figs and peaches, for we had now arrived at a part of the country which is well cultivated and fertile. It rather put me in mind of the head of some of the Piedmontese valleys, such as Aosta, but the scenery could not compare

with that of Italy. It wanted the grassy hills and walnut-trees that make that country so beautiful.

Leaving Santa Rosa, we crossed some high ridges, which separate the valley of Aconcagua from the plain of Chacabuco. This was famous as the scene of one of the chief battles between the Chilians and the Spaniards, in the war of independence. Juan pointed out the field of battle, and asked me if my country was near the country of "Los Godos." I inquired who they were, and asked whether he meant the Spaniards. He did not know, but said they were called Los Godos. I then asked him if he meant the people with whom the Chilians fought at Chacabuco. He said, yes, they were Los Godos; so I told him where they came from, but do not think that he had any idea that he himself and the other Chilians were sprung from these hated Goths; but seemed to consider them as a sort of invaders, who had formerly oppressed the country, and held it in subjection—something like the impression entertained by many of the North Americans with regard to Englishmen. The country here was well cultivated and irrigated, and the valley of Aconcagua is a beautiful spot. All the houses are surrounded with gardens, fig, and peach-trees, with vines clustering over the doors.

The view of the Andes, as we left the valley, was very fine. The road, too, was broad and *carrozabile*, as the Italians say, but the zig-zag descent was tiresome. We crossed the plain and another ridge, and at sunset arrived at the edge of the plain of Santiago. We had now but six leagues to go, but thought that it would be better to arrive at the city in the morning, so stopped for the night at a cottage. We lay down by the baggage outside the door, and I slept soundly till Pavon roused me, saying the day was just whitening.

"Ya esta blanqueando el Dia, Señor." We then mounted again, and rode to the city, arriving there about 9 A.M.

The road was four inches deep in solid dust, and the sun very powerful. At the stone bridge which crosses the river Maypocho at the entrance of Santiago, the mules would all go wrong, and ran up different roads. I waited at the bridge till they were caught and fastened together, and we then rode into the city. None of us could tell exactly where the inn was, knowing only that it was called "Fonda Inglesa;" but a gentleman who was riding into the city, seeing my travel-stained appearance, Buenos Ayrean ponchos, and the gaucho look of my attendants, asked me if I was from Mendoza, and on my replying in the affirmative, and asking him the way to the hotel, said he would show me, and rode with me to the door, thus saving me a great deal of trouble.

CHAPTER X.

SANTIAGO—A CHILIAN BANQUET—NATIONAL FESTIVAL—TRAVELLING IN CHILI—VALPARAISO—CHILIAN POLICE—FEAT OF A SAILOR—VALLEY OF QUILLOTA—FESTIVITIES.

SANTIAGO, or St. Jago, as it is sometimes written, the capital of Chili, is a city of about sixty thousand inhabitants. Though situated so much higher above the sea, it was hotter than at Valparaiso, or the Port, as it was generally called, whither most of the rich inhabitants had now migrated. There is nothing pretty or picturesque about the city. The long streets of low houses, built usually of one story, on account of the frequency of earthquakes, straggle on in confusion, large houses and ruinous cottages side by side. As at Mendoza, the Alameda is the finest thing in the place, and it is superior to that of Mendoza, and in the evenings more frequented. The rest of the city is hot and dusty. From a rock and small fort, called Santa Lucia, in the middle of the city, is a fine view over the plain, backed by the snowy Cordillera.

Soon after my arrival at Santiago, M. Arcos, son of the

gentleman who was now travelling across the Pampas, called upon me to ask for news of his father and mother. Hearing they might be expected shortly, he gave a dinner to his friends to celebrate the event, and sent me an invitation. We were a large party, and the dinner was in the best style. Many young men (for it was confined to the male sex) of the best families of Chili were present. Between the courses cigars were handed round, and smoking was universal till the next course appeared. The wine circulated freely, and after dinner, liqueurs, among which was one called Italia, of a most delicious flavour, made in Peru from a grape of that name. The party soon became noisy; healths were drunk often in the Italia instead of wine; and when I left, about ten o'clock, pleading fatigue, they were mounted on chairs, several were speaking at once, and I heard they kept it up till one or two in the morning.

There are but few foreigners resident in Santiago, and, to all appearance, not much trade, the chief of the commerce of Chili being confined to Valparaiso. The anniversary of the battle of Maypo, another famous victory of the Chilians over the Spaniards, happened whilst I was there, and a fiesta and fair were held in the outskirts of the town in celebration of the event. It was an animating spectacle. Booths of all kinds lined the road, and in most of them there was dancing, singing, and drinking. The national dance, the Samuqueca, seemed to be the favourie. It was something like the Spanish fandango, but much behind it in grace. The band generally consisted of two guitars, and a leather strap to make a cracking noise, and the musicians joined in with their voices. Many of the dancers were miners, wearing their peculiar jacket and trowsers, one leg often red and the other

green. The ladies wore short petticoats and trowsers, and all had remarkably small feet. Most of the country people were on horseback, and their amusement seemed to consist of galloping at full speed, and then stopping the horse suddenly, sometimes doing it so as to stop the horse with all his feet on a poncho laid on the ground. The severe bits enable them to do this. They also rode against each other, trying to unseat their adversary by pressing their knee against his. They do not look well on horseback, everything appearing clumsy after the neat trappings of the gaucho; but they say it is more suited for the country, and that their huge saddles and lumpy wooden stirrups, are the only ones that will do for Chili—why, I cannot imagine. They are admirable performers with the lasso, and ride up and down the steep ravines with great nerve and skill. I do not know where the use of the lasso originated, but it is now spread all over the Spanish part of South America, Mexico, California, Texas, and the southern part of Brazil, and it would be difficult for these countries to get on without it. It does not seem to be much used by the Indians on the Pampas, the bolas being their favourite weapon.

The hotel at Santiago was very good. Most of the visitors were foreigners. The theatre is large; but the acting in the worst style. One woman, who was considered the best actress, "piled up the agony so high," as the Yankees would say, and screamed and yelled to such a degree, that her voice rang through the whole house. I soon got tired, and left the theatre; but the audience generally appeared to be pleased.

I left Santiago on the 20th of January, taking a place in a virloche for Valparaiso at 7 A.M. The way people are

conveyed from the capital to the Port does not say much for the progress of civilization in this country. The distance is between ninety and a hundred miles, and the road bad, crossing three high ranges of hills; but there are neither posts, nor relays of horses. The virloche is a sort of cabriolet, holding two people. One horse is put in the shafts, another is fastened on outside as an outrigger, and a man and another boy drive eight or ten other horses all the way. They change the horses occasionally, driving the tired ones on with the rest, so that all the horses have to run the whole distance, and ten or twelve horses are required to do the work of two. They are very enduring, but looked thin and half-starved, and no wonder if they often go the journey. Starting from Santiago, at 7, we arrived at Casa Blanca at 9 A.M.; left it at 3 the next morning, and arrived at Valparaiso at 10 A.M.

At Casa Blanca, a man who was sitting at supper, addressed me in Spanish, and we talked together. I thought from the way he was eating, that he could not be a native, and, going out, I asked the landlord, and found that he was a Scotchman, who was also going to Valparaiso. When I joined him again, he still talked to me in Spanish; but at last I said I thought we might as well converse in our own language. He had been long resident in the country, engaged in the mines, but now intended to go and try his luck in California. I had heard of the discovery of that El Dorado at Mendoza, but did not give much credence to the report. On arriving at Valparaiso, however, I found every one mad about it. Ships were sailing daily, loaded with everything that could possibly be thought of as wanted, and crowded with passengers, all certain of making their

fortunes in the land of gold. Chili being such a mining country, it created the more sensation, and many of the richer Chilians were taking numbers of peons, their servants, to dig. Ships, too, soon began to arrive from San Francisco, when specimens of gold were shown in the town, and the excitement became intense.

The first view of Valparaiso is not inviting, and for my part, I cannot say that I was ever pleased with it. The red earth hills rise steep behind the town, and appear parched and barren, hardly any trees being visible. The town is squeezed in between the hill and the sea, and is so narrow in one place that there is only room for the street. This place is called Cape Horn by the sailors, and divides the town into two parts—one to the south, where most of the mercantile houses and best shops are situated; the other, called Almendral, contains the theatre. Besides this, at the southern end, the town runs up the hills, and is divided by deep *quebradas* (ravines) into three parts. They are well known to sailors as the Fore, Main, and Mizen Tops, and are inhabited by the worst characters. Behind the middle part of the town is another height, where many of the best houses are; it is sometimes called the Quarter-deck.

As one might expect, Valparaiso is a port, and nothing else, and is full of English, Germans, and other foreigners. The bay, which is generally well filled with ships, is but a bad anchorage, as it is open to the north, and the water is deep. However, as the wind seldom blows from that quarter except in winter, vessels are tolerably secure. The prevailing wind is the sea-breeze, which, oddly enough, from the shape of the land, blows off shore, and rushes down the hills and through the streets with great violence.

Hence the dust is all blown out of the town, and the ships in the harbour are often covered with it.

Valparaiso is badly off for inns, but in these towns there are few people who require them. The houses are lightly built with frames of wood, filled up with bricks, this mode of structure being thought best adapted to resist earthquakes. One slight shock occurred whilst I was at Valparaiso; but I hardly felt it, and thought that it was only something passing in the street. The natives are much more sensitive of these visitations than strangers, and from the frequency of the shocks, the least movement makes them fully alive to the danger.*

I found here an old schoolfellow, Ancram, in charge of the English hospital, from which, and the hill behind, there is a fine view of the Andes, Aconcagua towering above all the rest. From Captain King's measurement in 1834, the height of this mountain was found to be upwards of 23,000 feet, far exceeding Chimborazo, long thought to be the highest in South America. Now Sorata and Illimani are both considered higher than Chimborazo but it is doubtful whether they overtop Aconcagua.

The town of Valparaiso is clean, and kept in good order by the police, who, some mounted and some on foot, patrol the streets night and day. They are provided with whistles, with which they give signals to each other, when any suspicious character passes, or when they require aid. The

* If, in countries subject to earthquakes, the houses were built on the Norwegian plan, of pine logs morticed and pegged together, and the partition of the rooms and the floors morticed through the outside walls, I think they would be quite safe during any convulsion. Certainly no mere shaking of the ground would injure them in the least.

horsemen are all furnished with lassos, and it becomes a most excellent weapon in their skilful hands. Our sailors are greatly puzzled by it, for when they go on shore and get tipsy, as they usually do, and offer to fight everybody, the policeman waits till they come from among their comrades, and then coolly lassoes them and drags them of. In a late rebellion in Valparaiso an English sailor played a prominent part. The insurgents had pointed a cannon, loaded with grape, down one of the principal thoroughfares, and were waiting for the opportunity to fire on a body of horse, which were expected to charge up the street, when Jack, getting it into his head that they were a set of lubbers, and did not know how to fire the gun, or were afraid, staggered up, and discharged it himself, just before the soldiers appeared. The grape rattled harmlessly down the street, and the soldiers coming up just afterwards, put the insurgents to the rout.

The night watchmen are called Serenos, as, when they cry the hour, if the night is fine, as it usually is, they add, "Y sereno." Malefactors are worked on the roads, but there is also a penal settlement on the island of Juan Fernandez, well known as the place where Alexander Selkirk was wrecked. The group consists of two large islands, and one or two smaller ones. The main one is called "Mas a tierra," the other "Mas a fuera:" "More to the Shore," and "More Outside."

Though the hills at the back of the town appear so barren and sterile, the valleys and gullies (quebradas), are fertile and full of trees. In these thickets, fuschias grow in large bushes, and bamboos are not uncommon. Although in so high a latitude, palm-trees grow in some places in great

numbers. At the head of the Quebrada Verde is a rather noted waterfall; but on visiting the spot, I found it nearly dry. In the rainy season it may be worth seeing, as the water falls from a great height.

On my arrival at Valparaiso, I found the 'Inconstant' already here. She had come round the Horn, and anchored in the harbour a few days before. Her chaplain, an old Etonian, came ashore, and we made an excursion to the renowned valley of Quillota, a continuation of the valley of Aconcagua, well irrigated by a considerable river. It is about thirty miles from Valparaiso, a tedious ride in hot weather. Descending into the valley from one of the ridges, we saw the view to advantage, and it was certainly very fine. The valley is quite flat and well cultivated, the river winding through it from end to end. It is shut in at the head by the Cordilleras. The town is of large extent, for it appeared that every house had a garden, full of fruit-trees; and peaches, apples, pears, figs, and oranges, were very abundant. Grapes are cultivated to a great extent; but the wine, called "chicha," is bad, and it seems that the natives take but little trouble with the vintage. The Chilian valleys being well irrigated, are excessively fertile, and Quillota supplies the port with most of its fruit and vegetables.

A great deal of corn is grown on the high plains, which are now, from the quantity exported, the granary of California, and unremitting attention is paid to its cultivation. Channels to irrigate the land are often carried for miles along the hill-sides; no labour is spared, yet the produce is very cheap. I hear that corn has been sent from here to England.

The chief wealth the country consists in its mineral productions, the silver mines of Coquimbo having lately been peculiarly productive. A string of mules, each laden with four hundred pounds weight of silver, a bar of two hundred pounds on each side, is often seen coming in from the country; and at the custom-house bars of silver are loaded into the carts, without guards, in a way that would astonish people in England. There are copper mines also at San Felipe, near Quillota, and silver-mines are common in the Cordilleras.

The theatre in the Almendral is large, and at the time of my visit, the acting was much superior to that at Valparaiso. There was also a good company of Spanish dancers, who enlivened us with the Cachuca, Boleras, and the Jota Arragonesa, in a superior style. One evening there was a grand masked ball, and the pit was boarded over for the occasion. The Samocueca appeared then to be the favourite dance. The ladies only were masked, and as we should not have known them had we seen their faces, the interest of the festivity, as far as we were concerned, was entirely lost.

A grand ball was also given by the officers of the 'Asia,' on board their ship. A great number of invitations were issued for the shore, and it was attended by the President, and all the best families of Valparaiso. The poop and quarter-deck of the 'Asia' (an eighty-gun ship) were covered in like a lofty tent with flags, the chandelier in the middle being formed with bayonets. Dancing was kept up till a late hour.

We all went on shore by detachments in the 'Asia's' boats; but one gentleman, either overcome by wine, or

exhausted by his exertions, fell asleep during his short voyage, and being overlooked when the boat went back, it was hauled out to the booms, made fast, and left, and the sleeper was not discovered till late the next morning.

CHAPTER XI.

CALLAO—LIMA—NATIVE COSTUMES—PIZARRO'S CROSS—THE GREAT BELL—BULL-FIGHT—LAMAS—PERUVIAN WATERING-PLACE—INDIAN CEMETERIES—ANCIENT CIVILIZATION—IDEA OF ENGLISH BEAUTY—RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS.

I LEFT Valparaiso about the 1st of March, in H.M.S. 'Inconstant,' for Callao, and after a pleasant voyage of twelve days arrived in Callao Bay. The 'Inconstant,' a fine frigate of thirty-six guns, was commanded by Captain John Sheppard. I need not therefore add, that she was in the highest state of discipline, and first-rate order. She remained only one day at Callao, to take in water, and sailed for California a few hours after I landed.

The harbour is considered one of the best on this coast; but the others are so bad, that this is not saying much for it. The bay seems to exhale a disagreeable smell, particularly in the evening, when it is almost like that of bilgewater, and has the same effect on the white paint of a ship. Callao is a wretched town, full of ship-chandlers and grog-shops, and the dirty streets are crowded with sailors of all nations.

Being the seaport of Lima, which is only seven miles distant, and which is plainly visible from the anchorage, it has, of course, a good deal of trade; but the principal merchants live in the capital.

To the south-west of the bay is the steep island of San Lorenzo, so barren, sandy, and parched, that it looks like an African mountain brought from the shores of the Nile.

The plain on which Lima stands appears nearly flat, though the city stands five hundred feet above the sea. The slope is quite gradual. The road from Callao to Lima is of the most execrable description, and a disgrace to Peru, if anything can be. It was originally well laid out by the Spaniards, and was straight, broad, and well-paved, the last three miles being edged with a dwarf wall, and planted with rows of trees overshadowing the footpath, where seats were placed at intervals, forming a fine approach to the City of Kings. Now the pavement is broken up, and the loose stones are lying about in heaps; the wall is nearly destroyed, and the road is full of holes, and covered with a thick layer of dust. The trees alone remain; but some President—no one can tell when—bent on improvement, may cut them down. A few years ago there was a fine Alameda on the banks of the river, but the President cut it down and replanted it, as he said, "with trees of a better sort," which will take a long time to come to any perfection. The authorities do not like to mend the roads, or lay out any money for improvements, as when they lay their accounts before the public, they become unpopular, and are not elected again. The consequence is, that though omnibuses run from the port to the city, each drawn by five horses, they nearly upset at every journey, and go pitching into the

holes, and over the heaps of stones, like a ship in a heavy sea. The fare is two dollars, and it is three dollars to Chorillos, a distance of nine miles.

Lima is situated on the banks of the river Rimac, whence it derives its name, the Spaniards having mistaken the Indian designation of the stream. It is a fine rapid mountain torrent, crossed by a massive stone bridge, built as all other works of the old Spaniards were, to last for ever. It is said to have cost so much, that the home government sent to inquire whether it was built of gold or silver. The city has a fine appearance at a distance, both from its situation at the foot of the rocky hills, and the number of its fine domes and towers. It does not improve, however, on a closer inspection, as many of the buildings are of adobie, or unburnt bricks (so-called from the Arabic word), and some of the ornaments and urns, where broken, show that they are only frames of wicker-work covered with plaster. The streets are at right angles, but have few other pretensions to regularity. They look oriental, and put me much in mind of some of the streets in Grand Cairo, the houses having projecting windows of lattice-work as in the east. The buildings are flat-roofed, and some of the old ones, built by the Spanish grandees, are handsomely ornamented with carved stonework; but Lima has declined fearfully from its former magnificence. Liberty seems to have ruined these countries, and of all governments that of a republic seems least adapted to them. They are always fighting and quarrelling, and the six republics, Buenos Ayres, Chili, Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, and Mexico, usually average more than a revolution amongst them every year, and are often the scene of two at once.

R. E. del et lith.

Printed by Hullmandel & Walton

LIMA.

London Hurst & Blackett, Great Marlborough Street

Lima is the dearest place I ever visited, partly on account of the idleness of the people, and partly from the former abundance of money; but now the old high families are getting gradually poorer, and the modern ones think of nothing but dress and gambling, and do not get rich. The carriage of everything is excessively high. A cotton manufactory lately put up at the back of the town, was brought out in pieces from the United States, and cost as much to bring it from Callao to the city, as it did from New York to Callao. In housekeeping, a dollar goes about as far as a shilling in England. But the provisions, I must say, are excellent, and the beef and poultry are better than any I obtained elsewhere in South America.

The population of Lima is very mixed, and in the streets present a most motley appearance. This is caused by the three races, Spaniards, Indians and negroes, each of which has crossed and intermingled with the other. The costume of the Indian women is becoming; they usually wear a small Panama hat, encircled by a broad figured riband, and a sort of tippet. They ride astride, and wear long light spurs. Nearly all the women, even the washerwomen, wear white silk stockings and white satin shoes, or if leather ones, they are very thin and prettily ornamented with open work. The saya and mantle, which used to be the national dress of the Lima ladies, is now going out of fashion. The saya is a silk petticoat, made elastic with a great number of small plaits. It was formerly drawn in close at the bottom of the dress, but is now just the reverse, being tight at the waist and very full below. It is rather becoming, and makes every one appear to have a good figure; the colour is generally black, but is sometimes purple, puce, or dark blue,

The manta is a balloon-shaped sort of hood, made of black silk, and is generally drawn across the face to conceal all but one eye, "but that is a piercer." The saya and manta are joined, and put over the rest of the dress, as a walking costume or a disguise, and for this latter purpose it is excellently adapted, as it makes every one look alike, and it is impossible to tell one from another. The ladies are noted for their beauty and grace; they are generally rather short, but have good full figures. Their feet are most peculiarly small—an attraction on which they pride themselves, but they wear their shoes too short. I bought a pair of ladies' shoes as a curiosity; the sole was only eight inches in length, and would hardly fit an English child of six years old. But this was a size often worn by grown-up married ladies; and the shoemaker showed me some which were worn by some of his customers, only seven and a half inches in length.

The country about Lima is well cultivated and carefully irrigated, water being brought in large carriers, called "acequias,"* from the river Rimac. Beyond the irrigated land the country is quite barren, and as in Egypt, one can step from rich gardens into the desert. On one of the barren rocky hills, just behind the town, is an iron cross. It was from this place that Pizarro looked over the country, and decided on the situation of his capital, which was to surpass in magnificence all in the New World. But perhaps a more picturesque view is from the little valley of Amancaes, so called from a yellow lily, which grows here in great abundance in spring. When I visited the place, none were visible, but they flower in the month of June,

* Arabic *saki*, a water-carrier.

and on St. John's Day there is a grand fiesta, something in the style of Greenwich Fair, when all the population of Lima turn out to gather these lilies. Formerly it was the custom at this fiesta for all the ladies to ride astride to the fair, but this has gone out of fashion, except among the lower orders and country-women.

The cathedral, which stands in the Grand Plaza, is a large, but far from handsome structure. The interior boasts some handsome wood-carving; but the ornaments generally are tawdry and in bad taste. Its bells are one of the attractions of the city, and the largest has a fine deep tone; but perhaps I had better quote here a description of this bell, from the work of a noble lady who lately visited Lima. "The great cathedral bell is surpassingly glorious in its unfathomably deep peal of tremulous silver thunder;" and again: "Hark! suddenly sounds the vesper bell, like bounding silver balls from silver cannon: with thrilling awful power, came the mighty tones from the peerless bell of the Lima cathedral." On the other side of the great square is the palace, built on the site of that of Pizarro; but it is such a mean-looking building, that I was some days in Lima before I asked what it was.

The market of Lima is worth visiting, as nearly all kinds of tropical fruit are found there in perfection. There is a profusion of bananas, oranges, pine-apples, cherimoyas, or custard-apples, paltas, granadillas, pomegranates, limes, melons and grapes; the grape called Italia being one of the finest I ever tasted. It is long and white, something like the muscat of Alexandria, but with a most exquisite Frontignac flavour.

The climate of Lima, though it never rains, is not by any

means dry, for during several months of the year there is a thick fog every morning, and it is sometimes so heavy, that the eaves drip and the pavements are muddy. The absence of rain is, I think, accounted for by the situation of the country, a narrow strip between the Andes and the sea, and as the south-east trade-wind is always blowing, the showers that would fall are carried out to sea, and those which would come from the continent, from the eastward, fall on the Andes. Amidst the Andes, there is plenty of rain, the wet season being February, March and April, and the thunder of the storms there, is sometimes heard in the town.

In Guayaquil there is a regular wet season, and the line where the desert ends and fertility begins is very marked. This is caused by its being within the limit of the calms and variable winds, which always hang about the equator, varying to the north and south of the line, with the sun. In Valparaiso, too, there is a wet season, as the trade-wind does not blow there all the year. The southern part of Peru and part of Bolivia is a perfect desert, most troublesome and difficult to cross; and some of the towns, such as Cobija and Iquique, are so badly off for water, that I have known a captain of a merchant-ship give a cask of water to his agents as a present. The mules that bring down cargoes of silver to these ports often have nothing to drink for two or three days. There are several good springs of fresh water near Lima, and some large ones at high-water mark, under the cliff at Chorillos. These must come all the way from the Andes, and have their origin in the snow.

The Holy Week took place whilst I was in Lima, and was observed with great strictness, insomuch that from Thursday till Sunday evening, no billiards, music, or any game was

permitted. All the people wore black; no bells were rung in the churches, and on the Thursday evening all the churches were illuminated and crowded with people. The correct thing is to go to seven churches on that evening, and I am sure we visited quite that number from curiosity. In Santiago, on this evening, the people say their prayers out loud, as they walk from one church to the other, making a great and most extraordinary noise. Some of the churches were well illuminated, and ornamented with all their plate, jewels, and flowers, making a gorgeous display. They were principally filled with ladies, all dressed in their best, and with expensive lace veils on their heads. As there are no seats in the churches, they have small pieces of carpet brought in by their servants, on which they sit down on their heels.

The week before Easter there was a great bull-fight; but it did not equal those of old Spain. The arena was very large, and in the middle was a sort of refuge made with strong posts, through which the bull-fighters, when hard pressed, could pass and escape from the pursuit of the bull. The great size of the ring made this necessary. The first part of the performance was setting up a figure full of fire-works in the middle of the arena, which, of course, the bull tossed, when the fire-works exploded, some hanging to his horns. The performers were chiefly Spaniards; but one of the best and most skilful was a negro, who seemed to have wonderful power over the bull. He had nothing but a cloak, yet allowed the bull to run at him as often as he liked, when, seizing his opportunity, he slipped on one side with the greatest coolness, and then waved his cloak in the animal's face again. This he did to several bulls in suc-

cession, till at last, repeatedly disappointed and annoyed, they left him in disgust, seeming perfectly bewildered that they were never able to touch him, though it was difficult to say how he escaped them. I have never seen it done with such dexterity even in Seville or Madrid; but perhaps the Peruvian bulls are not so active and fierce as those of Andalucia. The negroes, though so skilful, did not show the same agility and grace as the Spaniards, and the interest in them soon flagged.

In one respect the Lima bull-fight was superior to those of Spain—viz., in the horsemanship; for here the men were well mounted, and, riding their beautiful horses into the ring, provided only with a cloak, they irritated the bull and allowed him to rush at them, always escaping by the rapid wheeling of the horses, which were perfectly bitted and beautifully ridden. Every time, the bull passed close behind the horse's tail, just touching the cloak which the man waved behind him. The matadors were not good, and one way of killing the bull on horseback with a short spear, was particularly barbarous. A clumsy Chilian tried to kill a bull in this way, and made twenty or thirty attempts without success, often wounding the bull, who was at last dispatched with a short knife. It was a disgusting exhibition, and many of the performers would have been hooted out of the circo at Madrid.

One evening I attended another exhibition, not remarkable for its humanity, but still a "thing to be seen" by a visitor to Lima; I mean the cock-pit, or, as it is more politely termed here, "el circo de gallos." It was a small amphitheatre, on the same plan as the bull-ring. The spectators were not numerous, and were chiefly of African

descent. At 4 P.M. the judge entered his box, and then the sports commenced. The backers brought in two cocks, and proceeded to fasten the spurs on before the judge. Whilst this was done, the betting was carried on with great spirit: five to four on the red, three to two on the grey, each man showing his dollars. The battles were generally short, a cock often being killed at the first fly. An American, who came with us, caused us considerable amusement, being very uneasy the whole time, pronouncing the pit a horrid place, and wishing he had not come; but we found at last that his squeamishness arose from there being so many blacks present.

Whilst at Lima, I was fortunate enough to see one or two droves of lamas in the streets. These animals are not often brought into the city, though numbers are used in the high table-lands of the Andes. They were attended by Indians, short, square-built fellows, resembling those of North America. The lamas, as they walk along the streets, have a very odd appearance, as they do not hold their head and neck forward as camels do, but erect like the ostrich, and look more like automatons than living creatures. They carry but small burdens, and must never be over-loaded. Their wool is coarse, but is made into ponchos by the Indians. That of the vicuna is fine and very valuable.

In the months of March and April, few of the best families stay in the city of Lima, but migrate to the watering-place, a village about nine miles distant, called Chorillos. Although at so short a distance, the difference of the air and climate is wonderful. The houses, or *ranchos* (sheds), as they call them at Chorillos, are of the most simple description, having one, or sometimes two good-sized rooms, as

drawing and dining-rooms, and a few bed-rooms, all on the ground-floor, with a large verandah in front. They are built on the edge of a steep cliff, and generally look on the sea. The roof is flat, and only made of matting, but that is quite sufficient where rain is unknown. In the verandahs are slung two or three Guayaquil hammocks, and when the inhabitants are not bathing, they pass the day swinging in these or lounging about the verandah, being perfectly happy if they get a pretty good cigar. Ladies and gentlemen all bathe together, and meet their acquaintances in the water as if it were an evening party. The usual time is between 8 and 9 A.M. and 4 P.M. At those hours you see all the fashionables walking leisurely down the steep cliff to the sea. At the bottom of the cliff, close to the sea, are built a number of small cane ranchos for dressing-rooms, and towels and bathing-dresses are provided by men who wait upon the bathers. The ladies put on a very becoming costume; wide blue trowsers, tied at the ankles, and a short blue frock, both ornamented with two white hems, and a straw hat; but they have their hair done as carefully as if they were going to a ball. Round their waists they wear a pair of gourds, and walking boldly into the sea, the gourds support them, and they float and swim about quite at their ease. The gentlemen wear a blue shirt and trowsers and a straw hat. Canvas shoes are very necessary, as the shore is shingly. In the evening some one or other generally gives a dance, to which all come without ceremony, the young ladies taking it in turn at the piano-forte.

A favourite vice of watering-places, gambling, prevails here, though not to the extent formerly practised. Monte is the favourite game; and to see it, I went one night to the house of an influential resident, and was not a little asto-

nished. It was played with dice—monte with cards not being so suitable for a large party. The players, most of whom were ladies, were seated round a large table, covered with green baize, on which lay a heap of ounces and half-ounces, and the gentlemen stood round behind them. Many of the ladies were smoking, and it was amusing to see them watching the game with a large regalia stuck in the corner of the mouth, and one eye shut to keep out the smoke. Smoking is a common custom among the married ladies of Lima, but I think it is not indulged in by the spinsters. The married ladies are always called señorita, as they do not like to take their proper title, declaring that there is but one señora in Lima, and she is the cathedral, which is called the church of Nuestra Señora.

Near Chorillos are several old Indian burying-places, which have been repeatedly searched for curiosities and bones; pottery, matting, and nets lie about in heaps. The fashionables of Chorillos sometimes make a party to prosecute these researches. They hire some blacks to dig (the Indians will never do it), take out a carpet and cards with them, and amuse themselves with monte, till something is discovered worth looking at.

Nearer Lima, and on the Callao road, are several of the old Indian mounds, called huacas. At first sight they may be easily mistaken for natural hills, but when broken down or excavated, they are found to be entirely artificial. They are built of layers of earth or mud, placed nearly in a vertical position, and leaning against each other. I saw a slight attempt at ornament on one layer, which had been newly opened, but cannot imagine why it was placed there, as it must have been covered and hidden by the next layer.

The Indian ruins at Cuzco, which I was unable to visit, are very curious, and the stones used in some of the buildings were enormous. General Miller gave me the measurements of some, showing a length of about 30 feet by 12 wide, and a tolerable thickness. How they could have been moved by the Indians is a mystery, as they had to be carried across a stream, and Cuzco is situated at the height of 11,378 feet above the sea. It was connected with Quito, the other capital of the Incas, by a splendid road, upwards of a 1000 miles long, well paved, provided with bridges and resting-houses, and carried over the mountain at an elevation of 15,000 feet. It was one of the most extraordinary works known, and proves that the Incas must have arrived at a high state of power and civilization. Agriculture was well understood and practised by the ancient Peruvians; and though many people fancy that guano was unknown to them, and that we made the grand discovery of its qualities, and brought it into use, yet long before we knew anything about it, the Peruvians had turned it to account, and had laws to prevent the birds being disturbed in their annual resorts to the islands. They used it by dibbling in a little, at the foot of each plant, and then watering it. They well understood also the system of irrigation, and water for this purpose was brought for miles in artificial canals, and even carried underground for a great distance in tunnels.

English ladies have but a small reputation for beauty in Lima, as those of our countrywomen who have visited that capital have not generally been good specimens, and an English foot, "un pie Inglis," has quite passed into a proverb. Just before I went to Lima, an English clergyman had arrived there, and brought his wife and children

with him. Her arrival was looked for with some anxiety, on the part of the English merchants, in the hope that she might retrieve the lost credit of her countrywomen, and with some curiosity on the part of the fair Limenians; for a clergyman having a wife at all, was a thing they could not understand. But when the lady did arrive, her appearance was only calculated to prove more strongly than before, that beauty did not exist in England. She had lost or left behind most of her luggage, in crossing the Isthmus of Panama, and several ladies would have lent her clothes; but no Limenian wardrobe, it was found, could furnish garments that would fit her. One day she wanted some shoes, and went to be measured for some; but Crispin glancing at her foot as she thrust it out, crossed himself and said: "No; that it was quite useless to try and make a shoe for her, as Peru could not produce a last large enough for the purpose."

The number of donkeys used in Lima and the adjoining country is enormous. They all have their nostrils slit, which, it is said, enables them to breathe more freely. Lima is said to be a paradise for women, a purgatory for men, and a hell for asses. As to the two first allegations, I shall not venture to pronounce an opinion, but the truth of the last is evident to everybody. They come from the country in droves, and are often so loaded with grass that nothing is visible but their heads.

All the streets of Lima have an open channel of water running through them, which would appear fresh and cooling, only that the dirt and rubbish of the town is thrown into the stream, and thus carried away. These channels are supplied by a large water-carrier, which branches off from the river a short distance above the city. The gallinazos, or Turkey

buzzards (*Cathartes atratus*), of which there are numbers in the town, may be seen waiting on the edge of the channels, fishing out everything edible that passes by. These gallinazos are most disgusting-looking birds; but like the dogs at Constantinople, are most efficient scavengers. When a horse or mule dies on the road—a not uncommon occurrence—they come down to it in clouds, and eat till they are gorged, when they sit on some wall in the sun, with wings half extended and eyes shut, to digest their meal. The root of the bills and foreheads are covered with a sort of horny armour, well suited to their habits and condition of life.

The horses of Peru are good, and very showy, but not so enduring as those of Chili. Some of them are wonderful pacers or rackers. A good one, though he will hardly shake his rider the least in his saddle, will keep another horse at a rapid gallop.

At Chorillos, I saw some curious religious processions. The Indians took an ill-stuffed figure of our Saviour round the town mounted on a donkey; and the fishermen, to insure a good take of fish, rowed a Guy Faux, like the figure of St. Peter, round the bay in a boat, with a large fresh fish hanging to his hand.

CHAPTER XII.

VOYAGE TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS — HONOLULU — ORIGIN OF THE PEOPLE — NATIVE HUTS — DIAMOND HILL — BEAUTIFUL PLAIN — PRODUCE OF THE COUNTRY — EXCURSION INTO THE INTERIOR — AN EXTINCT CRATER — DECREASE OF POPULATION — PROCEEDINGS OF THE MISSIONARIES — PRESENTATION TO THE KING — THE KING VISITS THE 'AMPHITRITE' — THE KING'S YACHT — THE KING IN PRIVATE LIFE — MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT — THE KING'S WELCOME — THE DEATH-PLACE OF CAPTAIN COOK — THE VOLCANOES — NATIVE CARD-PLAYERS — NARROW ESCAPE.

AFTER a stay of five weeks at Lima, I had almost made up my mind to leave it for Panama, and go to Mexico and the West Indies, when H.M.S. 'Amphitrite' coming in, I was kindly offered a passage to the Sandwich Islands, by Captain Rodney Eden. I gladly accepted the offer, as I had before thought of going there in the 'Inconstant;' but as she had been ordered off to California, I had been obliged to alter my plans. I soon completed my arrangements, and with about sixty doubloons in my pocket—having changed here all my South American circular notes—I went down to Callao, and on the 21st of April we weighed, and stood out of the bay with a fair wind.

The 'Amphitrite' was rather a small frigate, 1076 tons burden; but was very heavily armed. She originally carried forty-two guns, but now only twenty-five very heavy ones, and her crew consisted of two hundred and forty men and officers, who were much attached to their captain, Rodney Eden, while it would be impossible to find a better or smarter officer than Mr. Walker, the first-lieutenant.

We left Callao on the 21st of April, and the south-east trade-wind carried us to about 5° N. lat., where we had an interval of a few days calm, with squalls and heavy showers of rain; then meeting with the north-east trade, we ran before it in gallant style, usually making 200 to 240 miles in the twenty-four hours. The distance in a straight line from Callao to the Sandwich Islands is 5120 miles, and in the whole voyage we did not once see land or even a single sail. But though a great distance from land throughout, the ship was generally followed by some of those beautiful birds (*Phaeton ætherius*) the Boatswain, or Tropic birds, which, soaring high in the air, followed us for days and days, and I often heard their shrill cry at night rising over the breeze.

On the thirty-first day from Callao, we sighted the high land of Maui, and soon afterwards the snow-capped volcanoes of Hawaii. We lay to for the night, and the next morning ran in between the islands, and anchored off Honolulu, the capital of the Hawaiian Islands.

The appearance of the island of Oahu is sterile and barren. The mountains, many of which are evidently extinct volcanoes, are furrowed from top to bottom with deep-cut watercourses; but no trees are visible. As we approached, everything looked burnt up and desolate, and it was not till we were close to the shore that we saw little valleys running

R.E. del et lith

Printed by Hullmandel & Walton

HONOLULU.

Lon[illegible] Hurst & Blackett, Gr[illegible] M[illegible]

up into the mountains, dotted with some straggling cocoa-nut trees, and from the midst of which peered a few huts. But Honolulu itself looks quite a town, and boasts of stone houses, churches and stores, while a fort, surmounted by cannon, guards the entrance of the harbour.

We anchored outside the harbour, as there was some doubt whether the 'Amphitrite' would be able to go in, no ship of her size having ever been in before. The next day, however, before the wind sprung up she was safely warped in. Numbers of boats came off to us when she anchored, to get the ship's washing, the rowers wearing clean, well-ironed shirts, as specimens of what could be done, and calling out, "Lookee here, Sir, my wife washee this."

The group of islands called the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands, is situated between 19° and 22° 30′ N. lat., and between 155° and 160° 30′ W. long. It consists of six large islands and four smaller ones. The six largest are named Hawaii, Maui, Molokai, Oahu, Kaui and Nihau. The names are now a little altered from those used in Cook's time, and generally found in older maps, but the difference is chiefly in the spelling. Thus the Owyhee, Mowee, and Wahoo of Cook have become Hawaii, Maui, Oahu.

Honolulu, the capital town, is situated on the south or the leeward side of the island of Oahu. It is distant 2800 miles from Mexico, about 5000 from China, 2700 from the Society Islands, and about 1700 from California. Cook discovered the group January, 1778; but I think it must have been visited before by Europeans, probably by the Spanish vessels, in the voyage from Manilla to Mexico. Being so far from any continent, it is difficult to say how the islands were first peopled. Some have supposed that the

inhabitants came from America, and as the trade-wind always blows from that coast, one would naturally expect that that would be the most likely place. But, from many circumstances, it is now generally considered that they belong to the Malayan family, who first peopled New Zealand, then Tahiti and the Marquesas, and then the Sandwich Islands. The Tahitians speak nearly the same tongue, and the New Zealand language is evidently of the same stock. A Japanese junk was not long since accidentally driven to the Sandwich Islands, so that it is possible that they may have been peopled from that country.

The islands are entirely volcanic, but have a fringe of coral round them. They are all very mountainous and high, the summits of the two volcanoes on Hawaii being never free from snow. The harbour of Honolulu is good and secure, being protected by a coral reef; but the passage into it is winding, which renders it impossible for very long ships, or those which draw more than twenty feet of water, to enter. Cook did not discover this harbour, and his and Vancouver's ships lay at Waititi, about seven miles to the eastward. Honolulu is now much frequented by whale-ships, which come there for fresh supplies, and as many as 200 call in the course of the year; and at Lahaina, the chief town of the island of Maui, the number is larger. This, of course, gives a great impetus to trade, for the whalers require not only fresh meat, vegetables and fruit, but they always need some repairs, which gives employment to many different artificers.

Honolulu has a population of about five thousand natives and four hundred foreigners, viz.: two hundred and fifty Americans, one hundred English, and forty Chinese. It is laid out with streets on a regular plan, but there are large

spaces between the houses, and it is more like a straggling village than a town. The foreigners have good houses, sometimes of stone, sometimes of adobie or unburnt bricks, but the natives live generally in grass huts, built after their original pattern. They are, however, really very good houses, far superior to those of most other savage nations. They look outside like square hayricks, long in the roof, which slopes down to the ground without any eaves. Inside they are good and commodious. They are very suitable for a volcanic country, as no earthquake could injure them. The floor is covered with mats—one end, set apart for a couch, having six mats laid over each other, the finest at the top. The house is divided by partitions about six feet high, but above that, is open to the roof. Some of the officers of the 'Amphitrite' lived on shore, hiring these grass houses, and found them very comfortable habitations. Captain Eden, one of the lieutenants and myself, lived in a very good stone house, lent us by Mr. Wyllie, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who afterwards called it Eden, in compliment to the captain.

Some of the streets are planted with hibiscus trees, which, with their large yellow flowers, have a pretty effect. There are four churches in Honolulu—two native, one Protestant, and one Catholic. The three former are under the superintendence and guidance of the American missionaries, the last under those of France. There are two hotels, one kept by a Scot, the other by a Frenchman. Each boasts a billiard-table, a fragment of civilization that I did not expect to find in the Sandwich Islands. The King, who is a very good player, and fond of the game, also has a billiard-table. So many Americans being here, the town, of course, could not exist without a bowling-alley. The whole number of licences

held now, by the Report of the Minister of the Interior for the year ending March 31, 1848, is as follows:

Wholesale goods, wares, &c.	23
Retail ditto, ditto	84
Wholesale spirituous liquors	8
Retail	13
Hotels	6
Victualling houses	26
Billiard-tables	6
Bowling-alleys	19
Auctioneers	3
Hawkers and pedlers	71
Newspapers	2

Just behind the town rises the Punchbowl Hill, a circular and very perfect crater, long extinct, and now surmounted by a battery of a few guns, commanding the town. To the eastward is the level plain of Waititi, and beyond is Diamond Hill, another extinct crater. This is so called from its shape; but it is said that a company was once got up, or tried to be got up in London, to search here for diamonds, though the islands, being entirely volcanic, possess neither precious stones nor metals. Inland, the island is steep and rugged, having a high central chain, with numerous ridges running down to the sea; and between these lie deep and richly-wooded valleys.

The principal valley, called Nuuana, runs up at the back of the town for about six miles, until it has attained the height of 1100 feet. It is there abruptly terminated by "the Pari," an immense perpendicular cliff; and the road which runs up the

valley is carried down this precipice by a succession of steep zig-zags. Below is spread a fine plain, about seven miles long by four wide, covered with grass and clumps of trees, and interspersed with hillocks, forming one of the most beautiful scenes I ever saw. The cliff is of a semi-circular form, facing the sea, and there is every reason to suppose that it once formed the wall of an immense crater, of which the plain was the floor, while the small hillocks were minor craters, generally found at the bottom of the others. The plain extends to the sea, therefore the wall on that side must have fallen outward, or perhaps never rose so high, on account of the sea. It was over this precipice that the victorious Kamehameha I. drove his enemies when he conquered the island of Oahu. After a hard battle in the lower end of the valley, they retreated up the slope till they came to the Pari, when, pursued by the conqueror, and no quarter being given on either side, they were driven over the brink and dashed to pieces by the fall. The road down to the plain has been made by the missionaries.

There are two fine valleys to the eastward of Honolulu, called the Manoa and the Palolo. The soil in their bottom is good, and the sides, where not too steep, are fertile, and would grow excellent crops of coffee. I saw one or two plantations of the berry in a side valley running into Nuuanu. The trees looked vigorous and healthy, and were covered with fruit; but the idleness of the people, and the dislike of regular labour, joined to the high wages they require, would be a great obstacle to any one cultivating coffee on an extended scale.

The houses in these valleys—in fact, all native houses, except in the towns, and many there—are grass huts. I

thought they were comfortable and clean-looking, and quite palaces compared to the hovels inhabited by the Irish. The missionaries, however, find great fault with them, and pronounce them as defective in every way, forgetting that all their own luxuries are superfluous to people unaccustomed to them.

The production of the islands are kalo, or taro, as it is sometimes called, sugar-cane, bananas, arrow-root, potatoes, yams, sweet potatoes, and all sorts of tropical vegetables and fruits. Taro, or kalo (*Arum esculentum*) is the principal food of the native. It is grown in patches in shallow ponds, surrounded by low banks, placed one below the other, so that they can be irrigated at pleasure. Many seem to have the water always in them, and are stocked with fish; and it is said that this is the best plan, as nothing is required but to clear the weeds out. The leaf of the plant is something like the English dock, but larger, and it has a large tuberous root. This is beaten into a paste of the consistency of hasty-pudding, called poe, and is always eaten from a calabash with the fore-finger—the natives, from long practice, being able to take up a good mouthful with that alone. They stir the finger two or three times round in the mess, then take it out with a dexterous twist, and put it into the mouth. A spoon seems never to be used with poe; and even when it is ladled from one vessel to another, they resort to the hand. Poe is not so bad when fresh; but the natives generally keep it, and seem to prefer it a little sour. The plant requires one year to come to maturity; and it is said that an acre of kalo land will furnish food for twenty persons.

Fish is also a great article of food, and the natives have extensive fish-ponds of salt-water, fenced round with coral

rocks, and well stocked. The sweet potato (*Ipomœa batatas*) grows well here, and the common potato flourishes on the hills. Some of the natives have made a great deal of money by growing the latter, as potatoes are in great request by the whale-ships. In Maui, Kaui, and Hawaii, there are several large sugar estates belonging to Americans and Chinese, and they seem to do well. The natives prefer a more idle mode of earning their living, and many keep horses and breed them. Thus by letting a horse to a foreigner for a few weeks, they get enough to support it and themselves for the rest of the year; or they keep a mare, and breed a foal from her every year, which brings a good price, enabling its master to live almost in idleness, and ride his own horse. The introduction of horses, instead of being an advantage to these islands, has become quite the reverse. The natives have a good many, but do not use them as beasts of burden or draught, only keeping them to ride for pleasure; and the horses do a great deal of injury, as the fences, where there are any, are very slight, and they get astray, trample down the crops, and spoil the banks of the taro patches.

Many of the rides are very pretty and interesting. One day I set out, in company with the doctor of the 'Amphitrite,' and Dr. Rook, the King's physician at Honolulu (a very well-educated and well-informed Englishman), for an elevated crater on the main chain of the island. Crossing Waititi plain, and a barren tract beyond, covered with heaps of old lava and scoria, we entered the beautiful Palolo valley, and ascended it till it became too steep to ride any farther. Then, tethering our horses among the trees which clothed the sides of the valley, we climbed one of the spurs, or steep ridges that ran out from the centre chain. The wood was not large,

but luxuriant, and the ground was covered with ferns and wild ginger. While taking shelter from a sharp shower, we tried to collect the ferns, and soon gathered more than twenty different sorts. After a long, steep ascent, we arrived at the crater. It was, I should think, not a mile in diameter, perfectly circular, with steep sides covered with wood to the top. The bottom was partly wooded, partly a wet marsh, and a small stream ran out at one corner forming a deep fall. The wild banana grew in great profusion on the sides of the crater. From this height, the view looking down the valley was excessively beautiful. The deep ravines were divided by narrow ridges, old lava streams, the sides thickly covered with brushwood—the peculiar light-green leaf of the koa giving great brightness to the scene. The day was showery, and the light and shade passing over the woods changed the effect every minute. At the extremity of the valley we looked on the sea, and quite into the crater of Diamond Hill. There were evident marks of the valley having been cultivated at some former period; but there were now but few huts and taro patches to be seen. The traces of earlier culture are frequent in all the islands, showing that they had been much more thickly populated than at present. Tradition, before they were discovered by Cook, and our own observation since, corroborates this fact. The population of the whole group was estimated by Cook in 1778, at 400,000, but probably he was much over the mark. Wherever he landed, he must have seen nearly all the population, and perhaps did not consider how much of the central parts of the islands were bare and uninhabited. A late census gave the number at 140,000, and one last year at 110,000; and it is calculated that if the inhabitants decrease as fast as they have lately

done, since their number has been accurately known, in forty years more they will be extinct. The causes of the decrease are various; but the chief appears to be the number carried off by diseases introduced by Europeans, as measles and hooping-cough, which, though usually slight diseases with us, kill them by hundreds. They have no strength or spirit to bear up against them, and die with hardly an effort to save themselves. So little spirit have they, or their imagination is so strong, that formerly it was a custom, and is sometimes now, to pray people to death. If a man have an enmity against another, he will pray every day that he should die; and the other man is so thoroughly convinced that the prayers will kill him, that he gives up all hope, and actually does die. Another reason, and a very evident one, is, that there are more deaths than births. The people have very few children, and from idleness are excessively careless of those that are born. They often give them away, to save the trouble of bringing them up.

The missionaries, though well intentioned, seem not to be very successful with their converts. Not being very deep thinkers, or judges of human nature, except in the way of trade, and looking out for their own interests (for in that they are sharp enough), they fall into great and serious mistakes. They seem to consider that the natives should have the same ideas as white men; that they should like the same things, admire the same, wish for the same luxuries, and dislike the same evils. But how different they really are! They learn from imitation; but a savage does not wish at first for a well-built house, he does not care to have tables and chairs a bit more than an Irishman does. He likes to dine on taro and eat raw fish, though the mission-

ary tells him that it is disgusting. He prefers going without more clothes than a short shirt, though his teacher tells him that it is indecent. He would rather see his *chère amie* with a wreath of natural flowers round her head, and her bosom bare, than up to her neck in blue baft, and a cottage straw-bonnet on her head, but the missionaries denounce all these things, and call them wicked. The poor docile native obeys him, but his life and soul are gone. The great delight of the natives—and it is so in all the Pacific Islands—is bathing, and they would play for hours in the surf, but the missionaries once stopped this. The restriction did not last long, for the natives would all have died; and as they are not provided with jugs, wash-hand basins, and tubs in their houses, it was better to let them wash in the sea than not at all; and now they are strict about it, and try and make them all bathe with clothes on. It certainly would not be proper to walk down Broadway, or stroll along Rotten Row so lightly clad; but a line must be drawn somewhere. People often try to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, but they seldom succeed. Jack will never make a gentleman.

As these missionaries are American, we will take the opinion of an American on the subject of their labours. Commodore Wilkes, in his narrative of the "United States' Exploring Expedition," says: "I was much struck with the absence of sports among the boys and children. On inquiry, I learnt that it had, after due deliberation and experience, been considered advisable by the missionaries, to deprive them of all those heathenish enjoyments, rather than allow them to occupy their minds with anything that might recal old associations. The consequence is that Hawaiian boys are staid and demure, having the quiet looks of old men."

In many points the missionaries seem to mistake difference in custom for the effects of barbarism. For instance, they make the women wear bonnets; but what people on the continent of Europe wear them? Though to an American, a bonnet may seem a sign of civilization, it is not so to every one. The women here delight in flowers, and wear wreaths on their heads, made of fresh flowers, in the most beautiful way, sometimes of the red and yellow flowers of the mimosa, sometimes of roses set on a long fern leaf, but always well chosen and in good taste. The missionaries have tried as much as possible to stop this, considering that it is a heathenish custom, and that it is contrary to religion vainly to adorn the person: so they make them come to church in plain straw bonnets, which they wear forward over their faces, and sticking up behind in the most extraordinary way. As for their gowns, they have not imitated the Europeans too closely. I believe this part of their dress was invented by the missionaries' wives, and certainly they have hit upon the ugliest garment that could disfigure any one. It resembles in form a night-gown, or bathing-dress, fitting close round the neck, and cut perfectly straight, and hanging loose, so as to show no sign of waist, and with long sleeves, and it nearly touches the ground. To make it more ridiculous, it is often composed of expensive materials; and I one day saw two women walking arm-in-arm, one dressed in satin, the other in shot-silk, both cut in this shape, and wearing white stockings, thick leathern shoes, like those made for men, while each carried a parasol.

When the women ride—which they are very fond of doing, they sit astride like men; so not being able to wear a habit, they have a sort of double skirt, one for each leg, which they

hold in the stirrup with their toes. It has a very odd appearance, being generally made of red, but sometimes one side being red and the other yellow. The women are good-looking; but I think, in spite of the praises lavished on them by travellers, there is more grace and elegance to be found among the African races, or the women of Egypt, than in all the islands of the Pacific.

Soon after our arrival at Honolulu, we were all presented in proper form to the King. Captain Eden and Commander Wood, of H.M.S. 'Pandora,' also in port, with the officers of both ships and myself, went to the palace, and were introduced by General Miller, H.B.M. Consul-General for the Pacific. The King was dressed in a plain blue uniform, with epaulets, and wore a broad crimson ribbon across his chest. He received us graciously, and put a few questions to Captain Eden, after which we retired. Prince Alexander, his nephew, the heir-apparent to the crown, stood by the monarch's side, and several of the high chiefs, Dr. Judd, the Minister of Finance, and other officers, stood behind his chair. Dr. Judd acted as interpreter; for though the King understands English pretty well, he does not speak it fluently. The palace is a neat square house, built and furnished in the European style.

The weather during our stay was hot, but not oppressive, and there was always a nice breeze through the day. The island of Oahu is not large enough to create a land and sea-breeze of its own, but the north-east trade-wind passes over it, and refreshes it with frequent showers.

Captain Eden and the officers, with some of the crew, who were pretty good bats, often played cricket in Waititi Plain. The men used to go out to the ground in a bullock-

cart, and it was amusing to hear them give their orders to the native drivers. Jack always considers that a foreigner can best understand a foreign language, whether it is his own or not, so not being able to speak Hawaiian, they generally tried Spanish, and I heard one day the following colloquy: "Who can tell him to bring back the cart?" said one. "Oh, I'll make him understand," answered the leader of the party. "Aqui, Kanaka, bring los cavallos (pointing to the bullocks) again at quatro horas (holding up four fingers), you sabe?" "Oh, I sabe," said the Kanaka; "all right," for he understood English as well as any of them.

The King had arranged an expedition to Hawaii, principally to survey and lay out a road across the island, but also to ascend the volcano of Mouna Roa, which, after a long interval of tranquillity, had a few months before burst out in tremendous eruption. It was now again quiet, and as there were no inhabitants on the mountain itself, the eruption had done no one any injury, but it was thought advisable to ascertain what had been its effect. The excursion was planned by Dr. Judd, the Minister of Finance, than whom no one is better acquainted with the islands; and as he offered to take me with him, I gladly accepted the invitation, and held myself in readiness to start. The Prince Alexander, Mr. Hopkins, the King's secretary (an Englishman), and two or three of the chiefs, were to be of the party; and Monday, June 11, was the day fixed for sailing. The King, however, had arranged to go on board the 'Amphitrite,' that day to see some shot and shell firing, which he did about 12 A.M., in company with the Queen, the Prince, his chamberlain Paki, an enormous man about six feet six, and several chiefs.

They were all dressed in uniform. The Queen, who was accompanied by a chiefess, her maid of honour, was dressed in the European style, silk gown, bonnet, &c. The firing soon began. A target had been placed at 900 yards distance on the coral reef that runs out to the entrance of the harbour; but though the practice was very good, every shot going close to it, the target itself was never hit. The large pivot ten-inch gun on the poop was a great object of attraction; but the royal party seemed to look at everything without much interest.

Luncheon was afterwards laid out in the captain's cabin, but there not being room for all, Prince Alexander, Mr. Hopkins, and I, found our way into the gun-room, where, ceremony being laid aside, we made a capital meal. All being again assembled in the cabin, the gigantic Paki made a sign to me for a cigar; so leaving the King and Queen, I took him and some of the others to the bow port, provided them with chairs, cigars, and a bucket to spit into, and made them quite comfortable.

At half-past four the King's yacht got under weigh, passed the 'Amphitrite,' and lay to under her stern, when his Majesty took leave of Captain Eden under a royal salute, landed the Queen, and having left her in charge of some of the chiefs, went on board his own vessel in the captain's gig. I followed in the whale-boat, and reached the yacht just as they were making sail.

The yacht, called by the King's name, Kamehameha III., is a fine little schooner of 120 tons, Baltimore built, and a very fast sailer. The cabin was fitted up like that of a steamer, with eight bed places, which were allotted to the King, the Prince, Hopkins, Judd, myself, and three others;

but the King and Prince preferred sleeping on deck, only coming down into the cabin for meals.

Strict teetotalism was observed on board, everything being under the command of Dr. Judd, who was formerly one of the missionaries, but now held the more lucrative office of Minister of Finance. We had tea for all our meals, but as I knew such beverage would not suit me for dinner, I had included half a dozen of old rum among my private stores, and after dinner endeavoured to get a glass of rum and water unobserved, so as not to offend the rest of the party. I obtained a glass of water and walked down into the cabin, but there was Dr. Judd, not being a very good sailor, lying in his berth. "Do you smoke, Dr. Judd?" said I, to begin the conversation. "No, Sir, I do *not* smoke," answered he; "but I chew a good deal." This I did not require to be told, as he lay in his berth all day chewing tobacco, and spitting into a calabash by his side. I thought that if he chewed I might drink, so I filled my glass of rum and water; and he thought it wise, if he saw it, to keep silent.

We had prayers on deck every morning in the Hawaiian tongue, a Tahitian accompanying the King as chaplain; and before each meal, Dr. Judd gave us a long grace in the same language. We were becalmed for some hours off the island of Maui, but had a light breeze in the evening. The King seemed to enjoy himself amazingly. He laughed and joked with everybody, and ate fried liver and pig's ears, or fish, with his fingers, and dipped into the calabash of poe with a dozen others, appearing quite relieved at being able to cast off all formality. Coasting along the southern side of the Island

of Hawaii we had hardly a breath of wind, the high land of the island completely checking the trade-wind. In the morning before sunrise we had a fine view of Mouna Loa, but during the day it was generally covered with clouds. I showed the King some of my sketches, and he was delighted with one of Honolulu, recognizing and pointing out all the buildings and mountains. I generally gave him a large cheroot every morning after breakfast, which seemed to please him much. He is a good-looking man, rather above the middle height, and strongly made. All the chiefs of the islands are remarkably large men, and the women are of equal proportions, and are usually very fat.

On the 14th we were in sight of our destination, Kailua, all day, but as it was nearly calm, we did not anchor till about $3\frac{1}{2}$ P.M. We all went on shore with the King, under a salute of twenty-one guns, fired from a small battery. But there a dreadful accident occurred, which for some time cast a gloom over everything. In loading one of the guns, which had just been discharged, the vent was not properly stopped, and some of the wadding remaining in the gun, ignited the charge which was just put in, and dreadfully injured the unfortunate artilleryman, who was ramming it down. One of his hands was blown off at the wrist, and the other a good deal injured. He was brought into a hut besmeared with blood, and blackened with powder, while his features being scarcely discernible, the charge having taken effect all over his face and chest. Dr. Judd looked at him, and said that he could not live, so that it was no use putting him to the unnecessary pain of having his arm off; but asking my advice, I recommended him to amputate it, as it could do no harm, and it might save him. He examined him again, and looking into his

mouth, found that he was not injured internally. The doctor then agreed with me, and breaking open a house belonging to a surgeon who had gone to America, he found his box of instruments, and took off the man's hand a little above the wrist. He asked me to help him, but not being accustomed to this sort of job, I was afraid my nerves were not strong enough, so Mr. Hopkins lent his aid. He was a long time about it, not having performed an operation for many years; but the man bore the pain pretty well, and the doctor finished it successfully.

Kailua is a small village on the sea-shore, the mountains running up at the back with a gentle slope. It boasts an American missionary, a school, and a Protestant church. A Catholic church, under the superintendence of two French missionaries, was now in course of erection. There are a few trees, principally cocoa-nuts, near the village, but the country round looks barren. As it is on the south or leeward side of the islands, but little rain falls, the north-east trade-wind being checked, and its showers caught, by the high mountains. So the same cause that prevents rain falling in Peru exists here; and in the same way there are frequent and heavy rains on the windward side and in the mountains, while there is none to leeward. The King lives in a very nice square house, built by John Adams, in the English style; it is composed wholly of blocks of lava, that being the only stone in the neighbourhood. On the King's arrival, all the women collected together and began a tremendous wailing; and when he entered the house, a number of them sat down in front of it, and commenced a regular howl. They went on till some of them actually shed tears, and made a most dreadful noise. It was an old custom, and was

meant for a welcome, though it appeared rather an odd one.

We lived very well at Kailua. I had a good room to myself, and we all had our meals together. We generally sat down about sixteen to dinner, the King sitting at the head of the table, I on his right hand, the Prince on his left. Our dinners were partly in the native style, comprising a good many dishes of different sorts of fish, some cooked, some dried, and some raw; pork dressed in several ways, and what in Hawaii is considered a great delicacy, a large dish of dog. This was dressed in the native way, wrapped in leaves, and put in the ground with a fire over it, and then served up in a large calabash. I generally ate some of it, and found it very good. It was fat, and tasted something like pork. The dogs, bred up for the purpose, are fed on nothing but poe, potatoes, cocoa-nut, and vegetable substances; so there is no reason that they should not be good. This dish is sometimes given to strangers at Honolulu as a trick, but it is easily detected, if people are in doubt, by offering some of the meat to another dog, who will invariably refuse it. We sometimes had a dish of very small, flat fish, raw, tasting something like oysters. Temperance being strictly observed, we had nothing but tea to drink at dinner.

In the evening, the Prince, Hopkins and myself, went to the King's room, sat down on the floor on mats, and smoked our cigars, and drank our rum and water in private. Whilst we were there one evening, the King came in, sat down with us, took a cigar and glass of grog, and conversed with us for some time. He told us of the way the people used to work formerly, the prowess of the warriors, and their skill in

swimming, fighting, and killing the shark in the surf, and seemed rather to lament the good old times.

On the 15th, after breakfast, it was proposed to ride to Kearakekua Bay, to see the place where Captain Cook was killed, but only two horses could be procured, so they were assigned to Mr. Hopkins and me. We started at about half-past ten, but though the distance was only fifteen miles, did not arrive at the bay till two o'clock. The country seemed wholly composed of different lava streams, some covered with a scanty vegetation, others as fresh-looking, black, and sharp as if they had but just been ejected from the mountain. In some parts, not a blade of grass, or anything green, was to be seen; nothing but rough crags of black lava. The sea was dark blue, and appeared very deep, the waves dashing against the black cliffs in lines of white foam. It was curious to see the shape which the lava had taken in running. It was in large flat cakes, with circular rolls upon it, as if a coil of ropes had been pushed out in that shape, clearly indicating the direction of the current. An American aptly described it, "For all the world like molasses stirred up with a stick." These cakes arise, from the hot lava bursting forth in a fresh stream from under the rough "clinkers," which are formed by the cooling of the surface of the stream. The scum, when cooled, is carried on floating, as it were, on the fluid lava, which at intervals break out afresh.

The road led near the sea-shore, passing by several small bays, and the tall cocoa-nuts grew down on the white sandy shore. A village in one of these little bays was the native place of the King. At last we arrived in sight of our destination.

Kearakekua Bay runs in about a mile in depth, and at the end

has a steep cliff of lava, composed of several streams, lapping one over the other, which seem to have been checked by the deep water, or some other cause. On each side the lava runs out in long points, and forms the bay. The shores are well wooded with cocoa-nuts. There were a good many grass-houses in the village, and Hopkins having a note to the owner of one of the largest, from his chief, we went there to rest. He was told to treat us with hospitality, but he was not at home. They offered to kill a pig for us, but that would have taken too long a time, so having some biscuit, we lunched off that, adding some fresh cocoa-nut milk, which, mixed with a little rum, made an agreeable beverage.

We sat down on the thick mats at the upper end of the hut, and the remaining space was soon filled with natives; the women sitting on one side, the men on the other. Hopkins apprised them of the King's arrival, and of the accident to the man at Kailua, &c. We then went to the place where Cook was killed, and the whole affair was explained to us by a native, who gave very nearly the same account as we read in "Cook's Voyages." On the stump of a cocoa-nut tree, which stands opposite the spot where he fell, a brass plate commemorating the mournful event, has been placed by some English officers. The top of the tree was cut off as a memorial, and is now in Greenwich Hospital. Cook was killed in 1778. Several men on the islands pretended to recollect him; but we did not believe them, thinking that they said so to make themselves of some importance. They pretended also to show us the marks of the bullets still on the trunks of the cocoa-nut trees; but we had our doubts of the truth of this also. Cook mistook the lava on this

coast for black coral, and mentions it as such in his "Voyages."

We started on our return at 4 P.M., and after a long tedious ride, reached Kailua at sunset. The yacht was to sail the next afternoon for Hilo, and as I did not intend to accompany the expedition across the island, I decided to go in her. I should have liked much to have ascended Mouna Roa; but I thought that the whole thing seemed rather uncertain, and it would, even if it were successful, take up more of my time than I could well spare. After breakfast, I called on the French missionaries to hear what they knew about the eruption, and found that one of them had seen it from Waimea, more than fifty miles distant. He said that he observed huge stones projected from the crater, and thought that the flames rose to the height of 30,000 feet; but it must have been very difficult to have judged the height of the flames. Probably he mistook the reflection for the flame itself, though one can hardly say where to limit one's credence of these wonderful phenomena of nature.

We dined at two o'clock; and as the King had some letters to write, the yacht, in which he had given me a passage, was detained till after dinner. The King was very gracious to me, and as I expressed a wish for his autograph, wrote me a note, put on board sixty cocoa-nuts for my use, and then walked down to the beach, and bade me farewell.

The gig was waiting, so we shoved off through the surf, and were soon on board, though we did not get out of sight of Kailua that evening. The captain, a native of Honolulu, did not understand much English; but having been trading for some time on the coast of California and Mexico,

spoke Spanish fluently, and we usually conversed in that language.

At half-past five on the following morning, the sky being perfectly cloudless, I had a fine view of Mouna Kea, and Mouna Roa, or Loa, both capped with snow. These two mountains may be said almost to form the island of Hawaii, the two others being quite subordinate to them. The height of Mouna Kea is 13,764 feet; that of Mouna Roa 13,430 feet. This is the measurement of Mr. Douglas, who ascended the latter mountain in 1834. Commodore Wilkes says that he found Mouna Loa 300 feet higher than it had been reported, and that Mouna Kea was 193 feet above that. Kiruea is a crater situated on the flanks of Mouna Roa, at an elevation of 3,783 feet above the sea. It is always in action, and generally full of boiling lava. Mouna Roa, is often in eruption, and since my visit has again belched forth fire and cinders; but Mouna Kea is called extinct.

It was rather exciting, coasting along in full view of a volcano that had so lately been in action; and the natives on board not a little increased the feeling by now and then shouting out that there was smoke rising; but we could not be certain of the fact, and I think that what we saw was only the clouds carried over the summit by the trade-wind. At night there was no appearance of light over the mountain, nor any reflection in the sky.

Judging from the present state of the world, the age of these volcanoes must be immense, for whenever we have an opportunity of seeing their internal formation, such as is afforded by a cliff, we find that between each layer of lava there is a thick stratum of soil, and now the skirts of the mountain are clothed with large trees; so large, that canoes

have been made from their trunks sixty or seventy feet long, and five feet deep. There is a good deal of rain on this side of the island, and that would tend to the formation of soil, and perhaps in former years, and in different states of the atmosphere, it might have formed faster; but now it is a long time before it collects in any depth on a lava stream. In Sicily, a fertile island, the lava which flowed from Monte Rossi, has now little growing on it but prickly pear. Near Kailua, lava of a good many years had no grass or herb on it; and at Kearakekua the ground was almost bare, though the cocoa-nut trees on the beach were large when Cook was killed.

On Tuesday evening, at 8 P.M., we cast anchor in Byron's Bay, Hilo; and having a letter for Mr. Pitman, an American trader there, I went on shore to his house. He received me kindly, and finding that I wished to visit the crater of Kiruea the next day, promised to get a horse and guide for me. The United States' ship 'Ohio,' ninety guns, was lying in the bay, and as the men all had leave on shore, with three months' pay in their pockets, horses were in great request. They had been let out to the sailors, sometimes as high as a dollar for an hour's ride; and from being incessantly galloped up and down the beach, most of them were quite knocked up. I was much amused at reading in the "Polynesian," the high encomiums that were passed on the behaviour of the 'Ohio's' crew while lying at Hilo. The reason was evident, for no spirits or intoxicating liquors being sold in the town, they could not get drunk if they wished it. Every article was raised to an exorbitant price, and the few storekeepers made a rich harvest. The innocent missionaries thought, I believe, that a great deal

of good was done to the place by the stay of the 'Ohio'; for before they left, there was not a woman or girl in the place that was not well dressed in new clothes, and the storekeepers had sold every bit of printed calico in their shops.

"It will soon all be in our pockets, Sir," said one of them to me, and I dare say that it soon was. However, when the 'Ohio' went down to Honolulu, the case was different. These patterns of sobriety then soon found their way to the grog-shops, and might be seen fighting and lying drunk in the streets at any hour of the day or night. I do not mean to insinuate by this fact anything against the American character, as about half the crew, and I dare say much the most troublesome half, were Irishmen.

With a boy for my guide, I walked to a very pretty waterfall, about two miles from the shore. The stream is not large, but precipitates itself over a ledge of lava into a perfectly circular chasm, about seventy feet deep. There is a cave behind the fall, and on each side of it, basaltic pillars are visible. The water in the basin is deep, and passes out by a narrow cleft in the rock, so completely hidden, that at first I could not imagine where the water escaped. The basin is sometimes called a crater, but I think that it has been formed by a sudden sinking of the lava, from the foundation giving way long after it flowed from the crater, as four or five thick layers has been cut through. The water runs through between the layers in several places. The cascade is called Wainuenue (the water of the rainbow); but there was no sun to form a rainbow when I was there. Rain, however, there was in plenty, for I got wet through on my road back to Hilo.

Near Hilo is a small river (the same, I think, that runs

from Wainuenue), which falls over a ledge of lava into a deep pool below. It forms a pretty cascade, nearly twenty feet high; and when I saw it, a number of the Hawaiian nymphs were bathing there. They went down the fall feet foremost, one after the other, and appeared to be carried to a great depth in the pool below.

The next morning, June 21st, the horse and guide came to Mr. Pitman's, and I started for the volcano Kiruea, at nine o'clock. My guide, an active lad, about eighteen years of age, went on foot, and carried my provisions and some dry clothes in a pair of calabashes slung on each end of a pole. This is the general mode of carrying everything in the Sandwich Islands, and seems to confirm the opinion that they are derived from the Malays, who practise the same plan. The calabash, formed of a large gourd, is a most useful article, particularly to such idle people; for with very little trouble, it forms dish, basket, bottle, and in fact, almost anything they please. In the present instance, the calabashes answered their purpose admirably; for, being provided with covers, they kept everything dry from the sharp showers which we two or three times encountered.

We were to go this day to "the half-way house," a distance of eighteen miles, and then twelve miles more to the volcano on the next. The road on leaving Hilo, led first among cottages overshadowed with bread-fruit trees and cocoa-nuts, and the country was cultivated here and there. We then entered a thick forest, extending for some five miles. The road, composed of broken lava, was straight and good, but the scenery was uninteresting. On emerging from the forest, we came to a very barren tract—hills composed of lava, and but thinly coated with soil, and in one or two places

small circular hills marked the site of ancient craters. At "the half-way house" was a small village, and one large grass house was set apart for the accommodation of visitors. It was comfortable enough and clean, and furnished with mats. In the evening a number of the natives came in, and one young fellow, who spoke a few words of English, asked me if I "got book." I said no, not having any idea what he meant. Another said: "he got book," so produced a pack of cards, dealt them for whist, and made signs that I should take a hand. I was of course ready to do anything reasonable for the amusement of the company, and so played three or four rubbers with them, the natives all helping each other, and I have no doubt telling each other's cards. I poured out a glass of rum and water for myself, lit a cigar, and gave them one, which they passed round from mouth to mouth in the highest good-humour. They were not very scientific card-players, and I and my partner—an old woman—generally won the rubber. One of their stratagems was extremely amusing: they all kept their good trumps till the end, and seemed quite pleased in the last round to see queen, king, and ace fall together. My partner generally gave her trumps in charge to her husband, who was standing behind her, so I could get a pretty good idea of her hand. We did not play for money, as that is not allowed by the missionaries, and this may account for the prevailing want of science, the dollar being a wonderful sharpener of the intellect.

I started early in the morning, taking an additional guide from the half-way house, and we arrived at the volcano of Kiruea by twelve o'clock. On the edge of the crater stands a grass house, where a few plates and cups are kept for the

use of visitors, and for which one pays the guide a small sum. The vast pit of Kiruea yawned below, and had not I known its immense size, I should have doubted the accuracy of the measurement, which, instead of ten miles, seemed hardly to exceed three in circumference. Turning my horse loose, I descended into the crater by a steep path, and my guide putting on a pair of old shoes, we stepped on to the lava; and walked across it. It was exactly like going down to a frozen lake and stepping on to the ice, for the lava had flowed up to the bank, and in cooling, had formed a brittle, crackling surface like " cat's ice" covered with frost.

The volcano differs from all I have ever seen, which have either been hills with a pit on the top, or cones pierced by a vent-hole; but here we find a deep pit in the middle of a flattish plain, and it does not appear to have thrown out any burnt matter or ashes, but to have sunk down in the ground, as if the earth had given way over a lake of molten lava. The lava at the bottom is often in a fluid state boiling furiously and rolling about; but nothing is ejected beyond the walls of the crater, which, being on the flanks of, and probably communicating with, the great Mouna Roa, acts as a vent for that mountain. It seems that the crater was formerly much larger than at present, for there is a cliff-like ridge at some distance back from the present edge. The walls of the crater on the north-east side, are covered with bushes quite down to the bottom, and ferns grow even in the cracks of the lava. This is caused by the regularity of the trade-wind, which always carries away the noxious fumes in one direction, and on that side all is barrenness and desolation.

The floor of the crater is nearly level; and when I had

walked on it about a couple of miles, I began to see how enormous was its dimensions, its walls appearing a long way off, and looking like sea-cliffs at a distance. Two cones in the farther part of the crater were emitting volumes of smoke and occasionally flames, with a roaring noise. I walked on towards one of the cones, which began to roar fiercely as I approached, and just then a large thin ledge which I had crossed only a minute before, fell in, jingling down with nearly the same sort of noise. I started back, thinking at the moment that fire had burst up behind me, and I looked round with horror, but saw immediately what it was, and that I was safe. I thought it prudent, however, not to venture farther, as my guide knew nothing about the place, and I might have lost my life in the gratification of my curiosity, as Pliny did in the pursuit of science. But I went up to the sulphur bank on one side of the crater. Several blow-holes of hot vapour were in full action, and pure sulphur was deposited in bright yellow crystals in their mouths. The fumes were so overpowering that it was difficult to go near the openings, and the vapour was scalding-hot, but I managed, with a stick, to get a few specimens. In the floor of the crater was a curious hole, about a hundred yards across, and as many feet deep, evidently formed by the sinking of the foundation. It was nearly circular, the sides steep and broken, and the fragments which lay at the bottom—the remains of the roof—being sharp and angular, showed that it had not undergone any melting process, but fallen in when cold. A stream of lava from the last eruption had run over part of the floor of the crater near it, and coming to this hole, had fallen in and dribbled down the side, sputtering about the bottom like black pitch.

In a crevice of the lava which appeared very recent, a row of little plants had taken root, and had just put forth their diminutive seed leaves. The moisture from continual showers, the height above the sea—3700 feet—and the warmth, must all be most favourable for vegetation. I returned to the grass house on the edge of the crater just before sunset, and as it got dark I watched the fire, which grew more and more visible, with increasing interest. Near the house, even up to the door, were numerous deep cracks in the ground, all emitting steam; and as night drew on, and the air became colder, this was very visible, and the ground in all directions was covered with white jets of vapour, looking like the smoke from numberless chimneys. I must acknowledge that the spectacle did not make an agreeable impression, as it was like going to sleep on the volcano itself, and I began to be sensible of a feeling of insecurity. But the guide lit a fire in the house, and dressed a fowl for my supper, which, with some of the condensed vapour from one of the steam-holes, caught in a calabash, made us pretty comfortable. In the house was a book in which it was usual for visitors to inscribe their names. Some may ridicule this as being rather cockneyfied, and too much like a Swiss *livre de voyageurs* for the island of Hawaii; but the book is really very useful, as well as interesting, for with their names and the date, the visitors generally enter the state of the volcano.

In the morning, the volcano looked quite as tranquil as it did the evening before; but, perhaps, there was a little more smoke. I took a last look into the crater, and my guides having locked the house, we set off on our return to Hilo about 6 A.M. I led my horse for some distance, as he appeared jaded and I felt cold; but I soon discovered that

the poor brute's feet were so sore that he could hardly tread on the rough path, and always tried to walk on the grass at the side. He was not shod, and although the solid parts of the lava appeared tolerably smooth, their surfaces were really just like a rasp, and had worn his hoofs down to the quick. I rode him for four miles where the path was soft, but then had to dismount and lead again. The wretched animal would do anything to avoid placing his feet on the hard stone, and several times put them into deep cracks in the lava, where there was grass. In one, he sank up to his shoulder, and in another he fell down, and gave us a great deal of trouble to get him up. When I reached the half-way house, he could go no farther, so I left him there, and turned him out, determined to accomplish the remaining distance, eighteen miles, on foot, and I had walked at least six before from Kiruea, a hard journey after being so long out of practice, both from my stay on ship-board, and my having seldom walked in South America. I arrived at Hilo at 8 P.M., completely knocked up.

We weighed anchor directly I arrived on board the yacht, about 9 P.M., and sailed out with a light breeze; but we did not lose sight of the masts of the 'Ohio,' lying in the harbour, all the next day.

R.E. del et lith.

Hullmandel & Walton. Lithog.

LAHAINA.

CHAPTER XIII.

WEST MAUI — AMERICAN HOSPITALITY — SUGAR PLANTATION — STUPENDOUS CRATER — SUNSET ON THE MOUNTAIN — LAHAINA — CURIOUS CUSTOM AT HONOLULU — NATIVE BURIAL-PLACES — THE MISSIONARIES.

We were off East Maui in the morning, and at 3 P.M. cast anchor off the town of Lahaina, in West Maui. The island consists of two huge mountains joined together by a flat narrow isthmus of sand. West Maui is like Oahu, broken by deep ravines; but East Maui is one huge mountain, of its original conical shape. At the top is an immense extinct crater; and Dr. Rook had given me such an extraordinary account of it, that I stayed at Lahaina on purpose to ascend it. On making inquiries from some American storekeepers in the town, who all assisted me in the kindest way, I found the ascent of Mouna Haleakala, for so the mountain is called, was quite practicable, but would take four days; so allowing the King's yacht to sail for Honolulu, I remained

behind, taking my chance of finding my way to the capital in some other manner. I made my preparations immediately, engaged a lodging in a native house, hired a horse, a guide, and a mule, and left Lahaina the next morning, June 26, at sunrise, to go to Makawao, on East Maui, a distance of forty miles. I was joined on starting by a white man on a pony, who told me he was also going to Makawao, and would accompany me. I thought he was an American, for he spoke with the broadest nasal twang I ever heard; but I found that he was an Irishman, who, having lived many years in the United States, had entirely dropped the brogue, and learned to speak like a genuine Yankee.

Leaving the long straggling village of Lahaina, we rode along the sea-shore for some distance, when, turning up the mountain, we crossed an angle of it by a steep and rocky path, and then descended to the isthmus. At the north end of the isthmus is the little village of Wailuku. Here we went to the house of Mr. Baily, the American schoolmaster, to whom we were recommended, to rest and get something to eat. He received us hospitably, and gave us a share of his dinner, a very good one, to which he was just going to sit down. He had a good house and an excellent garden, in which figs, bananas, peaches, and other fruits, seemed to thrive admirably.

On leaving Wailuku, we rode a little away along the north shore, then turned up the mountain, and in the afternoon arrived at the house of Mr. MacLane, Makawao, to whom I had a letter of introduction. His house is situated in the sugar district of Maui, where he and two other Americans, Adams and Gower, are cultivating a large breadth of cane. The ground is tolerably flat, gently sloping towards

the sea, the soil rich and easily worked; and within, are broad crops of cane, oxen, ploughs, and implements, looking more like civilization than anything I had yet seen. In the centre was a boiling-house, with a tall black chimney. Mr. MacLane's house was small, but comfortable, and surrounded by a garden, in which roses and geraniums grew with the greatest luxuriance. It is situated 3000 feet above the sea, and being exposed to the north-east wind, is refreshed with frequent showers; but the soil is so porous, that there are no springs, and in some seasons there is hardly water to drink. Behind the house rose the vast mountain of Mouna Haleakala, the top generally enveloped in clouds.

Mr. MacLane and his partner, Gower, arranged everything for my expedition the next day, and sent to a Dane, John Smith by name, to hire his mule and to act as guide. John Smith had been cast away on the island many years before, and now lived near Makawao. He made his appearance next morning on a great brown mule; but it turned out that he was not at all fitted to act as guide, as he had never been up to the crater, and did not know the way. However, Mr. Gower volunteered his services as guide, and we started about noon for the mountain, intending to sleep near the top, and ascend to the crater the next morning, before it was enveloped in clouds. Soon afterwards, we passed an extinct side crater of a very remarkable shape, appearing quite artificial, and exactly like the fortification of some old castle in England. It was a flat-topped grassy mound, standing in the middle of a deep trench. The country round was formed of park-like grassy glades, interspersed with trees and bushes. After ascending for three hours, during which the ground became more and more barren and rugged, we reached a cave

in the mountain, where we were to sleep. Here we stopped, and unsaddled our horses, turning them out to graze, and left all our provisions. The cave was about thirty feet wide and fifty deep, opening with a semi-circular arch into the lava. It was 8000 feet above the sea, though the edge of the crater was still 2000 feet above us; but as it was perfectly free from clouds, we thought it advisable to go up immediately and see it before sunset, and not run the risk of finding it obscured in the morning.

No sooner had we decided, than we set off, and after a hard climb for an hour over a steep slope of sand and lava blocks, we approached the summit. We then heard the wind roaring in the crater, and ascending a few yards farther, found ourselves standing on the edge. I never shall forget the view which then presented itself, and feel that it is quite impossible to describe such an extraordinary scene.

The crater was like a huge oblong valley, surrounded with rugged mountains. It was upwards of thirty miles in circumference, and its floor was 2000 feet deep from the ridge on which we stood. There were two great openings, one towards the east, the other to the north-west, about ten miles distant from each other. The floor was tolerably level, sloping at one end towards the north-west opening, and was composed of different lava streams, which had run out there towards the sea. Scattered about on this black floor were twelve or thirteen cones of a red or yellow ochre colour, many perfectly circular, with deep funnel-shaped craters in their summits. Some were broken down at the side, nearly always on the north-east. The largest must have been at least 400 feet high. Mr. Gower had on a former visit descended into the crater, and ascended this large cone, which he said

R.E. del et lith

Hullmandel & Walton Lithog

HALEAKALA

London Hurst & Blackett, Great Marlborough Street

was the hardest climb he had ever had in his life; for, like the cone of Vesuvius, it was wholly composed of loose sand and ashes, and gave way at every step. The sun declining, purple shadows from the ridge on which we stood now crept gradually over the bottom of the crater; but the red cones still caught the light on their summits, and deepened in colour as the sun descended, while their bases and funnel-shaped craters took the purple shade. It was a strange sight,

> A dungeon horrible on all sides round,
> As one great furnace.

The clouds to the north, which were stretched out far below us, now began to drift in at the opening of the crater, and were illuminated by a small rainbow. Over the clouds to the south-east appeared the two snowy summits of Hawaii, Mouna Loa and Mouna Kea. The wind rushed out of the crater with great force, and was so cold, that we could hardly stand before it; so after a hurried sketch, we again descended to our cave.

The name of the mountain, Haleakala, signifies the house of the sun. The crater is supposed to be extinct; but it is said that an eruption of lava burst from the side of the mountain about a century ago. The tradition of the natives is, that Pele, the Goddess of Fire, once inhabited this crater, but she was driven out by the sea, and has since resided in Hawaii. This of course refers to the time when the volcano was in action, and proves that it has been so since the islands were inhabited. It is altogether a stupendous mountain, and if we consider the depth of the sea from which this and the mountains of Hawaii have sprung, and that they

are all composed entirely of lava, the idea given of volcanic power is indeed tremendous. These mountains are not like the Andes, heaped up of primary and other strata, but have been ejected in a fluid state from the volcano itself.

The mountain and crater were surveyed by the officers of the United States' Exploring Expedition, under Commodore Wilkes, and described in his Narrative; but this is so excessively incorrect and so carelessly done in every particular which I have had an opportunity of testing, that I think the Expedition hardly deserves to be called a scientific one.

Descending from the crater, we reached our halting-place, and sat in the mouth of the cave to eat our supper, salt beef and biscuit (her Majesty's), and some "dough nuts," with which Mr. MacLane had provided us. The sun was just setting behind West Maui, and formed a glorious spectacle. About half-way down, the clouds, borne on the north-east wind, stretched away in endless succession, roll beyond roll, under our feet, and we looked down on their upper surface as though on the waves of a sea. They appeared to rise over the island like hills of wool, and beneath them we saw the isthmus and its two bays quite in the dusk, for the sun had long ago set for those lower regions.

The native who had come with me from Lahaina busied himself in collecting sticks, and then tried to light a fire by rubbing two together. We watched him for some time, when, as his efforts were unsuccessful, Gower threw him my match-box; and the dread Goddess Pele, though she declined the invocation of the native, was successfully invoked by a lucifer. He soon filled the cave with

smoke, but we wrapped ourselves in our cloaks and fell asleep.

We awoke at daybreak, bitterly cold, for the cave was 8000 feet above the sea. The horses were caught and saddled, and we descended as fast as possible to get into a warmer temperature, but the change, with the cooling I had received on the edge of the crater, gave me the brow ague for four or five days afterwards. About half-way down we came on a large bed of ripe strawberries, and halting, regaled ourselves on the fruit for some time. In the ravines we saw a few large red raspberries, but they were not well flavoured. We got down to Makawao to breakfast about 8½ A.M., but I felt anything but well, and laid up for the rest of the day. I took leave of my hospitable host next morning, and leaving Makawao early, returned to Lahaina. There was no vessel, however, sailing for Honolulu, and I had to wait here several days.

Lahaina is a long straggling town, built principally of grass huts, interspersed with gardens, taro patches, fish-ponds, and cocoa-nut groves. The most conspicuous building is the King's palace, a large unfinished house near the sea. At the corner of Broadway (!) and Canal Street (!) a large sign indicates that J. Halstead, an American, keeps "The Hawaiian Hotel, with a billiard-table and bowling-saloon." I was surprised to find such things in Lahaina. I lodged in a native grass house, but went to the Hawaiian Hotel for my meals. It was pretty good, but, as we might expect, coarse cookery and molasses played rather too conspicuous a part in the *cuisine*.

Lahaina is much frequented by whale-ships, which call there annually, to the number of about two hundred. Pro-

visions, particularly potatoes, are plentiful, and cheaper than at Honolulu. There is, however, no harbour, only an open roadstead, and sometimes the surf on the coral reef is very high. I often saw the natives swimming in the surf, and envied their dexterity in the water; but perhaps no people are equal to the Sandwich and South Sea Islanders in swimming. The women are quite as expert as the men, and even seem to be able to stay longer in the water; for I was told of cases where they had remained in it for twelve hours.

The Island of West Maui, though it is as much volcanic as any of the others, bears no mark of a central crater. It has a large valley in the centre, and the rest is broken up into deep ravines, and it is only when seen at a distance that the regularity of its shape and uniformity with the others is recognized. In fact, it presents the same appearance as Madeira, Tahiti, Oahu, and many other volcanic islands. East Maui is like the Hawaiian volcanoes, or Teneriffe and Etna. They were, of course, originally all cones, and all had the same long slopes down to the sea, for melted lava, keeping a level course, does not make so deep a cone as ashes. In the lapse of time the craters must have been enlarged, and the sides broken down into steep ravines by the action of water—for probably there was a great deal more rain formerly than now—and thus, from perfect cones, they by degrees changed to the shape of Madeira and Tahiti, the original forms of which are only visible at a distance.

On Monday, July 3, the 'Ohio' came in from Hilo, and the captain offered me a passage to Honolulu, but knowing the uncertainty of men-of-war's movements, I preferred going

in a small native schooner, which was just about to sail. It was crowded with passengers for Honolulu, many of whom were going there, because it was the destination of the man-of-war; others to pay visits to their friends. This is an odd custom, and often a very troublesome one; the natives think that the slightest degree of relationship, or family connection, entitles them to go and visit their friends, and live on them as long as they please, and thus they will make a round of visits from one house to another, living idly for a long time on the industry of their friends.

On our arrival next morning in Honolulu harbour, I began to look about for a vessel in which to leave the island. I thought of going to China, and on visiting Maui had left several vessels in harbour bound for that country, but they had now all sailed.

There were two or three schooners in harbour, one a nice-looking little craft of about 100 tons bound for Tahiti, so thinking I might just as well go there, I went on board, looked at the accommodation, and saw the captain. She was the 'Caroline,' of Hobart Town, 98 tons; and having taken a cargo to California, had just returned from thence, and at the end of the week, was to sail for Tahiti and Hobart Town, probably calling at New Zealand. This suited me very well, so I took my passage with Captain Carter for Tahiti, but said I should probably go with him the whole way to Hobart Town. It was rather a small vessel for so long a voyage, the distance from Oahu being 2700 or 2800 miles, but the weather is generally good, the wind steady, and people sail about these seas in a most daring way.

A short time before, five Americans had sailed for California

from the Sandwich Islands in a whale-boat, a distance of not less than 1600 or 1700 miles. They had no other means of getting to the diggings, so half decked the boat, raised her sides a little, and sailed, and what was more strange, arrived safely at their destination. Another whale-boat had sailed, but had not been heard of up to the time of my departure.

I made several more excursions from Honolulu, in one of which I visited a cave, where several natives had been buried. At first, the people near had some scruples about showing it to us, but a quarter-dollar, which I knew would be irresistible, soon removed their prejudices, and pulling down a loose-built stone wall, we lighted some candles, and entered. There were about a dozen coffins, without ornament of any sort, placed on ledges and projections of the rock. The last king was buried in one of these caves in the mountains, but no one now knows the spot. The day he was buried, the whole of the island was strictly tabooed, and no one allowed to go out of their houses. Meanwhile, four of his most faithful followers taking the coffin, carried the dead monarch away, and no one else ever knew where he was buried. The last of the four, who had lately died, would in his last moments have told the present king, but he did not wish to know, so he carried his secret to the grave. The missionaries now forbid this cave-interment, and say that the dead should be buried in church-yards, like Christians.

After having experienced much kindness and hospitality from the missionaries of these islands, I may be thought ungrateful for saying anything against them, but when I saw them in good houses, surrounded by their wives and children, gardens, poultry, pigs, &c., I thought they were not so much

to be pitied, and that people in England have a very mistaken idea of what those have to undergo "who preach the gospel in the islands of the Pacific, 12,000 miles away from their homes." I know not what they were before they became missionaries, or what lucrative situations they may have given up; but I think, all things considered, that numbers who subscribe their mite to their support, would be surprised to see how comfortably they live.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SCHOONER 'CAROLINE'— STORIES OF CALIFORNIA — FIRST VIEW OF TAHITI—FRENCH OCCUPATION—INTERIOR OF THE ISLAND—AN ENGLISH SETTLER—MOUNTAIN LAKE—THE NATIVES—IDEAS OF MUSIC—A NIGHT AT A FRENCH OUTPOST—TAHITIAN WOMEN—CHARACTER OF THE POPULATION—PRODUCE OF THE ISLAND—SYSTEM OF EXCHANGE.

I LEFT Honolulu in the schooner 'Caroline,' with a fair wind, and after heaving-to for a few minutes under the stern of the 'Ohio,' to know if she wished to send anything on by us, fairly started on our voyage. The 'Caroline' was a nice vessel for her size, colonial built of gum timber, and having originally been a sort of yacht in the government service, had good accommodations for passengers. There were two other cabin passengers besides myself, both of whom were rather odd fellows in their way. One was a Dr. Johnston, who about twelve years before, had exchanged the wilds of Annandale for the luxuriance of Tahiti, where he now practised the medical profession. He is mentioned in no very favourable terms by Herman Melville, in "Omoo," and he was excessively angry

at the description, and always threatened an action against Mr. Murray for publishing it. My other fellow-passenger was Mr. L——, an Irish captain in the East India Company's service, now on sick leave. He had been residing in Hobart Town, and, as a speculation, had with some others chartered a schooner for California, and started in her as supercargo himself. He got as far as the Sandwich Islands, where the schooner, on entering the harbour, had run on the reef, and he became disgusted with the whole affair; for, although a teetotaller himself, he found that a large portion of his cargo was spirits, so he left the schooner to take care of itself, and was now on his way back to Hobart Town. He had lately changed his religion, from the Roman Catholic to the Protestant, and belonged to the sect of Independents. The Bible was in his hands all day, and he was a great champion of the missionaries and of teetotalism, though he did not adhere to the abstinence principle himself, always drinking wine and beer at dinner. Neither did the Doctor follow his creed, holding it in great contempt, and indeed, he had brought a demijean of old rum on board with him for his sea stock. They both occasionally talked in their sleep, the Doctor shouting out in broad Lowland Scotch, "Murther, murther!" the Captain disputing in Hindoo.

Captain Carter's wife and little son were also on board; and the crew was a mixture of all nations, though not quite of so many as that of the 'Amelia,' whose horrid case of mutiny and murder created such a sensation in these seas. There were, moreover, several steerage passengers, one Read for Hobart Town, Bainbridge an Englishman, resident in Tahiti, who, with his brother-in-law and son, both half-casts, had taken a schooner to California, sold her for about double

what she was worth, and was now returning home. The steward and cook both falling sick soon after we put to sea, we made the son act as steward; and the first time he washed up the breakfast-things, he threw all the tea-spoons overboard with the dirty water, so afterwards we had but one tea-spoon for the whole party.

One day the teetotaller, Captain L——, told me that he could not go to sleep at night for hours; and I remarked that if he took a glass of grog overnight like the Doctor and myself, he probably would sleep sound enough. Next morning he said to me solemnly, "Well, Sir, last night I took your advice. I could not go to sleep, so I got up, and after a long search in the dark, found the brandy bottle. I took a good stiff glass, and felt much better, but still I did not go to sleep, so I turned out again, and drank another, and then I slept as soundly as possible till morning."

Captain Carter told me some strange stories of California, where he declared that he had seen the people in the market-place with pocket-knives and pieces of paper picking the grains of gold out of the sand. The Doctor affirmed that he had picked gold out of the adobie walls of the custom-house with his penknife, and his fee for medical attendance was always an ounce of gold.

Captain Carter's brother-in-law, named Moore, had worked at the diggings with two others, and in one day, soon after they began, they dug eighty-two ounces, but afterwards for three months had not averaged more than five dollars a-day. They bought mules, built a hut, and attempted to winter at the diggings, but fell sick, and were obliged to sell their things for what they would fetch, when Moore returned to Honolulu with but little gain. Wages were very high in

California. Common sailors got 120, 130, and 135 dollars a month, and would not ship unless they agreed also for the voyage back. A carter with his cart and horse was hired for £1200 per annum.

We had light winds all the way from Honolulu, varied with an occasional squall, and consequently made rather a long passage. Being generally up before sunrise, however, we found the mornings delightfully cool and pleasant. We dined at two, and afterwards I usually took the helm for an hour or so, by way of keeping myself awake. The captain fed us very well, and as we took in four sheep and six dozen fowls at Honolulu, we were never on salt provisions. We had curry every morning for breakfast, sometimes chicken, sometimes mutton, but he would never give us cold meat, curry being so much more economical.

One night we saw a splendid meteor. I was leaning over the bulwarks talking to the captain, and looking towards the moon, which, half-full and reflected on the sea, made a long white path of light, right from the horizon to the ship, when suddenly another path seemed to appear on the waves, and looking up we saw a large meteor like a rocket just going out. It seemed to explode like a Roman candle, but without noise, leaving a long train of sparks behind it.

We arrived at Tahiti, August the 5th, after a voyage of 2700 miles, performed in twenty-seven days. Seen from a distance, the island appeared to have a fine rugged outline, and as the sun began to lighten it up (for we sighted it early in the morning) disclosing its profound ravines and steep gullies, we acknowledged that the high character it had obtained for picturesque beauty, was no exaggeration. On a nearer view, it did not look so fertile as I expected, many

of the lower hills being nearly bare; but this effect is always produced on approaching a mountainous country, the trees showing but little in comparison to the size of the hills. On entering the harbour, and running up to the anchorage, we saw that the slip of flat land between the shore and the mountains was a perfect garden. The houses were surrounded with bread-fruit, cocoa-nut, and orange trees, bananas, and casuarinas; while the intermediate spaces teemed with flowers, among which the large red hibiscus, and the beautiful blue clitorea, were conspicuous.

The town of Papeiti, the capital of the island, is an irregular village, built along the beach. A little way back stands the Government House, and near it the palace of Queen Pomare—a long thatched building; but the most conspicuous structure is the French bakery, a large white-washed edifice, with a steam-engine and chimney. The harbour is formed by a beautiful bay, protected from the swell of the Pacific by a coral-reef, in which two narrow but easy openings afford admission to vessels. Near the middle of the reef is a small wooded island, fortified by the French, and further protected by a battery on shore. The town is defended by a trench and bank, with drawbridge, guard-house, &c., and on the hills behind are several block-houses, commanding the town. Sentries are posted in different parts; and after 8 P.M., when a drum is beaten, no stranger is allowed to remain on shore without a permit. The French hold the island as a sort of naval, or rather military post in the South Seas, but it seems of but little use to them; and instead of increasing the trade, they have decreased it, for no whalers or other ships will call for supplies, where everything is excessively dear, and where there are such numerous

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

R. E. del. et lith.

Hullmandel & Walton Lithos.

PAPARA

London: Ernst & Blackett, Great Marlborough St.

troublesome regulations. They do not seem to interfere much with the inhabitants, but have posts in different parts of the island. Several invalids and old soldiers have settled there, but they never make good colonists, and seem only sojourners in the land, cultivating little patches of ground near the town, more as gardens than farms. There was a French restaurant in the town, but no inn of any sort where I could stay, so I slept on board every night. Horses were difficult to be obtained, and there were no means of getting about.

Having heard of a very beautiful lake in the mountains, said to be an extinct crater, I determined to visit it. I did not expect much, but as the distance was considerable, I thought I might meet some fine scenery on my way. After two days' search, and a good deal of trouble, I succeeded in hiring a horse, and a native to go with me, with a pony for himself, paying nearly half the value of the animals, for three days' use. We left Papeiti by the Broom road—and a capital road it is, running nearly all round the island—and proceeded south-west for about thirty miles, generally close to the shore. The scenery in many places was very beautiful. Huge gorges opened down from the centre of the island to the sea, sometimes clothed with wood, sometimes falling too precipitately to allow of its growth. At Papara, about half-way, was a splendid amphitheatre of fine mountains, the foreground being thickly-wooded with cocoa-nuts, pandanus, or screw-pine, hibiscus, &c., and the brushwood being chiefly guava. This last tree was introduced into the island many years ago, and having now quite overrun it, is very useful, for it supplies an immense deal of food for the pigs.

We stopped for the night at the house of an Englishman named George Holmes, who lives at the mouth of the valley in which the lake is situated. He was a Londoner, from St. George's in the East, and had been a sailor. His first service was with Lord Cochrane, in the Chilian war, after which he resided six years in Callao and Lima, and had then gone on a whaling voyage, when he was cast away on one of the Society Islands, and had since settled here, where he had been living many years. He was badly afflicted with elephantiasis, but was an active old fellow. He had married a New Zealand woman, and was possessed of a large stock of cattle, and a great number of pigs. Many of the pigs roamed nearly wild in the mountains, living on bananas and guavas, and he kept half-a-dozen large dogs to hunt them. On the day of my arrival, he had sent out his men and caught two, one of which he killed, and from this he furnished our supper. In the evening he lit his pipe, and amused me much with his account of the natives, whom he held in great disdain, as an idle, good-for-nothing set. After supper, wanting some water, he began to shout out to the boys as he termed them, to bring some; but they had gone off, leaving him to attend on himself. The missionaries have taught the natives a new game at football, and at this they are always playing, and think of nothing else. My host told me that the natives had once or twice tried to rob his house, but were deterred by his intrepid air, knowing he had fire-arms in his possession. He made me up a bed on a sofa in an outer room, and I slept soundly.

Next morning I was up at daylight, and started on foot for lake Waiherea. My guide, although he had been there before, got another native to accompany us, declaring that he

was afraid to go alone—he said afterwards, "for fear of ghosts." The path led up a thickly-wooded valley, down which ran a clear rushing brook. We had to cross this repeatedly, sometimes on account of the narrowness of the ravine, sometimes because the wood was so thick that we could not penetrate it; and altogether we must have forded it, I should think, about sixty times in going, and the same number in returning. This made the walk very fatiguing, as the water was sometimes more than knee-deep, and full of large stones. The path was overshadowed, and often so dark, from the luxuriant growth of a sort of cane, that we were quite dazzled on coming out into the light again. The wild bananas, or fahie, were very abundant, and also the Apè (*Caladium macrorhizor*), with its enormous leaves. It soon began to rain, for showers are very frequent in these mountains; but I persevered, and at last came to the bank which confines the waters of the lake. It was covered with a thick wood of bananas, and passing through these, we came out on the edge of the lake. Half-way up this bank was a breast-work of earth and stakes, which had been built by the natives to defend the pass against the French. My guides pointed it out to me with a grin, seeming to think that I was an enemy, and then showed me how it commanded the path below. The work had never been used, as the French did not go up the valley.

At length we reached the lake. The sheet of water was not large, and though pretty, was certainly not worth the trouble I had taken to go and see it. The mountains rose quite abruptly from the water's edge; and where they were not perpendicular, were covered with brushwood. The whole place looked much like the crater of a volcano; but I doubt

if it was one—a principal one it certainly was not, and secondary craters, if I may use the expression, are circular pits, very easily recognized. The lake had, without doubt, been caused by the fall of one of the high peaks, which had thrown a bank over the valley, and dammed up the stream. Other peaks had fallen, and formed large promontories. I sat down on the shore to eat my lunch, Holmes having provided me with a clod of boiled pork and some boiled taro roots; and the natives soon made a fire, procuring a light by rubbing two sticks together. This process was rather a curious one. A soft, white wood, *Hibiscus tileaceous*, is generally used; but they can ignite nearly any wood. The operator takes a large piece of wood, and holds it firmly against the ground or with his knees; he then takes a pointed piece of stick, and grasping it strongly with both hands, rubs it backwards and forwards in a groove in the larger piece, when it soon begins to smoke, and the man redoubles his exertions till the dust of the wood collected in the groove at last ignites with a small spark, which is easily blown into a flame. I often tried to accomplish the same result without success; but the natives always succeeded, even when it was raining. I returned to Holmes's house by sunset, having waded the stream altogether one hundred and twenty times, and quite fatigued with my long walk, the distance to the lake being considered upwards of twelve miles.

Holmes had some curious ideas regarding the natives; he said that all the animals liked them, but were afraid of white men; and while his wife—a New Zealander—or any of the natives could go to the cows, and find them as tame as possible, and the poultry would eat out of her hand, all shunned him. The explanation of this, perhaps, was, that they were

accustomed to coloured people, and not to whites. The white man's cattle and sheep in Australia have the greatest horror of a black man, and are as much frightened by them as they would be at a wild beast.

Holmes had a large musical-box in his house, belonging to his wife. The natives are excessively fond of music, and would come and listen to this box for hours. Many of the old English and Scotch tunes are great favourites with the natives, and have almost become national airs in Tahiti; but the most popular instrument is the jews'-harp, and it is a constant practice of the native gallants to serenade their loves in the evening with its plaintive notes.

I returned to Papeiti the next day, by the same route—the Broom road. In one place, where the road ran along the sea-shore, I saw a fine fresh-water spring issuing from a crack in the lava rock in the sea. A bamboo pipe had been fixed in the crack, and the water rose through it, and ran out at the top unmixed with brine. I rode into the sea, over my horse's knees, and quenched my thirst at the pipe.

On returning to Papeiti, I found that I had passed through the village in which Queen Pomare was residing. I did not know it, or perhaps might have managed to have seen her. She has now little or no power, but is still considered Queen by the natives.

The view from Papeiti is very pretty; the island of Eimeo, forming a noble object on the horizon, appears more steep and rugged than Tahiti, and the scenery is even said to be superior. One morning I walked to the French post, about eight miles from Papeiti. The road led up a narrow valley, down which ran a fine, clear stream, like a Welsh brook. It had some nice pools and rapids in it, and I saw

plenty of small fish, so cutting a long sucker from a lime tree, and putting on a casting-line and trout-fly, which I usually carried in the pocket of my sketch-book, I soon caught three or four. They were something like a perch, or rather a pope, white underneath, with a dark mottled back, having a sharp, prickly fin upon it. Having satisfied my curiosity, I threw them back into the water. There are large eels in the stream, but I did not see any. I had to ford the brook five times.

The French post is situated on a rock, in a precipitous valley, one of the chief passes to the interior of the island, and is the place where the natives held out longest, and made such a desperate resistance. The valley here divides itself into two forks, with a steep conical mountain between them, and the sides of the largest are so precipitous that the only communication with the upper part of the valley is by a narrow path, which first runs round the foot of the conical mountain, and then along the edge of a huge abyss, into which the stream precipitates itself to a depth of 600 feet. The natives took up a position on this mountain, from which they could hurl stones down on the path below. It was impossible to dislodge them, as they were themselves unassailable, and no one could get near them. At last some natives who were on the French side, led round a party of soldiers, who, by clambering along the heights, holding on by the bushes, found a difficult footing in the crevices of the rocks, and managed to get to a peak above the enemy. They descended, still unperceived, till they were just above the native post, when, giving a shout, they rushed down among them. The natives saw all was lost, and threw down their arms. Had it not been for the treachery of their countrymen, they might have held out for an indefinite time, as there is

water on the top of the mountain and plenty of fahies, and natives want no more.

The French have now a post and breastwork here, commanding both the path up the valley, and the ascent to the rock. It is a most romantic situation, the mountain on the opposite side of the valley being nearly perpendicular, and scarped down to the bed of the torrent, which falls into the deep gulf below. When I arrived at the post, the captain, who with a little garrison of twelve men, has charge of it, asked me into his cottage to sit down. Hé was a gentlemanly man, an old royalist from La Vendée, and though dressed in a dirty pair of white trowsers and a flannel frock, and engaged in washing shells, it was easy to see that he was a gentleman. He had a rude sort of domicile, open at the side towards the valley, with a sleeping apartment boarded off at the end. I went in, and it soon after began to rain hard; and as it continued, he said that I must stay all night, for the stream would soon be so swollen that I should not be able to ford it. The rain fell in torrents, so we sat there in his house, talking and looking at it. He spoke very freely about the Revolution, not approving of it at all, but praised the proclamation of Lamartine, which had been transmitted to the settlement of " Oceanie" as a circular. He complained bitterly of being sent up to such a lonely place as this post, which no one but an occasional native visitedfor weeks together. It held up in the evening, but it was too late then to return, even had the river not been swollen. As it was, however, it was very high, and my host said that if it rained much in the night, I would even be unable to go down the next day.

We walked to the top of the rock, where the natives had

had their post; and the captain showed me where and how they were surprised. It was certainly a place which a few determined men might have held out against any number. He said there were some Englishmen among them who had put them up to the enterprise, which I think was very likely. The prospect from the summit was a singular one, comprising a strange confusion of peaks and mountains. The Crown Mountain, so called from its resemblance in shape to a coronet, was in full view. This must evidently be the site of the great central crater of the island; for, seen at a distance, all the mountains converge towards it, and then suddenly cease, leaving an apparent hollow or gap in the centre. No other marks of its origin remain, for the peaks seem all to have fallen in. Some of the mountains are very high, Orohena rising to the height of upwards of 7000 feet.

On returning to the cottage, my host excused himself for a short time, saying that he must go and get dinner ready, for, having only a common soldier to attend on him, he had to look after the cooking himself. In a short time he returned, and the dinner followed—some pork chops very well cooked in wine, and an omelette-aux-ail. Afterwards I produced my cigar-case, and we sat and talked on various subjects all the evening, though I found that I had woefully forgotten my French, and kept interlarding it with Spanish and Portuguese words. He had a cot slung for me in the open verandah, where, indeed, we had dined, and I slept soundly. From my cot I could see right across the huge ravine, and as it was very steep below the house, I seemed to be swinging in mid air. The weather kept fine all night, and the next morning, though the clouds were low and threat-

ening; so, after a cup of coffee, I wished my friend good-bye, thanked him for his hospitality, and made the best of my way down to Papeiti. I never knew what his name was, and I am sure he did not know mine.

The natives of Tahiti are a very fine race. The men are considered to be the finest of any in the South Seas, but the women are not so handsome as those of the Marquesas. The chiefs, both men and women, are generally excessively fat. All the women are tall and large, with good-tempered and smiling countenances, but their movements are very awkward, and they walk slouching along with their toes turned in. Their dress tells greatly against their good looks, for a woman must indeed be handsome to appear so in a long loose gown, like a night-gown, fastened close round the neck and wrists, and made of orange cotton, printed with a narrow white stripe. Their beauty is much overrated, but, to speak truth, it is difficult to admire people who may be seen at any time eating raw fish, and who drown their hair with cocoa-nut oil. The smell of the latter is particularly disagreeable, and meets you everywhere. Our eatables tasted of it; our clothes, when they came from being washed, smelt of it; and it was the cosmetic of all the natives.

The missionaries here are English Wesleyans, and are not so foolishly strict as those of the Sandwich Islands. On Sunday we went to church, but the congregation was a small one. The service was in English, so it was not likely many people would attend. Our three Malay sailors dressed themselves in their best, and went to church with us, seeming very attentive to the service and well behaved, though, as I found afterwards, they were Mahommedans, and understood but little English.

Spirits are strictly prohibited at Tahiti, but their importation by foreigners is generally winked at. This is a very good plan, answering much better than a high duty, as at the Sandwich Islands; for here spirits are entirely denied to the natives, while the foreign residents easily obtain them. Selling or giving spirits to natives is strictly forbidden—a prohibition established by the general wish and consent of the natives themselves, who saw the evil results of drunkenness. The missionaries enjoin strict teetotalism, which they themselves practise, but the merchants and traders are free drinkers; and when men-of-war come in, the natives find that the men have a regular authorized allowance served out to them every day, of the very thing which they are forbidden to taste, and that they and even some of their officers are too often no very good examples of sobriety.

The population of Tahiti, though not near so numerous as it formerly was, has not decreased so fast as that of the Sandwich Islands. Cook estimated it at 200,000, but this must either have been a rough guess, or he must have thought that the interior was as thickly populated as the shore, whereas, probably, every person for miles round came down to see the ships. The present population is supposed to be about 10,000, but some say it is again increasing. Many little yellow half-breeds run about Papeiti since it has been occupied by the French, so perhaps the race will be strengthened by an intermixture of new blood.

The inhabitants do not seem much more industrious than those of the Sandwich Islands. Mats are going out of fashion, and cotton prints have taken the place of the tapa, or native cloth. The manufacture of tapa gave considerable employment to the women. It was made from the inner

bark of the paper mulberry (*Morus papyrifera*), by hammering the bark with a wooden mallet, till the fibres were completely interwoven; and was produced in very large pieces—sometimes 100 yards in length. A coloured pattern in red, black, or yellow, prepared from the leaves of different plants, was stamped upon it.

The head-dresses of the women are sometimes very beautiful. One sort is a wreath, or crown of roses, entirely woven of shining arrow-root straw, nearly white. A plume, almost like the tail of a bird of paradise, is fastened to the back part of the wreath, and floats lightly in the air. It is made of the pith of the shoots of a cocoa-nut tree, cut into long thin strips, like silver paper. These crowns have a very pretty effect on the dark hair of the native belles.

There is but little trade in Tahiti, but one of its exports deserves notice—namely, the large oyster-shells, of which mother-of-pearl is made. They are principally sent to China. Pearls are also exported. It is quite the fashion now for natives to buy whale-boats, which seem to be quite superseding the ancient canoe. The use of the outrigger in the canoe here, as well as at the Sandwich Islands, is another link connecting the natives with the Malays.

Speaking of canoes, I should mention that, when some of the inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island, in consequence of the increasing population there, came as emigrants to Tahiti, and saw the Tahitians paddling about in canoes, they were so disgusted with them, that they immediately wished to be taken back to the land of their nativity.

Tahiti produces most of the tropical fruits, such as pine-apples, bananas, oranges, lemons, limes, citrons, bread-fruit, and guava. The bread-fruit was abundant, and was just

ripening when we were there. The tree presents a handsome appearance, and is something like a plane, with deeply-cut dark-green leaves. The fruit I did not think much of, and it was certainly more like potatoes than bread. It is not eatable unless cooked. The vi-plum, which looks like a large magnum-bonum, grows on one of the largest trees that the island produces. It has a slight acid flavour, and is very refreshing. The oranges are excellent; trees covered with fruit, apparently unowned and uncared-for, stand by the side of the roads and in the bush. Even the pigs would not eat the rotten fruit lying under the trees, but, as we shook the boughs, and the ripe oranges fell bursting on the road, made a rush at the fresh ones. I observed, too, that the pigs would not touch the limes or citrons, the latter often hanging within a few inches of the ground; but they have a right to be dainty in this land of fruit.

Sugar is cultivated to a very small extent to what it ought to be, for Tahiti is the native place of one of the best sorts of cane; yet we brought sugar there in the 'Caroline,' our skipper buying American loaf sugar in the Sandwich Islands, and selling it at Papeiti at a large profit. The high price of labour, and the small proportion of flat soil, will always prevent sugar being grown here to any extent. All provisions are dear: chickens being half a dollar each, and pigs four dollars, or more according to weight. Iron hoop is of no value now. Religion is very exclusively professed, but as a Yankee said to me, speaking of the different sects, "One says he is of one religion, and another says he is of another, but they all worship the same thing—the almighty dollar."

The languages of Tahiti and the Sandwich Islands, though not the same, are both derived from the same stock, and a

native of the Hawaiian group can understand a native of the Society Islands, and even a New Zealander. The language has been entirely put together, and an alphabet made, by the missionaries, and books are printed in it at Honolulu. It has some peculiarities: thus, a great many letters we use, such as s, q, t, r, b, c, d, g, are not required, and can hardly be imitated by a native. No word ever ends with a consonant, and no two consonants come together. This has rather a monotonous effect. The missionaries fell into a curious mistake, when they were learning and forming the language. The natives, instead of teaching their own words, often taught their imitations of the English words, and told the missionaries that house was "houki," &c. Thus, many words never before in use, have now been introduced into the language in a form changed to suit their pronunciation, and all these end in vowels. Soap has become "kopa," coffee "kope," nine-pins "niny-pinny," &c. The salutation of the Tahitians, on being first heard, has a curious effect. I do not know the proper orthography, but it sounds exactly like "Your honour, boy." The first word, "arona," is from the "aloha" of the Sandwich Islands, and means "How do you do?"

Shillings, sixpences, and five-franc pieces, all circulate in Tahiti, as in the Sandwich Islands. In the latter, an attempt was made to introduce copper money, and a small coin like a farthing was struck in America, with the head and superscription of Kamehameha upon it. But the attempt to give it currency failed. The natives would have nothing to do with it, wisely considering that if the Spanish real was the lowest coin, they must get a higher price for small things. Thus, in Hilo, when I was there, two eggs cost a real; but if the vendor had

but one to sell, that was a real also, and the sailors generally gave it. A native there would not take more than two eggs to the shore at once, returning when he had sold them for two more. A dollar being the standard by which the value of all coins are estimated, the exchange here is very peculiar, involving sometimes a heavy loss, and sometimes a gain. Thus, a five-shilling piece, a five-franc piece, and a dollar, are considered of equal value; a half-crown and two shillings are both regarded as half a dollar; a sixpence, a Spanish real, and a fourpenny-piece, are all sixteenths. If you changed a sovereign into half-crowns, you could get nine, being four and a half dollars; if into shillings, you only received eighteen; but if it was exchanged into fourpenny-pieces, instead of sixty, there would only be given thirty-six, two passing for a quarter-dollar.

A few days before our departure, a bark, the 'William Melville,' came in from Hobart Town, bound for California. She had about twenty passengers, clerks and young men from Van Diemen's Land, all eager to pick up the gold. Among these adventurers was a Mr. Campbell, from the great house of Jardine and Matheison in Shanghai, who had been staying in Van Diemen's Land for his health; but coming again into a hot climate, was taken so ill that he gave up his voyage, and determined to return with us in our little schooner to Hobart Town. Indeed, he was so bad, that at Eimeo, where the bark touched, he was carried on shore to the missionaries' house; but from the moment he came on board the 'Caroline,' he seemed to rally, and grew better every day of the voyage.

Two other small craft also arrived at Tahiti from our colonies; one a schooner, the other a cutter. Although both carrying passengers, they had sailed in the careless and

reckless way that these sort of people often do: one vessel was provided with a chart, the other with a quadrant; but neither possessed both: I believe both had compasses. But somehow or another, they managed to arrive at Tahiti, and one day being at the house of the Consul, Mr. Miller (nephew of General Miller of the Sandwich Islands), I found all the passengers of one of the vessels with a long complaint of the badness of the provisions. They were common labouring men, and had brought specimens of the biscuit—three sorts—one of which was precisely the same that we had been eating on board the 'Caroline,' and better than half that is served out on board a man-of-war; in fact, so good that I ate some of it myself at the Consul's; and by my advice, the petitioners were dismissed, and at the same time informed that, considering the low fare they had paid, the provisions were excellent.

CHAPTER XV.

ISLAND OF EIMEO—COAST OF AUSTRALIA—THROWN ON A SAND-BANK—THE WRECK—CAMPING IN THE BUSH—VISITORS FROM THE ISLANDS—GUN-CARRIAGE ISLAND—THE SEALER'S FAMILY—SNARING THE MUTTON-BIRDS—THE LIGHTHOUSE—SIGNAL OF DISTRESS—MOUNT WELLINGTON.

THE day of my departure from the island at length arrived. A canoe paddled alongside with four great black pigs, another with mats full of oranges, yams, and cocoa-nuts; three dozen fowls cackled in the hen-coop, and Dr. Johnstone, now on shore, sent two or three enormous bunches of bananas as a present from his garden. On Friday morning, August 17th, the pilot came on board, and the agent of the 'Caroline' and his clerk rowed alongside in a whale-boat, to be towed as far as Eimeo. I remarked to Captain Carter that he was sailing on Friday, but he said that he did not care about it; but the event of our voyage might be said to add another instance of the ill luck that attends ships which choose that day for their departure.

The anchor was soon up, and passing through the opening of the reef, we discharged our pilot, and went off with a slashing breeze. We set but little sail till we had dropped the whale-boat off the island of Eimeo, though we nevertheless dragged her through the water at a pace which I thought would have torn her bows out. The island of Eimeo looked very beautiful. Though not so high as Tahiti, the pinnacles of bare rock were, perhaps, more rugged and broken, and I was sorry to pass such a spot without seeing more of its scenery.

Having dropped the boat at the entrance of a bay, in which a square-rigged vessel was at anchor, we set our gaff-topsail and royal, and began the second part of our long voyage. The 'Caroline' was an excellent sailer, and the south-east trade-wind blowing strong and fair, by the next Friday at noon we had run 1248 miles. In the next two days we ran 400 miles more, and crossed the 180th degree of west longitude on Sunday, August 26th. Then entering east longitude, we squared our accounts by dropping the Monday, and called the next day Tuesday the 28th.

The captain had altered his mind at Tahiti, and now did not intend to touch at New Zealand. I offered him £10 to go into the Bay of Islands, but he would not agree to it, thinking that it would lose so much time, and lead to such expense, that it was not worth his while. I had made sure that he would go, for his wife's sister was living in New Zealand; but at Tahiti he had heard that all the people there were flocking to California, so as he was on a trading voyage, he thought it would be but a bad market for his goods; and as he was the first to come back from California, the earliest news of what was going on there, would be very valuable to his owners.

The number of bugs on board our little vessel was wonderful. There were four standing bed-places in the cabin —Captain Lover and I had two on one side; Dr. Johnstone, and after him Mr. Campbell, and the mate occupied the other two. On their side the bugs swarmed to an extent I have never seen equalled, while I never found but one on our side of the vessel, was never bitten by them, and did not find any afterwards in my boxes. Some time after leaving Honolulu, we had a regular search. Every crack and crevice on the mate's side swarmed, and we swept them down, with a brush full of spirits of turpentine, by hundreds. The mattresses were covered with them; and taking down some of the boards, we found black masses of them stuck behind them; and yet, though the cabin was all open, only one came over to us during the whole voyage.

In twenty-two days from leaving Tahiti, we made land, and sighted the coast of Australia about Point Macquarie, some way to the north of Sydney. We coasted down in sight of land for some time, but at last met with a cold south wind, and had the pleasure of beating against it. Standing towards the shore, we got close to it; and one evening, about nine o'clock, were becalmed in Twofold Bay. The captain went to bed, and about 10 P.M. I followed his example, leaving the deck in charge of the mate, Mr. Bishop; but I began to think of our position, and what we should do if the wind did not soon spring up. We were so near, that we could hear the surf roaring on the beach, and the swell would soon set us on shore. It was very deep water where we lay, and the cables were not bent to the anchors as they ought to have been. We had but one boat—the long-boat, and there were only two oars and a broken one, so that if we got nearer, it

would be useless to attempt to tow her off. This situation was far from a pleasant one; but thinking of its dangers, I fell asleep; and awaking about midnight, was much relieved on hearing that we were again going through the water. On Friday, September the 14th, we sighted Cape Howe, the south-western point of Australia, but having a fair wind, soon lost it again, and stood across Bass's Strait.

About four on Sunday morning, we were rather roughly aroused by the schooner's striking heavily. At first I imagined that we had run foul of some vessel, and rushed upon deck, where I found all in confusion. We had been going about five knots an hour, when we had run on a sand-bank, and were now bumping on farther. It was not yet light, and we appeared to be surrounded by breakers; but on the starboard side the shore was plainly visible—low, flat land stretching away into the gloom, while high mountains rose behind. Right ahead was another mountain, and astern some high islands. The captain said we were in the Bay of Fires, on the north-east corner of Van Diemen's Land. He had not long left the deck, and the ship was in charge of the mate when we struck. Both had seen the mountains some time before, but not the low, flat coast. No lead was to be found; but a piece of pipe was bent on to the log-line, and gave eight feet of water alongside.

The boat being with some difficulty lowered, a kedge was carried out to the port bow, and on this we all hove, and got the schooner off for a minute; but whilst getting up the mainsail to bring her to the wind, the hawser gave way, and she struck again, throwing us all in a heap on the deck. She soon bumped herself harder on than before, and in a worse-looking place, as there appeared to be a reef about

50 fathoms ahead of her. The striking and rolling unshipped the rudder, and forced it up, knocking the wheel away; but we soon secured it, and hoisted it up with a tackle. As it became light, we saw our position better, and then found that we were on the east coast of Flinders Island, or, as it is sometimes called, Great Island; the high mountains being the Strzelecki Peaks, the mountain ahead Cape Barren Island, and those astern Babel Islands. There were sand-banks all round us, and by going up the rigging, we could see the waves breaking over them six miles to seaward, so that we were fortunate in having struck where we had; for if we had been six miles nearer our course, we should have struck so much farther from the shore. As it was, the land was within a mile of us, and the boat was now got ready for the shore.

The captain having consulted us, Mr. Lover and I agreed, that as the boat would not hold us all, we did not care to go on shore first, so we were left; and Captain Carter, his wife and child, Mr. Campbell, and three hands went in her. The captain also took the chronometer, gold-dust, and several other things, leaving nothing of any great value on board, except ourselves and the remainder of the crew. The gold-dust was some of the proceeds of the voyage, most of the cargo having been sold in California in exchange for "dust." It was in two tea-canisters, and was worth perhaps £3000. It was rather nervous work for Mr. Lover and myself, and we watched the boat anxiously as it slowly buffetted the waves, and approached the shore. There is always some risk in landing on a flat beach in surf; and we knew, that if the boat was knocked to pieces, or rendered unseaworthy, we should have no means of getting on shore. I thought of a

raft but we should have had a great deal of difficulty with that, as the currents ran very strong between us and the shore, and the sea was full of sharks. However, we saw the boat land safely, and its passengers walking up the beach; and now we found that, as well as the perils of water, we nearly had to encounter the dangers of fire; for Mr. Lover, rambling about, looked into the captain's cabin to see, I suppose, whether the sea was coming in, and to his horror found in the bunk, where the captain and his wife slept, a lighted candle in a flat candlestick, actually standing on the bed-clothes, which were all in confusion. He called me down to look at it, and we put it out pretty quickly, and said nothing about it; but it denoted either excessive carelessness on the part of the captain, or that he wanted to burn the ship. If the rolling and bumping of the ship had upset the candle—and I cannot imagine how it did not—the bed-clothes must have caught fire.

The captain having left the ship, and the mate and men being forward, and we two having been left in the cabin with a light, the blame of course would have fallen upon us. All this looked very much as if the vessel had been run on shore on purpose; and as she was insured for more than her value, this was not unlikely.

The captain now returned in the boat, and Mr. Lover, the steerage passenger Read, and myself, took our seats, filling up the boat with most of our luggage. We also took the carcase of a pig that had been killed the day before, and a cask of water. The boat was deeply-laden, and we had but two oars, yet landed safely, for the tide having changed, the sea was much quieter than in the morning. On reaching the shore, we found that the landing had been effected at a

very bad place, as there was nothing around but sand-hills and coarse grass, and it was cut off from the wooded part of the island by a lagoon. Being all hungry, we made a fire, and soon converted some of the pig into pork chops, roasting them over the embers, and having some biscuit and pale ale, and a bottle of pickled onions, we made an excellent meal.

Being now safe on shore, the next thing to be thought of was, how to get away again. There were some people living on the island, at Settlement Point; but that was quite on the other side, and must be upwards of thirty miles distant. while the intervening country was very rugged, consisting of mountain, bush, and swamp. I began to get disgusted with my companions, who appeared to be utterly useless, and I walked away, "proceeding sorrowfully along the shore of the loud-resounding sea." I did not mind a little camping in the bush, for as yet we were comfortable enough, and had plenty to eat; but our provisions would not last long, and how were we to get away again? On the first change of wind the ship would break up, the boat was not seaworthy, and no vessels would pass near enough to see us. The only way left was to go over to the settlement and obtain assistance, and then come back for the rest of the party. The most practical man of the whole was Read, the steerage passenger, and I determined in my mind to start off with him, and go over to the settlement, either by crossing the island or following the beach. He was an active young fellow, and had been in Australia before; but there was something in his face that made us pretty sure that his original voyage to the colony had been at his country's expense. However, he was the man, and I thought that I could make it worth his while

to stick to me honestly for the journey. Pondering over this, I walked up a slight elevation to look over the country, and casting my eyes towards our camp, I saw to my surprise a brown boat's sail beating up towards us from the southward, followed, a mile or two astern, by another. I returned as quick as possible, and the boats coming up, some rough-looking men landed, and approached us. We found that they were Englishmen, sealers, who lived on Vansittart, or, as they called it, Gun-carriage Island, about six miles to the southward. They offered the captain assistance, but he refused, hoping that the vessel might float off the next spring-tide. The other passengers and myself, however, had a long consultation with them, and found that we could hire their boats to take us wherever we wished. In the evening they went away, promising that they would come back the next morning, and if we wanted them we were to make a signal—namely, two smokes.

As we were not at all in a good situation, we determined to change our camp, and cross the lagoon to a spot where there were plenty of bushes. The stream which ran from the lagoon was not higher than our knees, so we waded through it, and found a much more suitable place—a hollow, sheltered from the wind, behind a thick scrub of tea-tree bushes. The captain was the first to wade across, bearing his child and leading his wife, and we carried over all the baggage by degrees. We had got a studding-sail, and made a tent with it, lighting a large fire in front, and then supping off the pig's carcase and some tea, spread our mattresses and slept soundly. It was rather cold at night—and coming from the tropics, we found it chilly even in the latitude of Sydney—but there were plenty of dead dry bushes about, and we kept up a good fire.

In the middle of the night the captain tried to go off to the ship again, taking advantage of the tide; but the wind blew so strong from the north, that after struggling with the waves for some time, he was obliged to return. The mate and most of the crew were therefore left on board without a boat, and a great fright they were in, for the vessel rolled and knocked about, so that they thought she would go to pieces. However, they set the foretopsail, and steadied her with it, and in the morning she was still quite safe and sound. It was a great risk nevertheless, for we could not have got out to rescue them; and the old boat, from so much knocking about, began to be very leaky, and evidently would not stand much more hard work. A ship loses its insurance, if it goes to sea without a long-boat, or this would certainly have been changed into gold-dust in California.

Next morning, after a good breakfast—for we always looked well after our meals, as the Spaniards say: "Las tripas llevan a las pies, y no las pies a las tripas,"—Mr. Lover, Campbell, and myself, agreed that we would not mind what the captain did, but look out for ourselves; and so resolved to hire the sealers and their boat, to take us to Swan Island—a small island in Bass's Strait, with a light-house on it—and which is just in the track of the vessels from Port Philip to Hobart Town. We therefore lit our cigars and walked down the shore, and on a point in sight of Gun-carriage Island, set the grass on fire in several places as a signal to the sealers. Collecting sticks, we made a good smoke; but hardly had it ascended, before we saw the brown sails of the boats emerging from the sound between the islands, and beating up towards us. They must have started some time before. When the first one had come over to

us they anchored, and the head man, named Tucker, waded ashore, and was soon followed by another. They sat down on the grass, and we had a long palaver about which place was best to go to, the distances, and other things. At last we agreed with the chief, that for the sum of £10 he should take us and our baggage to Swan Island lighthouse, that we should go to his house that night, and he should find us in provisions, if we were detained by a foul wind. He had a fine large whale-boat, that would carry about three tons, and there were two other men in her, Sydney and Everard, besides two boys. The other boat belonged to an Irishman, named Beadon, and he and his two sons managed her.

Our bargain being arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, we went on board the schooner, to get the rest of our luggage. The tide had fallen so low, that there was not a foot of water on her port-beam, and therefore the boat was not able to get alongside; but the crew rove a whip through a block on the foreyard-arm, and with this swung us on board. We lunched off some pork, and a bottle of champagne from the captain's stores, and then returning on shore to our camp, collected all our things, took leave of the skipper and his wife, and started with the ebb-tide for Vansittart Island, carrying with us the steerage passenger Read, to whom we gave a passage to Swan Island.

We made two boards in the narrow channel which divides Vansittart, or Gun-carriage, and Flinders Island, for the wind headed us; but we soon arrived at our destination, and anchored in a small bay in front of the cottages. The little settlement is in a sheltered cove, one side of which has a sandy beach, the other is composed of huge weather-worn granite rocks, behind which the sealers have built their houses. We

took up our quarters in Tucker's abode, which we found very comfortable, and were welcomed by his wife, a Hindoo woman from Calcutta, who seemed active and industrious, and kept the cottage in good order. The furniture, however, had a very suspicious appearance, as there was plenty of crockery, knives, forks, and a knife-box, polished fire-irons and shovel, which contrasted rather oddly with the rough-built chimney and black pot hanging in it, and looked wondrously like the moveables of some tall ship. Tucker was possessed of a few books also, which he produced for our amusement; a Bible, and among others a colonial edition of "Pickwick," which had found its way to this lone isle. We had a most excellent supper of fat goat mutton, damper, butter, and tea, to which we did ample justice, the cold weather having had a wonderful effect on our appetites. We enjoyed it all amazingly, and it will be long before I forget that supper. Finally, spreading our mattresses on the floor in front of the fire, we slept soundly, untroubled by dreams or indigestion.

The wind being westerly and strong, we could not go to Swan Island next day, so were obliged to stay where we were. Most of the men, with Tucker himself, went to the wreck, leaving us to the care of his wife and his pal Dick. We were initiated into the mysteries of making damper by Dick, who was engaged in that interesting process. It is nothing but flour and water well kneaded together, made into a round flat cake, about two inches thick, and baked either in the ashes or in a Dutch oven, with ashes put over it. Here it was done in a Dutch oven, like a large iron stew-pan, with a flat lid to it, so that the ashes could he heaped on the lid.

Mr. Lover and I took a survey of the island, ascending

the hill at the back of the houses. It was about seven miles in circumference, rocky and steep, and formed, like Flinders Island, of granite. It is divided from Cape Barren Island by a narrow passage. The grass is scanty, but will feed goats pretty well. There are a few green trees, eucalyptus and she-oak (*Casuarina*) on it. This last tree has no affinity to the oak, though, from the name, one might suppose that it was of the same family. I believe it is a corruption of the native word "shiac;" but now another species is called he-oak, and a third swamp-oak, as if each were a different sort of oak. The she-oak is a small scrubby bush, about the size of hawthorn, with a leaf like broom, or Weymouth pine.

Flinders Island, though where we landed it is flat and low, is not without high craggy mountains, of which the principal were the Patriarchs and Strzelecki Peaks, the latter rising to the height of 4000 feet. All the islands belong to Government, and the sealers have to pay a shilling per annum as a nominal rent.

On Vansittart, or, as it is called by the sealers, Gun-carriage Island—from an old gun-carriage having been found on it—there are six houses. One belonged to Beadon, who had four children, the eldest of whom, a woman of twenty-one years of age, was so fat, that she might have been shown anywhere as a wonder. She weighed twenty-one stone, but walked about quite lightly and actively. The next daughter was ten years old, and already weighed ten stone. The son was in his seventeenth year, and was six feet one inch in height, but was strong and not overgrown. The mother of this flourishing family was a black woman, a native of Van Diemen's Land. Ned, called also Sydney, from his having come from that city (why he went there we were too

polite to inquire), had another good house. Dick lived with Tucker, and Jem Everard lived on Woody Island, about nine miles distant. Jem was the owner of the boat, and he and Dick were to take us to Swan Island. Most of them had native wives, or gins, as they called them, some from Van Diemen's Land, some from Australia; and they were all very well off, pasturing about five hundred goats o Vansittart Island, three hundred of which belonged to Sydney. At the back of the houses was a small patch of cultivated ground, principally for growing vegetables. No doubt the whole community had been convicts, but behaving well, or having served their time, they had been allowed to settle on these islands without hindrance. Formerly the island had swarmed with seals, but they had all been killed, and its principal wealth was now derived from the mutton-birds, which frequent these islands in incredible numbers. The mutton-bird, brown aiglet, sooty petrel, or shearwater (*Procellaria obscura*), like the rest of its tribe, of which the largest is the albatross (*Procellaria gigas*), has such long wings, that it is unable to rise from the level ground, and it is this peculiarity that makes its capture so easy. The first harvest of the sealers consists in the feathers, for the sake of which enormous quantities of birds are annually destroyed. The birds lay their eggs in holes in the ground, and the islands which they frequent are perforated with these holes in all directions, like a rabbit warren. They arrive in huge flocks, about the 21st of September, almost to a day, when they clear out the holes, and prepare them for their eggs, fighting and quarrelling all the time. After a few days their tracks or pathways to the water—for they go down to the sea every morning—begin to be apparent. The sealers then dig a large pit in the track,

with small fences leading down to it like a funnel; and all being ready, next morning at daybreak, when the birds come out of their holes, the men drive them down their runs into the pitfall. The birds crowd down, and fall in by hundreds, crushing and smothering each other, until the pit is full, when the men break down the fence at the side, and let the rest escape. They generally take 2000 to 2200 in each pit, in the morning, at one drive, and then jumping into the hole, they set to work to pick their poor captives, pulling off only the feathers of the body, and throwing the carcases out of the hole. This is hard work, and before the end of the season their nails often come off from the continual plucking. The feathers of twenty-five birds weigh only a pound, which sells at Launceston for twopence; but Tucker, his wife, and Dick, collected during the season a whole ton, to do which they must have killed 56,000 birds. What an enormous quantity must be annually destroyed amongst the whole party; and yet they say that the flocks do not appear to diminish. The mutton-birds come back to the islands on the 23rd of November to lay, which they generally do that day, or the day after they arrive. They lay only one egg, so that it is difficult to account for their numbers. The sealers collect a good many eggs; and when the young birds are nearly full-grown, they in their turn are attacked, to get the oil with which the old birds feed them. A man thrusts his hands into the hole, pulls out the young bird by its head, kills it by squeezing, and then holding it up by its legs, the oil runs out of its beak. It is very clear and pure, burns well, and sells at Launceston for 4*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.* per gallon.

The capture of the young birds is attended with some risk,

as venomous snakes lurk in the holes, and sometimes one is seized and pulled out instead of a bird. This occupation is the principal support of the sealers, but they live very well and want nothing. A wreck is now and then a great help to them. Several ships had been lost some time previously, on Flinders and Cape Barren Islands. A schooner called the 'Amity,' was wrecked close to where we landed, and we saw part of the main-boom still on the shore. The 'Governor Philips,' a large ship carrying prisoners to Sydney, was wrecked on Cape Barren Island. Many lives were lost, and the survivors nearly starved, having nothing to eat but penguins, till they were found by the sealers. The captain in charge of the prisoners, and one of the soldiers, left the wreck last, but were both taken down by sharks, as they were swimming to the shore.

On the morning of Wednesday, September the 19th, we found the wind fair for our voyage, so prepared for a start; and when the tide began to flow, we bade adieu to Gun-carriage Island. We went in Jem Everard's boat, navigated by him and Dick. She was a fine whale-boat, with a spritsail and jib on the foremast, and a spritsail on the mizen, and would stand almost any sea, having slips of canvas along each gunwale, raised on pegs, to keep the wash of the waves out. It was a great proof of the honesty of these people, and the confidence we put in them, that we did not take our boxes out of the boat during the time we were on their island. But there can be no doubt that frequently transported convicts do become honest, partly from being out of the way of temptation, partly from getting rid of their old habits and associates.

We soon ran up to Woody Island where Jem lived, and

landing, went up to his house—a comfortable cottage, kept by an Australian gin, the mother of four fine-looking brown children. Another man lived on the island, two others on Tinkettle Island, which nearly joined it, and two more on Cape Barren, at a place called Punch-o'-th'-head, so named from a pugilistic contest, which formerly was a favourite amusement of the sealers. This was in the old time, when they caught plenty of seals, and spent all the proceeds in rum.

The scenery was wild and rugged in the extreme, very like some of the fjords in Norway. At the points which jutted out into the sea, the rocks were bare, and worn into pillars from the dashing of the sea, and some stood up alone, almost like Druidical monuments. The next island we passed was called Doughboy; then, rounding the western end of Cape Barren Island, we shot out into the open sea. There was a heavy swell up Bass's Strait from the westward, but a nice breeze soon carried us across, and about 4 P.M. we landed safely on Swan Island, having come nearly fifty miles.

On landing we went directly to the house of the light-keeper, Captain Johnson, who received us most hospitably. He was a German from Hamburg, but had been in the Government service a long time, and had formerly commanded the 'Caroline.' His wife was a very good specimen of a currency lass, as the natives of the colony are called; and his house, though small, was very neat and comfortable. He had the island all to himself, no one else living on it but two or three assigned servants, who took care of the light-house. It was about ten miles round, low, but very uneven ground, full of little valleys, affording a good deal of pasture-

age. In some places it was covered with low bushes, and the yellow-flowered mesembryanthemum, called by the colonists "Pigface," formed large patches over the banks.

The lighthouse, a stone tower about 60 feet high, had a fine revolving light, formed by one large oil-lamp in the middle of a number of reflectors—highly-polished metal basins. We had an easy time of it at Swan Island, nothing to do but to walk about the little isle, and look out for a passing vessel. Each having a mattress, we slept on the floor of the sitting-room, the house being too small to afford better accommodation. Jem Everard and Dick, the two boatmen, who were not able to get away on account of the strong adverse wind, pitched a small tent near their boat.

On Thursday evening a sail hove in sight, a long way off, and proved to be a large bark, but did not appear to be bound for Hobart Town. It blew hard from the west in the evening, increased the next day, and on Saturday night it blew a gale of wind. It was so strong on the island, that we could hardly walk about. Another sail hove in sight from the westward—a brigantine, and Captain Johnson pronounced it to be the 'Scotia,' from Port Philip for Hobart Town, with a cargo of cattle. We hoisted a signal of distress, the English flag on the lighthouse, union down; but the brigantine took no notice of it. It was blowing so hard, that we could hardly expect a vessel to stop for an unknown cause; but she yawed about so in her course, that we several times made sure she was going to run in behind the island. At last she fairly passed us, and continued her course; and after watching her for some time, we turned into the house with blank and disappointed faces.

We all made up our minds that we should be taken off

next day, and in the morning we walked round the island, and got everything in readiness for a start. About one o'clock a vessel hove in sight, and as she drew nearer, we neglected nothing to attract her attention—hoisting the flag on the lighthouse, and another on a flagstaff close by, and lighting fires all round. At length the vessel drew nearer, shortened sail, and ran in and anchored behind the island. Some bullocks were caught, and put in the cart, and our baggage was soon taken to the back of the island, when, bidding adieu, with many thanks, to our kind host and hostess, we hurried on board about 6 P.M. The vessel was the 'Pilot,' Fisher master, of and for Hobart Town, with a cargo of sheep from Port Philip. She had about 500 on board, and the steward killed one for us as we came alongside. The lower-deck and hold were fitted up purposely for this cargo; but the upper-deck also was crowded with them, and there was no room to walk about. So many confined in a small space was not pleasant, and a sort of greasy-woolly smell pervaded everything. Sheep were worth from 12*s*. to 14*s*. each in Hobart Town.

Passing St. Helen's Point, we saw Ben Lomond, the highest mountain in Van Diemen's Land. It is above 4000 feet high, and the top was covered with snow. We were becalmed one day, and had but a light breeze the next; but when the wind blew at all from the southward, we found it excessively cold. We were now in a latitude corresponding to that of Rome, 41° S., Flinders Island being about the same as Naples, and Hobart Town being nearly equal to Florence, or Vittoria, and the north of Spain; but the climate is a great deal colder.

Off Schouten Islands we came up with the 'Scotia,' and

were becalmed some time together. The captain lowered his boat, and came on board. He apologized for not having stopped for us at Swan Island, saying that he could not make out the flag till quite close, and that it was then blowing too hard. He had sailed from Port Philip with a cargo of 36 bullocks: but had lost 15 the night before, and 2 since —17 altogether thrown overboard.

We were now off Maria Island, so-called, I suppose, after Maria Van Diemen, Tasman's love (he again immortalized the adored name by attaching it to the North Cape of New Zealand); since made more notorious as the place of exile of Smith O'Brien. Farther on is the magnificent bluff of Cape Pillar, which, like Fluted Cape, takes its name from its basaltic columns. It is an island, separated from the main land by a deep narrow cleft. Passing Cape Raoul, a most picturesque point, with bare columns, jutting out into the sea, we entered Storm Bay. It blew hard off shore—cold squalls rushing down from the mountains—and as we stood up the Derwent close-hauled, we were obliged to carry on to the utmost, to prevent going on shore. The summit of Mount Wellington, covered with snow, was clear; but beneath, driving clouds and thick haze obscured the lower hills. We beat slowly up the bay; but just as we passed the little lighthouse, called the Iron Pot, the sun went down, and it fell calm, obliging us to anchor off Brown's River; but next morning we beat up to Hobart Town.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOBART TOWN — THE CONVICTS — CHARACTER OF THE COLONISTS — CLIMATE AND SCENERY — THE ABORIGINES — AN AUSTRALIAN FOREST — GREAT TREES — THE SAWYER'S HUT — CROSSING THE COUNTRY — LAUNCESTON.

EVERYTHING looked excessively pretty as we drew near, the morning's sun brightly illuminating the white houses of Hobart Town. The hills were in many places wooded to the water's edge; but the olive-green and rugged foliage of the eucalyptus looked so dull and withered, that at first I thought all the trees had lost their leaves. We ran up to the wharf and landed, bending our steps straight to the chief hotel. It soon spread about that we were from the 'Caroline,' and the excitement was immense, every one wishing to hear news from California. People rushed down to the vessel in crowds, and the captain remarked that it was like a fair. Great was the disgust when it became known that none of us had been to the diggings, and this was increased by our having left

the mail behind on Flinders Island. There was a general impression that it had been done on purpose; but, in fact, none of us had thought about the mail till we left Swan Island, and we did not then care to go back for it, and so I told them.

Hobarton, as the name is now generally written, is beautifully situated just were the river Derwent expands into its broad estuary, falling into Storm Bay. Behind the town rises Mount Wellington to the height of about 4000. feet, and on its rugged top snow lies nearly all the year. It is a grand-looking mountain, and though of no great elevation, I have seen numbers of nearly double the height, which did not look half so fine and imposing. I was not singular in this opinion; for I remember, when at Tahiti, Captain Carter and some others remarked that they were sure that the mountains there (though I knew their elevation was between 7000 and 8000 feet) were not so high as Mount Wellington. The summit is formed of a rocky and precipitous cliff; but the lower hills around are more tame in their outlines, and having a deep clayey soil, are covered with interminable forests of blue gum and stringy bark. The town itself is hilly, and irregularly built, the houses straggling up the valleys and along the sides of the roads, for some distance. Some of the streets are good, and there are a few excellent shops. To the north of the town, on the banks of the river Derwent, is the Government domain—a sort of park full of small gum trees. I suppose the large trees were all cut in the clearing mania, which generally affects a new colony. At the lower side of the domain are the Botanical Gardens, and in the river opposite is an old man-of-war, used as a hulk for female convicts. The Government-house is a poor affair, in the middle of the

R.F. del et lith

Printed by Hullmandel & Walton.

HOBARTON

London: Hurst & Blackett, Great Marlborough Street.

town; but some of the buildings, such as the custom-house, law courts, ordnance stores, &c., are very good, and beautifully built of sand-stone, which is found here in great abundance. The wharves and quays are good, and they, as well as the public buildings, and the splendid road through the centre of the island to Launceston, speak volumes in favour of convict labour in a new colony. The feeling now is very strong against it; but most of the old settlers say that they never could have got on without it.

As might be expected, the police magistrate of Hobart Town holds rather a laborious and troublesome situation. The best ever known here, P——, a gentleman connected with some of the first families in England, who understood the convicts well, was always very severe, but very just; and the fellows, when they were punished, however severely, were never pitied by their comrades, who said to them when they grumbled about it, "if Mr. P—— gave it you, depend on it you deserved it." P—— lived on the other side of the Derwent, and every afternoon used to go over in a boat. One evening the convicts surrounded and mobbed him on the wharf, and tried to hustle him into the water; but being a fine strong fellow, he pulled off his coat, and fought and thrashed several of them, after which he was never again molested.

The convicts in the town, who are as impudent a set of rascals as ever existed, a short time ago contrived a new way of annoying passers-by. If a gentleman was walking along the street, one of these blackguards, after he had passed, would suddenly call out, "Hi!" when he would perhaps stop and turn round to see who called, and the fellow would point at him, and say, to the great amusement

of his companions, "Ah! that slewed you," or, "I thought I'd slew you," which became at last such an intolerable nuisance, that P—— determined to stop it; and one day, observing a convict at this game, he had him up next morning, and without telling him the reason, gave him two months' hard labour on the roads. The man grumbled, and wanted to know for what offence he was so severely punished; but P——, without answering, ordered him to be taken out of court; and just as he was making his egress, called out, "Hi!" The man turned round immediately, when P—— said, "Ah! that slewed you. Now do you know what you're punished for?" Of course the culprit was satisfied, and departed amidst shouts of laughter. P—— is now Governor of Norfolk Island.

Hobarton is certainly a flourishing town, and considering the age of the colony, has got on wonderfully; but now that the people are so prosperous, they all seem dissatisfied, and a sort of radical revolutionary feeling is very prevalent. They complain of the convict system, of the duties, &c., and yet come to the Government to ask for assistance; and like Nick Bradshaw, always expect it to be going to do something for them. On our arrival, a deputation waited on the Governor, to ask him to send a steamer to the assistance of the 'Caroline;' and when he refused, saying that he had none fit for the purpose, they complained as usual, saying that he should have done it for humanity's sake. I told them—for I met them coming away—that the crew had two or three whale-boats there, so that they were in no danger.

Many things are very dear in Van Diemen's Land; but it is the fault of the people, not of the Government. There is no malt duty, yet colonial ale is 6*d.* a glass; nowhere less

than 4*d.* Oats are 1*s.* 6*d.* a bushel, yet the charge for a feed of corn is 1*s.* One man going by the coach gave the coachman and guard a glass of brandy and water each, and took a glass of beer himself, for which the charge was 2*s.* 6*d.*! One does not find out the advantage of being in a cheap country when the charges are so exorbitant. I was told in Hobarton that the coach fare was very low—so it was, 15*s.* for 120 miles to Launceston; but I had to pay 15*s.* more for 120 lbs. of luggage, and the same for another box that went by the carrier. The common people grumble like the rest, and look back to old times, which they say were much better, for they could get dollars easier than they can now get shillings; but really they were then no better off than now, for provisions were often enormously high. In 1840 wheat was 38*s.* per bushel, and flour £80, and in Port Philip £90 per ton.

I believe there is tolerably good society in Hobarton and its environs, but I knew hardly any one there. Going there quite by chance, without letters of introduction or any letters of credit, I knew that I should be looked upon with suspicion if I did try to make acquaintances. Being at a place without letters of credit is a thing which English merchants can never get over. Luckily, I had plenty of money with me; for although I had letters of credit on other places, and circular notes with me, I do not think that, if I had required help, I could have raised a sovereign in Hobarton. There was a vulgarity over everything, and sort of jockey-knowingness about the peeple, which I disliked excessively. They considered they were ahead of all the world, but appeared to me much behind it; for as men when they marry often adhere in their dress to the same fashions as

were worn when they took the fatal step, so colonists generally keep to the same customs as were in vogue when they left England. Their *cuisine* was in the same style, and they thought one ought to be content, if great clods of beef, or a huge dish of mutton-chops were put upon the table—not that the fare was to be found fault with, far from it—but bad English cookery, even after bad foreign, is not much to boast of.

All European, or rather English fruits and vegetables, grow well in Van Diemen's Land; and the potatoes (Derwent browns) are quite equal to those of Ireland. The cauliflowers are splendid. Flowers also do well, but the aloe (*Agave Americana*) thriving in the gardens, shows that the climate is much hotter than that of England. When we arrived we found it cold enough, and the weather altogether was most disagreeable, rainy and windy. Every one was suffering from cold and influenza; and Mr. Campbell, Lover, and myself, though we had been knocking about on the island, wet, cold, and exposed to the weather, all caught colds directly we arrived in Hobart Town, and got into what is called a comfortable house.

I took several walks about Hobart Town, but was rather disappointed with the scenery; for though it had all the required attributes of wood, water, and mountain, it was overhung with a perpetual gloominess, which robbed it considerably of its beauty. The Cascade at the foot of Mount Wellington, where Mr. de Graves, one of the oldest and most enterprising of the colonists, has a saw-mill and brewery, is perhaps the prettiest spot in the environs. The view of the town from Montague Point, on the other side of the Derwent, is very fine.

Having heard a good deal of the enormous size of the timber in Van Diemen's Land, I hired a boat and two men to take me down to Long Bay, in D'Entrecasteaux Channel, where the largest trees were said to grow. Mr. John Watson and his brother George, ship-builders, have both portions of land there, and the latter kindly furnished me with a letter to a man who was cutting timber for him. I started in a whale-boat, taking with me a few provisions, a frying-pan, and a keg of water. We had a fair wind, and soon ran down to the mouth of the channel, a distance of about ten miles. From this point to Long Bay, nearly thirty miles, is one continous forest of gum tree and stringy bark, from the water's edge to the top of the hills, which are here about a thousand feet high. The forest extends over the hills round to the Huon river, and I do not know how far beyond.

In a bay called Oyster Cove, towards Mount Wellington, are the miserable remains of the Aborigines of Tasmania. They are supported by Government, a commissioner being appointed to look after them, and do almost nothing, seeming to wait in apathy for their own extinction. They now number about forty, and at the last census only one child was reported. They were removed to Flinders Island in 1835, and then amounted to two hundred and ten, but they were afterwards brought back and placed in Oyster Cove—an example of what the blessings of civilization will do for savages. They were civilized, or rather their country was appropriated by Englishmen and Protestants; and have they not disappeared even faster than did the Indians under the tyrannical Spaniards? Here they had the advantages of a liberal government, trial by jury, and all the benefits of Magna Charta—and what has followed?

Some way below Oyster Cove, we came to a settlement on the shore, where a large ship was on the stocks.. Here we landed, thinking it was the place of our destination, but it proved to be the establishment of a Mr. Wilson, the other place was six miles further on. I walked a little way into the forest, and found trees very large. Continuing our voyage with oars—for the wind had now died away—we arrived at Long Bay at 3 P.M., having started from Hobart Town at nine; and walking a few yards into the forest, I met the old sawyer, to whom I had brought a letter. He was hard at work cutting up a huge tree, but returned with me to his house, where we secured the boat, and carried up my things, and then walked back into the forest. It was composed of blue gum (*Eucalyptus globulus*) and stringy bark, another Eucalyptus, growing nearly to the same height, but the former far exceeded the latter in circumference. The brush, which was green wattle (*Mimosa*), had been burnt, so the forest was tolerably open, and the huge white boles of the gum-trees shot up as straight as arrows in all directions. They were all large, but did not appear so till we were close to them; and, as they were straight, and free from branches, and the stems were white and smooth, did not look very old. They showed none of the signs which we in England generally associate with age in a tree, no hollowness or rugged bark, no massive limbs or gnarled roots, but they shot up clean and taper, with small heads like saplings. I took the girths of many of them with a measuring tape, and as some had been felled and others blown down, I took the length, and could judge the others from them.

The following are some of the dimensions:—

R. E. del. et lith.

Printed by Hullmandel & Walton

GUM FOREST

1. 6 feet in diameter, at 5 feet from the ground, 181 feet to first branches, top about 30 feet; a young tree.
2. 28 feet in circumference, at 5 feet from the ground, about 150 feet to first branches; a beautiful straight tree.
3. 27 feet in circumference, at 5 feet from the ground, would square 4 feet at 130 feet.
4. 27 feet in circumference, at 5 feet from the ground, would square 2 feet 6 inches at 200 feet; a quite straight tree.
5. 21 feet in circumference, at 5 feet from the ground, would square 4 feet at 100 feet.
6. 194 feet high.
7. 9 feet in diameter, 159 feet to the first branches, about 200 feet altogether.
8. 29 feet in circumference, at 5 feet from the ground, upwards of 200 feet high, but rather lumpy.
9. 37 feet in circumference, at 5 feet from the ground, full of buttresses, and did not measure fair.

All but the last were perfectly round, and the tape touched them the whole way. I measured them carefully with the old sawyer, and wrote down their dimensions on the spot, there can, therefore, be no mistake; though, if these trees are compared with any large trees in England, and the number of feet and loads of timber calculated, their size will appear incredible.* Many trees of greater girth exist in England, but generally they are short and often hollow; and I think these must be the largest in the world, except the trees on the north-west coast of America, which are all of the fir-tribe.

* Some of these trees contain about 5000 feet of timber equal to 100 loads.

There were a great many trees in the forest, of the same size, in all directions; and though I picked out the largest, I did not go more than half a mile from the shore, and they seemed to extend on each side of equal size, and were very numerous. On asking the old sawyer whether he could not show me some still larger, he said that though I might perhaps find one or two larger ones in the gullies, he did not know of "a better mob of big uns" than just round his sawpit. The old ones, he added, blew down, apparently from the soil not holding their roots. I did not see any in an actual state of decay, for though many were hollow at the roots, this did not extend above three or four feet upwards, from which point they seemed perfectly sound. They grow tolerably close together, but they had but little top, and the thin willow-like foliage cast but a meagre shadow upon the ground.

Before we had finished our survey the thunder began to mutter, and the wind roaring through the forest, gave us timely warning of the approach of a heavy storm. We had hardly reached the sawyer's domicile before the rain came down in torrents, and made us thankful that we had so good a shelter. The hut was built on the steep bank which forms one shore of Long Bay. It was small, but consisted of three rooms, all constructed of gum slabs. The chimney, of the same material, was raised against the side of the house like a separate apartment, and was so large, that the sun shone down into the middle of the room. Within it was a glorious fire of logs. After a good supper of beef-steaks and tea, well served up by the sawyer's daughter, we lit our pipes, and had a talk about the different trees. My host was a Birmingham man, but had been many years in this country, and had spent some time in the Huon river and at Mac-

quarie harbour, cutting timber. The Huon pine, a very fine tree, nearly as large as the blue gum, but not so high, is, I think, peculiar to that part of Van Diemen's Land. The wood is very good, the lower part free from knots, and the grain fine and regular. It is excellent for wainscoting or veneering. When knotty, it is more ornamental, and nearly as pretty as bird's-eye maple. My host gave me such an account of the number of black swans on the Huon river, and the quantity of eggs he had often collected there, that I began to think whether I should not extend my voyage in that direction; but knowing the uncertainty of the winds, and how easily I might be detained, I gave up the idea. The next morning, breakfasting early, we again went into the forest in a different direction, but did not find any larger trees; so after making a slight sketch, I took leave of the sawyer, called my boatmen, and started again with a fair wind for Hobart Town, where we arrived about 3 P.M.

Mr. de Graves, a ship-builder, told me of a tree which surpassed any I had seen in the forest. It was cut some years ago on the flanks of Mount Wellington, and was 7 feet in diameter at 40 feet from the ground, and about 14 feet at the ground, and the log cut 44 beams for a ship. This nearly equals the famous tree found by the Yankee skipper on the banks of the Columbia river, from the butt of which his boat's crew cut planks, and which was so long, that, cutting up the tree, they had worked a week before they came upon a party from another ship, who were making a mast from the top of it.

I left Hobart Town on Friday, October the 12th, without regret, for Launceston, whence I proposed to take the steamer to Melbourne. I started at 5 P.M. by the coach for Green

Ponds, about 30 miles on the road, intending to sleep at the inn there, and go on to Launceston the next day. There are two good four-horse coaches on this road, besides a mail, which, with the V.R. on the side, the coachman and guard in their red coats, and the long horn, puts one quite in mind of the old times in England, and looked more like home than anything I had yet seen. At Bridgewater we crossed the Derwent by a long causeway and bridge—a fine work, the causeway being half-a-mile in length. The view up the river, under the influence of a stormy sunset, was grand and gloomy. On arriving at Green Ponds, I found the inn was full, so I went on another stage, and slept at Springhill. The country we had passed through was green and fertile-looking, with log-built cottages standing in the midst of fields, but as regarded the picturesque, was quite uninteresting.

We crossed a good deal of high open country, well cultivated in parts, and enclosed with posts and rails. At Jericho, the fences made with English furze, were growing luxuriantly, and were now covered with bright yellow blossom. We changed horses at Oatlands, Ross, Campbelltown, and at the "Bald-faced Stag," in Epping Forest. The South Esk was crossed at Perth by a handsome stone bridge of eight arches, over which we rattled, and arrived in Launceston about $6\frac{1}{2}$ P.M. The road is very good the whole way, and in capital order, showing the advantage which the colony derived from convict labour. It has but two turnpikes—one near Hobart Town, and the other near Launceston; and at these the colonists grumble as usual.

Launceston, in the county of Cornwall, is well situated just where the North and South Esk rivers uniting, become navigable, and form the Tamar. The North Esk runs down

a fine fertile vale full of good farms, but the valley is but narrow, and on each side rises the eternal gum forest. The South Esk is a fine rocky stream, and rushes down in a cataract between precipitous banks, affording any amount of water-power. The town is regularly laid out, but most irregularly built, some of the original weather-board houses still standing in the principal streets, and many of the new ones looking but little better.

Launceston seems to be declining, or at least standing still, and the streets have a most cheerless look. The inhabitants, however, seem to think that a good time is coming. Like the rest, they hope that the Government will do something for them; but they appear to be without spirit to do anything for themselves. Even the "Sailors' Bethel" had its flag hoisted union downwards, but whether from accident or as a signal of distress I know not. Probably Launceston finds that its neighbour Melbourne is too powerful a rival.

CHAPTER XVII.

GEORGE TOWN—UP THE YARRA RIVER—MELBOURNE—PRODUCE OF THE BOYD TOWN—SYDNEY HARBOUR—SYDNEY—BOTANICAL GARDEN—BOTANY BAY—LIVERPOOL—PARAMATTA—THE BLUE MOUNTAINS—STRANGE ADVENTURE—BEAUTIFUL VALLEY—BATHURST—A SHEEP STATION—THE FIRST GOLD-FINDER—RETURN TO SYDNEY—THE MUSEUM—WATERING-PLACE—DEPARTURE FROM AUSTRALIA—THE NEW HEBRIDES—LADRONE ISLANDS.

I LEFT Launceston at 10 A.M., October 16th, for Port Philip, in the iron steamer 'Shamrock.' Directly the paddles went round, the smell of the engine made me feel so sick that I was afraid to go below. It was a curious circumstance, and I was quite ashamed of it, having just crossed the Pacific, and never having felt ill at sea, and here the river was perfectly smooth, as we were forty miles from the sea. But the sensation soon went off again.

We glided swiftly down the Tamar, a fine looking river, running between hills covered with forests, yet untouched, and nearly in the same state as when the river was first discovered. The snowy summit of Ben Lomond filled up the background. In a few places patches were cleared, and in

one was a sort of settlement, and a ship on the stocks, but the soil being bad, and the timber troublesome to clear away, the banks of the Tamar offer few inducements to settlers.

Anchoring at George Town, near the mouth of the river, at 4 P.M., as the wind blew hard against us, we not only staid here for the night, but to my vexation all the next day. George Town seems to have died in its infancy. The situation is not bad, on the east bank of the river, but though a new town, it has evidently seen its best days. The streets are broad and full of grass, and marked out into the bush a long way beyond the scattered houses. A ruined windmill without sails seemed nodding in its fall, and I remarked that it would soon be down, but was told that it had been in the same state for five or six years, so I suppose that here even decay proceeds slowly. A walk on shore afforded me little matter of observation. I was not aware till afterwards that my old schoolmaster, the Rev. James Walker, had had charge of the parish for five years, and that our friends the sealers of Vansittart Island had been his parishioners.

We left George Town on Thursday, October 18th, and steamed out of the Tamar. There is a dangerous reef at the entrance, and several emigrant ships have been wrecked upon it. Crossing Bass's Strait, we arrived at daylight the next morning at the heads of Port Philip.

The entrance is narrow in comparison to the size of the bay, up which we quickly pursued our voyage, and anchored in Hobson's Bay off Williams Town, to await the flood-tide, as at no other time can vessels pass the sand-bank in the Yarra river, on their way to Melbourne.

In Hobson's Bay were several large ships lying, which had brought out emigrants for Melbourne and Geelong, the latter

a very rising town in the west corner of the bay, and since the gold discoveries become a place of great importance. A steamer runs to it daily from Melbourne. The shore at Williams Town was low and flat, and bore a strong resemblance to the coast of Holland. The land is good and fertile, free from timber, and easy of cultivation. Geelong appeared to be a favourite settlement, and was increasing rapidly.

The tide serving, we proceeded up the Yarra river, under a scorching sun, and a very slight north wind. We were all complaining of the heat, when the captain, who was standing on the bridge between the paddle-boxes, pointed to the river astern of us, and I saw a breeze coming along the surface of the water from the south, at about a mile distance. It soon reached us, and cooled us so quickly, that it felt almost as if water was being poured over us. For the remainder of the day, the temperature was quite different, and the air was refreshing. I can now quite understand what I heard before, that in this country the thermometer will change as much as 30° in two hours. Yet, with all these sudden changes, the climate is said to be very healthy.

Melbourne, in the parish of Melbourne, county of Bourke, at this time had a population of nearly 11,000. It is situated on the Yarra, eight miles from its mouth, where it runs into the bay of Port Philip, and is 587 miles from Sydney. It is separated from the government of Sydney, and has become the capital of a new district, called Victoria. Geelong is distant from Melbourne 54 miles.

On landing I walked to the chief inn, but finding it full I returned on board the steamer, and slept there during the four nights that we remained at Melbourne. The appearance

of the streets gave me no very favourable impression of the town. They are broad and straight, but neither paved nor Macadamized, and consequently are deep mud in winter, and thick dust in summer. They are perpetually full of bullock-carts, and the drivers generally shouting horrid imprecations to their oxen at the top of their voices, seem to vie with each other in the use of bad language. This colony is rather proud of not being a penal settlement, but I cannot think that the convicts can be worse than its free labourers. No doubt many do come over from the other settlements, but they are not the worst of the inhabitants, and usually make better servants. The class they disliked most were "Pentonwillans," as they called them, not exactly convicts nor yet free men.

Odd as it may appear, the London pickpockets, and that class, generally make the best shepherds and agricultural servants out here. The style being entirely different in Australia from what it is in England, previous knowledge of agricultural pursuits is of little use, and regular farm-servants have to get out of old habits as well as to learn new ones, which they find a very difficult task.

On Saturday I hired a horse, and rode several miles into the country. The land was chiefly pasture, with trees about forty to a hundred yards apart, just shading the ground but no more. None of the trees were of any size. The soil was dry and hard, and round the town all worn into paths, like Hyde Park in the summer. Here and there were fields of young corn looking well. Herds of cattle were feeding in different directions, and bullock-drays coming in from the stations. Everything seemed flourishing and getting on well, but there was a sort of bareness and *public* style about it

that I did not like. The people seemed rough and swaggering. Too often in such countries they mistake rudeness for freedom, and want of civility for independence. It is a splendid country for grazing and agriculture, but it is extraordinary how few edible vegetables and fruit are to be found in Australia. There is a cherry with the stone outside the fruit, and a sort of wild carrot in Van Diemen's Land. But that is nearly all it produces.

The animals are not numerous. Kangaroos, and different sizes of the same genus, from the large one which weighs upwards of two hundred pounds, to the smallest which is not so large as a rabbit. Emus and opossums are numerous, but are being rapidly exterminated. Of game-birds there are but few—quails and snipe being the principal; I heard of pheasants, but saw none, and dare say the bird so-called is the lyre-bird. In Western Australia, there is another pheasant, the *Leipoa occellata*, and in the north the large *Megapodius* is found, but on the whole, what we should call "game" is very scarce.

Persons lost in the Australian forest are often starved to death, and the natives, though they are not particular, eating grubs and worms, are sometimes at the last extremity for food. On the west coast they suffer severely, but sometimes get hold of the carcass of a whale, which affords them a fine feast. They occasionally come into Melbourne starving, and go to the boiling-down houses, where they procure the livers and lights of the sheep. Here they sit down for a time, and from gaunt half-starved skeletons, are soon transformed into fat sleek black fellows.

It is wonderful, with this dearth of indigenous productions, how favourable the country is to the development of every

European importation. Sheep, cattle, and horses, thrive and increase wonderfully. Corn and potatoes, fruits and vegetables of all kinds, grow better than in England. Even bees have been introduced, and require no care, insomuch, that to the north of Sydney there are now in the woods numbers of wild ones, which have strayed from the settlers and increased.

On Sunday I attended church, and heard an eloquent sermon from the Bishop of Melbourne, and on the following Tuesday we left Melbourne and sailed for Sydney. Among the first-class passengers was Mr. Solomons and his wife, son of Ikey Solomons, the notorious "fence," who many years ago was sent out to Sydney.

Rounding Cape Howe we stood up the coast, and at length cast anchor in Twofold Bay. The township here is called Eden—perhaps in irony, for a more dismal place could hardly be imagined. The settlement was formed by a Mr. Boyd, who thought to make his fortune here, and built in the bay East and West Boyd Town, each consisting of a few scattered houses. The principal town has a church and a light-house (though without a light), a huge warehouse, and about six other houses. The hills are still covered with forest, and it is said that the pasturage now is worse than when discovered. The chief trade consists in bay whaling, and numbers of whales' bones lie scattered along the beach, but of late years even this traffic has declined. A boat with passengers came alongside, manned by Aborigines, one or two of whom might have been mistaken for Africans. Australia is said to have been peopled from the north, islanders having passed over from Torres Strait, which can be done without losing sight of land.

Leaving Twofold Bay, we ran up close to the shore, under a steep yellowish cliff, without signs of inhabitants, and passing the entrance of Botany Bay, on Friday, October 26th, in the afternoon we arrived off Sydney Heads.

The entrance to Sydney Harbour between the Heads, as they are called, is a deep narrow cleft in the otherwise unbroken line of coast. It is now marked by a lighthouse on the South Head. When Cook sailed up this coast in 1770, and discovered Botany Bay, so called from the number of plants found there by Banks and Solander, he passed the entrance to Sydney Harbour without observing it. It is said that an opening was reported by a sailor named Jackson, but the ship sailing past, shut it in again so quickly, that the truth of the report was doubted, and it was partly in ridicule called Port Jackson. It is strange, however, that as Cook's ships remained some time in Botany Bay, they did not see Sydney Harbour over the land. The entrance is easy and safe, a reef called the Sow and Pigs being the only obstacle, and that having a light ship on it, may easily be avoided. After passing the entrance the bay expands, is divided into different bays by prettily wooded points, dotted with villas and country seats, and at the end shines the beautiful city of Sydney. Steaming up the bay we passed the city, and anchored in Darling Harbour, which runs up beyond it.

The situation of Sydney is very beautiful, and has been often compared to Rio Janeiro, but the only resemblance is that it is a land-locked harbour; for in a picturesque point it is far inferior to the Brazilian capital. Instead of the high mountains that form the beauty of Rio, the shores here are low, and comparatively barren. For shipping, however,

it is one of the finest harbours in the world, being easy of access, completely protected, and allowing vessels of any size to come close up to the wharfs.

On landing, I was certainly astonished, as it seemed incredible that so fine a city could have sprung up in a few years. The streets are broad and straight, but the architecture of the houses, as usual in English towns, bad and irregular. Being built on several promontories of rock, which jut out into the harbour, the city is much divided, and the diversity of hills and valleys has a pretty effect, reminding one of Malta. The stone, a compact sand-stone, is excellent, and is so ready at hand, that churches are built out of their own foundations. On one of the promontories is Government House, a very handsome castellated building, standing in a pretty park. At the back, and on another promontory, is the Domain, and between both, in the head of the bay called Farm Cove, is the Botanical Garden. In the next bay is an old hulk, used as a bathing-place, and beyond, another long promontory, on which and the land adjoining is the suburb of Wooloomooloo. On the other side of Government House is Sydney Cove, which was full of shipping, surrounded by busy wharfs and warehouses. This was the place first settled, and may now be considered the centre of business. Towards the north lies Battery Point, forming another bay, and then Miller's Point, and Darling Harbour, which washes the town on that side. On the north shore, which is similarly broken by bays, is the suburb of Balmain, and villas are scattered about it in all directions.

A large deep bay, which opens from Darling Harbour, receives the Paramatta river, and surrounds the famous Cockatoo Island, a place of confinement for Sydney offenders.

On the north shore are some very good houses, but the soil, which is poor and rocky, is covered with low brushwood, and nearly in its original state. In fact, with the exception of some little valleys and flats, the soil about Sydney may be called worthless. In places, however, it produces fruit and vegetables, and perhaps no market in the world is so well and cheaply supplied as that of Sydney, or rather *was*, for the gold discoveries have quite changed the scale of prices. The market-house is extensive and well arranged, though not large; and on Saturday evening the streets were crowded with carts, trying to sell their produce. The supply of fish was also good, and oysters were abundant.

The chief streets in Sydney are good and well kept, and lighted at night, but about Miller's Point, which is chiefly inhabited by Irish, they are bad and dirty. Shoes and stockings there, seem to be considered quite superfluous, and are seldom worn by the children. The shops are good, but the people appear to lose in a great degree their sense of honesty, if they ever brought any from England, and it is not safe to buy any article that you cannot thoroughly examine. All seem to expect to return home again, some time or another.

The habits of the lower classes may be inferred from the enormous number of public-houses which throng the city; the taste of the upper, by the paucity of booksellers' shops, and their great dearth of good books.

Sydney boasts several churches — the oldest, a curious-looking structure, with a round tower, is so out of repair that it is ordered to be pulled down, while a new one, in a very good style of architecture, is rising close by. The Roman Catholic and Scotch churches are also contiguous—rather a

curious arrangement; but the fact is, a piece of ground was allotted for churches, and on this they were all built together, obtaining for the locality the name of Church Hill. At Miller's Point is another church or chapel, begun in a handsome style, but, from want of funds, finished with weather-boarding. The best and most commodious church has a tall spire, which looks very well at a distance.

Between Sydney and Wooloomooloo is a plot of grass-land, of about fifty-six acres, called Hyde Park, and at the end of it is the best row of houses in Sydney, called Lyons' Terrace, built and owned by an old convict, named Sam Lyons, still residing in the town, and carrying on a good business as an auctioneer. Many of the best houses in Wooloomooloo, also belong to old convicts. One structure, like a castle, surrounded by a garden, seems built in imitation of Government House.

The Botanical Garden is very beautiful, and is well laid out, and well kept. Being at the head of Farm Cove, the views from it are very pretty, and it forms a nice promenade for the Sydney citizens, who, however, wished to do away with it, on the ground of its being expensive and of no use. In the gardens are some fine specimens of the Norfolk Island pine (*Araucaria excelsa*), the great Brazilian aloe (*Fourcroya gigantea*), bamboos, and a great variety of curious flowers, shrubs, and trees. Among the latter were some very pretty Australian ones, covered with pink, and others with yellow blossoms. They appeared to be of the gum tree tribe. But by far the finest garden in Sydney, is that of A. McLeay, Esq., F.R.S., F.L.S., whose residence, a very good house, is situated at the back of Wooloomooloo, looking on to the harbour, and is so well placed and retired, that though it has

a very beautiful and extensive view, scarcely a house can be seen from it.

On my first arrival at Sydney, I took up my quarters at the best hotel—but bad was the best; for what seems to be the first requisite in a continental town, appears always to be the last thought of in an English one; and as the colonists imitate English manners and customs, not much could be expected from the Family Hotel of Sydney. Being elected, however, a member of the Australian Club, through the kindness of the Colonial Treasurer, I soon removed to the Club House, and found very good quarters.

One of my first rides from Sydney was to the well-known Botany Bay, distant about six miles, and visible from the upper parts of the town. The country round is a compound of swamps and sand-hills, with but little wood; and though the quantity of strange flowers delighted Banks and Solander, the place possesses no other attractions. It is nearly deserted, but there is still a large hotel, called after Sir J. Banks, with a good garden, and a few wild beasts and curious birds, kept for the amusement of visitors. It is a favourite place of resort for newly-married couples, who here spend their honeymoon, so that people are still sent in a state of *transportation* to Botany Bay.

The Colonial Treasurer, Mr. Riddell, who had a nice house in Wooloomooloo, took me a very beautiful drive to the South Head. A fine lighthouse, built by Governor Macquarie, stands on the eminence, but, to my surprise, the entrance of the harbour was without any sort of defence. A small battery or two on the Heads would be sufficient, but at present there is nothing to prevent hostile vessels from sailing in, and anchoring among the shipping in Sydney Cove. The view

of the town and harbour from the South Head is very beautiful, and I returned the next day and made a sketch of it.

Having hired a horse at one of the livery stables in the town, I rode to Liverpool, twenty miles to the eastward of Sydney, to see my old schoolmaster, the Rev. James Walker. The road, even to me now entering the country for the first time, was most uninteresting. Here and there were clusters of houses, half of them taverns, and in other places were clearings of a few fields, divided by posts and rails, and dotted over with blackened stumps. In the midst rose the settlers' hut, and often by the roadside stood a board with this inscription: "Good pasture for teams, with plenty of water, by James Sears." The public-houses do a good business when the waggons are coming down from the interior with wool, but otherwise, they cannot have many customers. In that time the heat and dust is excessive, and the carters stop at nearly every public-house.

On arriving at Liverpool I quickly found my way to the rector's house. He was not at home, but soon came in; and as my name was not announced, he had not the slightest idea of who I was. Many years had elapsed since we last met, and I dare say that I was a good deal altered. He was a very clever man, a Fellow of New College, Oxford, and much too good for his present situation. The place suited him well in one respect, and being very fond of botany, he found a wide field here for his researches. But Liverpool, as a residence, is certainly not an attractive place. It was once a penal station; and the removal of the convicts, though it may have been a moral advantage, has been a death-blow to its prosperity.

The soil is different from that of Sydney, being an iron-gravel, which, geologically speaking, is a higher formation than the stone of Sydney, and has, from some cause or another, sunk. The tide runs up Cook's or George river to the town, where it is crossed by a stone dam, to keep the upper stream, which is fresh, separate from the salt-water. Like all the other good works in the colony, the dam was the result of convict labour.

In this, as in most of the creeks and water-holes about here, is to be found that strange animal, the duck-billed platypus (*Ornithoryncus paradoxus*), which appears almost like a link between a beast and a bird. It is something like a small otter, both in its shape and in its habits in the water, and is covered with a beautiful soft close fur. The snout terminates in a bill, exactly like the bill of a duck, and the webbed feet also resemble a duck's. It makes holes in the banks like the water-rat, and is excessively shy, so that its habits cannot easily be watched.

I stopped at Liverpool for the night, and had a long conversation with the rector, concerning the natural history of Australia, but learnt nothing that I need relate here.

In Sydney I saw a very strange bird, a stuffed specimen from New Zealand. It appeared to be a complete link between the parrot and the owl. The beak was like that of a parrot; the head and ear large, like those of an owl; and the plumage green, with a brown tinge, a sort of mixture between that of both birds. I also saw some drawings from bones of the *Moa dinornis,* the huge extinct bird of New Zealand, accurately made by an officer, but the bones had been sent to England. The leg, from the hip-joint to the sole of the foot, was upwards of five feet in length.

I obtained some specimens of what is sometimes called the wooden caterpillar, looking like a caterpillar dried, with a small plant growing out of the back of its neck. The plant is called the *Sphæria Robertsii*, and is a sort of parasitical fungus, the seed of which, falling on the back of the caterpillar of the moth (*Hepialus virescens*), there vegetages and grows. I never heard of one being found alive; they are always dug up under a tree, called by the natives rata (*Metrosideros robustus*). The caterpillar probably goes into the ground to change into a chrysalis, when the seed takes root in the joints of the neck, and growing there, the caterpillar dies. There is another sort of Sphæria found in Van Diemen's Land, and a third in China.

The language of the lower classes in Australia is a curious compound of sea-phrases and slang. Convicts, transported for life, are called "bellowsers," because their term of punishment ends only with life, when their "bellows" ceases to work. Gentlemen are designated as "swells." If you ask a man whether there is any one in the house, he will say, "there are a couple of swells in the next room." Calling at Mr. McLeay's with Mr. Riddell, the servant who answered the door, said that his master was walking about the garden, but that he would "coo-ey him," meaning that he would call him. This sort of language is heard on every occasion.

Hiring a horse, I started on the 1st of November for a sheep-station, to the owner of which I had letters. The station was called Rock Forest, and was 16 miles beyond Bathurst, and 136 from Sydney. I started early with a small valise on the bow of my saddle, and rode first to Paramatta, a small town on the river which runs into Sydney harbour. A dam, like that at Liverpool, separates the fresh

from the salt-water; but there was then so little in the channel, that hardly any of the former ran over the barrier. Paramatta itself is a poor-looking town; but a small steamer plies here daily from Sydney, the tide coming up to the dam. It was in driving from Paramatta, where the Governor has a country-house, that Lady Fitzroy and the aide-de-camp, Masters, by the overturning of the vehicle, lost their lives.

The inns along the road, which were as numerous as usual, embraced an amusing variety of signs, many of them familiar enough to an English ear, as 'The Rose and Crown,' 'The Red Lion,' &c.; but others, quite colonial, 'The Native Youth,' 'The Currency Lass,' and 'The Patriot,' probably kept by one who had left his country for his country's good. In the evening I stopped at Emu Ferry, on the Nepean river, just beyond the village of Penrith, having ridden 35 miles from Sydney. The inn was a good one, but excessively dear; and since the gold discoveries, the charges must have become alarming.

Next morning I was ferried over the Nepean, which is here a broad and fine-looking river, and crossing a flat river-bottom, as the Yankees term it, began my ascent of the Blue Mountains. The road is excellent, well engineered, and though carried up a rocky ravine, may be called trotting-ground the whole way. On the mountains, which are not of considerable elevation, the land is bad, and is therefore uncleared, the hills being clothed with a rugged forest of gum trees, in the same state as when it was first discovered. Rain had been threatening all the morning, and now began to fall in large drops; so I cantered on till I came to a neat-looking public-house by the road-side, called 'The Welcome,' about 12 miles from Penrith. It now rained

hard, and therefore I did not stop at the door, but riding round the house, went direct to the stable; and seeing nobody, I led my horse in, put a halter on him, and then went into the house by the back door. The innkeeper, an old Waterloo man, had been looking at me from the window all the time, but did not choose to come out in the rain. As we stood together under the portico in front of the house, I asked some question about the surrounding forest, on which he smiled very knowingly, observing, "Why, I've seen you up here often enough." "You are mistaken," I replied, "I have never been on this road before." "O yes, I dare say," said he, "I knows your face as well as possible." I said, with some hesitation perhaps, for it was such an odd thing to be accused of, "I am sure you have never seen me unless you have been in Sydney the last fortnight, for I have only just landed in this country." This excited his mirth to the highest pitch. "Oh, that won't do," he cried, laughing uproariously, "I can't stomach that 'ere, for I half believe you're a native." His mistake struck me as the more curious, as the ostler at the inn on the previous night had seemed to know me; and generally it is so very difficult in a country to prevent people observing you are a stranger; but the colonists here think that no one knows anything but themselves, and seeing me riding up the country alone, and appear at my ease, and misled by my moustache and Panama hat, they were universally of opinion that I was an "old hand." My host every now and then took a good look at me, and again began laughing. He then showed me his Waterloo medal, and brought me a book or two, with which I amused myself for a few hours, when, the rain ceasing, I continued my ride.

At three o'clock, having gone fourteen miles farther, I reached the Weatherboard, and putting up my horse at the inn, and ordering my dinner to be ready on my return, I walked down the valley to see one of the greatest sights in Australia. Following a little stream which wound down the valley, I came all at once on an enormous opening, as if a valley had suddenly sunk down. It could not be less than 1000 feet deep, and is surrounded by steep sand-stone cliffs. The bottom is uneven, and covered with thick forest, looking as if it had fallen in, without disturbing the trees. The area may be five miles wide, but of its length I could form no opinion, as from where I stood I could not see its limits.

The small stream that runs from the Weatherboard falls into the chasm, but the cliff was so steep, projecting on each side in huge buttresses, that I could not see the fall from any part. The innkeeper told me that no one had ever been down to the bottom, and I thought it not unlikely, for there is probably nothing to be got down there, and people in this country do not often make explorations with any other object. It is a most extraordinary and picturesque place, and when first seen through the trees, and filled with light blue haze, presents a very striking effect. I saw some curious flowers near the spot, one like a large red bottle-brush, called, I think, the Wimmera. Birds, too, abounded, particularly parrots, dark purple, and red, hopping on the roads, pecking whatever they could find.

The road from the Weatherboard continued along the high land, and was surrounded by scraggy, rough-looking forest. On each side were deep valleys, in places surrounded by steep cliffs, almost as grand in appearance as the gulf at the Weatherboard. Passing Blackheath, I descended Mount

R E del et lith.

Printed by Hullmandel & Walton

GULF AT THE WEATHERBOARD.

London. Hurst & Blackett Great Marlborough Street.

Victoria into the Vale of Clydd. The view from the top of the hill was very beautiful, the flat vale filled with trees, and surrounded by an escarpment of cliffs, looked more verdant and park-like than anything I had seen. A wreath or two of smoke, curling into the air, showed that a few settlers lived among the trees, and two or three little white houses in the distance, proved to be the village of Hartley. The road was conducted down the hill with a gentle slope; a steep, blue-looking abyss yawns on the left of the road, and formerly, even some time after the country was settled, there was great difficulty in the ascent and descent; the bullock-waggons laden with wool being hauled up and let down with ropes.

I dined at the little village of Hartley, which possesses a neat church and a very fair inn, kept by a bustling Scotch-woman. In the evening, after a tedious ride, thirty-four miles from the Weatherboard, I stopped at Solitary Creek, a lonely looking house, well worthy of the name.

The next day I reached Bathurst. The plain in which this little town is built, is almost flat, and is covered with shaggy grass, but without a tree—a curious change, after passing through the interminable gum forest which clothes the mountains. Through the middle of the plain winds the Macquarie river, which, though it drains so extensive a country, is in the dry season little more than a line of water-holes; I saw it to advantage, as a strong rolling stream. It runs from Bathurst into the interior, forming one of the head waters of the Darling, which, after a long circuitous course, joins the Murray, and at Adelaide falls into the sea.

Bathurst is quite a new town, laid out with a large square and broad streets, but with few houses, and those of mean

appearance. The principal and most conspicuous building, as is often the case in this country, is the jail; but the town also boasts four churches, belonging respectively to the Established Church, the Roman Catholic, the Scotch, and a Dissenting body.

Starting early in the morning, I rode to Rock Forest, sixteen miles, to the sheep station of Mr. Green, to whom I had a letter of introduction. The country was all granite, diversified with small hills and valleys, many of them with never-failing rills of clear water trickling down. It is thinly covered with gum trees, just sufficient to shade the ground without affecting the pasture, and is therefore very favourable for sheep. I passed one large flock near the road, where the shepherd was sitting on a fallen tree with a book in his hand, and a black gauze veil over his face to keep off the flies. The flies which swarm in this country are a great nuisance, both to men and animals, and as a protection, persons on a journey generally put on a net veil, with large meshes.

On arriving at Rock Forest, I found Mr. Green at home, superintending his sheep-shearers; and, after going into his house, and being introduced to Mrs. Green, we adjourned to the sheep-sheds. He had ten men at work, but they appeared to me to do their work in a slovenly manner, for being paid by the number of sheep, they of course wished to do it as quickly as possible. In front of the house was a good garden, and the flowers seemed to thrive well, though the vines, when they had already flowered and had their fruit set, were so cut by the frost, that all the shoots died, and the crop for this year had been spoiled. Aloes grew luxuriantly.

After dinner I took a gun, and walked out to see what I could shoot, for the woods seemed full of parrots. An old setter joined me, and accompanied me the whole afternoon. He was very keen and devoted to the sport, so that he would often follow the mounted police when they came to the house, thinking that, as they carried carbines, they must be on a shooting expedition. I did not see so much game as I expected, but after a little manœuvring, shot one immense cockatoo—white, with a yellow crest, similar to those one so often sees caged in England. As he fell yelling to the ground, a number of his companions came screaming round, but I would not shoot another. About five couple of quail formed the rest of my bag.

The next day I walked down to another valley, where they were washing sheep, the little brook being dammed up for the purpose. I sat some time on the banks of the little stream, looking at its bed of granite pebbles, but with little idea of the mineral riches of this country, which lie bathing in its rivers. And this reminds me of a very curious circumstance. Going into a jeweller's in George Street, to have my watch repaired, I showed him a piece of Californian gold, which I had brought from the Sandwich Islands. "Oh," said he, "we have gold, too, in this country," and so he showed me one or two specimens that he said had been brought in by a shepherd. It was native gold on quartz crystals. He told me the shepherd's name, and said that he would take any one up there that liked. I asked him why he did not go. He answered that he was afraid, as he might be murdered. Not long afterwards gold was discovered, and I saw by the papers that a shepherd of the same name, and in the same part of the country, was the first discoverer.

On my return down the valley I shot three or four couple of quail, and saw several others. At some seasons great numbers may be met with, and a good shot may kill twenty brace and upwards in a day.

Mr. Green's house is the centre of a station, and round it, on the "run," are ten or twelve bark huts, each occupied by a shepherd and hut-keeper. The duty of the latter is to take care of the hut during the day, and to watch the sheep, and protect them from the native dogs at night. Both lead a very lonely life, and no one will follow it who is fit for any other employment. They are visited once a week, when their rations of meat, flour, tea, sugar, &c., are brought them. All of them drink a great deal of tea, and smoke in proportion. Each man makes tea for himself; and at the sheep washing I saw ten "quarts," as they call their tin pots, boiling altogether at the edge of the fire.

The wool is sent down to Sydney on bullock-waggons. It is a long time on the road, but as the men camp out in the bush every night, live on their rations, and turn out their oxen, it signifies but little whether the journey occupies a week or a fortnight.

The kangaroos, which formerly so abounded, are nearly all destroyed in this part of the country. Mr. Green told me some very curious particulars concerning them and the other marsupial animals. The young, when born, does not exceed two inches in length, and is a shapeless little lump of flesh, though with all its limbs formed. As soon as it is born it is placed by the mother, how is not known, in the pouch, and there adheres to the nipple, which swells in its mouth, until the animal is perfectly formed and able to go about. It then drops off the nipple, and may often be seen

jumping in and out of the pouch at pleasure. Most of the Australian animals are provided with this appendage, probably to enable them to carry their young long distances in search of water and pasture.

I set off on my return to Sydney by the same road, going the first day to Green Swamp, thirty-two miles, the second to Pulpit Hill, and the third to Paramatta, fifty-four miles, and the next morning, after a ride of fifteen more, reached Sydney. The horse was perfectly fresh when I arrived, and did not seem at all the worse for his journey.

Near the "Welcome Inn," I had overtaken an old fellow, who I knew by his accent was a Gloucestershire man, and found that he came from near Winchcomb. He praised the country, though he said he had been nearly at the top of the tree, and was now nearly at the bottom, and not from his fault, as some years ago prices had got up to an unnatural height, and then falling suddenly to almost nothing, every one who had invested money was utterly ruined.

I should have liked to extend my ride farther up the country, but the scenery is so monotonous, that there was little to be observed; and knowing that some ships were expected to sail soon for China, I was afraid to be long away from Sydney, lest they might set off during my absence. There are some very curious caves in the Wellington district, which are well worth seeing; but the most picturesque part of the country is Illawarra, to the south of Sydney, where palms, tree-ferns, and creepers, grow with great luxuriance, giving the forest almost a Brazilian aspect. Where cultivated, the soil is fertile, as it is not so burnt up or affected by the droughts and hot winds, which so much injure everything in Australia.

Among the productions of Australia must now be mentioned wine. Some of the best was given me to taste, and reminded me of very bad Rhine wine, but with time and practice it may be improved.

Sydney possesses a museum, but it contains few curiosities, if I except an immense fossil skull, which had been dug up in the colony just before my visit. It appeared to me exactly similar to the skull of a wombat, but of enormous dimensions. It would be a curious fact, if it could be proved, that in Australia there formerly existed a race of huge animals, with the same characteristics and forms as those which now inhabit that continent. To a stranger it always appears like a new and half-finished place, and one hardly expects to find such evidences of great antiquity about it. The *Moa dinornis*, the great extinct bird of New Zealand, is not fossil, and it is supposed that the last one has not long been dead; the genus, like the dodo, having been exterminated by the natives. Fragments of egg-shells have been found in some quantity in the detritus brought down by rivers; and the natives not only say that their fathers and grandfathers have often seen and killed them, but assert that some are still existing in the mountains. And it is reported, but I think without foundation, that an Englishman one day saw one, but was so frightened that he threw down his gun and ran away. In the museum were several specimens of that curious genus the *Apteryx*, which will probably, like its gigantic predecessor, soon be extinct in New Zealand.

I have already mentioned that the favourite bathing-place of Sydney is a little bay, running up to Wooloomooloo, where a hulk, fitted up with dressing-rooms, is much frequented by the upper classes. Lately, a man bathing here was

seized by a shark, and though not carried away, died afterwards from the effect of his wounds. Sharks have since been often seen in the harbour, as if they had now for the first time found their way in. The same thing happened in Botany Bay, where they are now plentiful, though none had been seen there before it was colonized.

Mosquitoes and other insects have made their appearance at new places in a similar manner, and the former, the pest of many cold as well as tropical countries, is said to have been introduced purposely into Tahiti. An American captain, having some pique against the natives, towed an old water-cask on shore, and left it there; and from this relic the mosquitoes soon came out, and have spread over the whole island.

I now began to think of my departure from Sydney, and found two or three ships about to sail, but, after some hesitation, decided to take passage in the 'Sarah Scott,' a bark of 380 tons, bound for Manilla, where she was to load with sugar for Sydney. There was a good deal of mystery I found about the trade in Sydney, and a brig, the 'Lady Margaret,' had sailed for Manilla privately and without a mail, a fortnight previously. I amused myself very well till the day of sailing, in sketching the beautiful views about the harbour of Sydney, but altogether Australia is but a poor country for one in search of the picturesque. An excellent artist named Martens, who lives on the north shore, is hardly appreciated in this matter-of-fact country as he ought to be. He is a very clever sketcher, and accompanied the expedition of the 'Adventure' and the 'Beagle.' He has published an excellent lithograph of Sydney from the north shore.

I went on board the 'Sarah Scott' on the evening of the 30th of November, as she was bound to sail the next morning. She was a comfortable old tub, but as we were unable, on account of the monsoon, to go the shortest route through Torres Strait, but were obliged to stretch right out to the eastward by New Caledonia and the New Hebrides, I did not expect a quick passage.

In the morning there was a fine breeze, and we got under weigh and stood down the harbour; but five of our men not having yet joined, we anchored again under Garden Island. Here I went on shore, and spent the day with my friend Mr. Riddell, feeling pretty sure, as I could see the ship from his garden, that she would not sail without me. In the evening I went once more on board, and found the men had all joined; but the next morning, though the pilot was waiting, we were delayed for the police officer, who had to search the ship. This is always a necessary operation on leaving a penal settlement, as convicts may be hidden on board. At length, the officer made his appearance, mustered all hands, searched the ship, and took his leave, wishing us a pleasant passage. "Set them to'gallant sails," shouted the pilot, and we stood down the harbour with a fine breeze. At the Heads we met a steamer coming in, and the pilot, whose task was now done, jumped into his whale-boat, in a hurry to get towed back to the town by the steamer.

We had now northerly winds for some time, and for the first week were still to the southward of Sydney, when we were becalmed. Soon afterwards, however, we had a fine strong breeze for several days, and our old bark rolled merrily along with all sail set. At 13° S. we got into the "Variables," heavy weather with tremendous squalls, and it

rained, as it rains nowhere but in the tropics, coming down in a perfect cataract. We were now off the northern end of the New Hebrides, or rather that part of the group which is sometimes called the Santa Cruz Islands, and it became very doubtful whether we should be able to weather the most northernmost island. According to the chart and Horsburg's Directory, we should do very well in our present course; but in a note, the latter said that Volcano Island, and three low ones beyond it, were laid down thirty miles too much to the westward, and in that case we should run right on to them. The weather seemed to get worse, and we were now under double-reefed topsails, foresail, and jib, and reefed mizen. In the evening (December 23rd) the squalls became heavier, the sea was very high, and the rain came down in a regular deluge. The foresail split into ribbons, and soon the fore-topsail went in the same way. These accidents, while they dispirited the crew, did not improve our position, and we had a long consultation over the chart and books, without coming to any satisfactory conclusion. In the night the old ship knocked about tremendously, and the wind and rain roared so that I could not sleep, while the heat, from the skylight and hatches being closed, was suffocating. About $3\frac{1}{2}$ A.M., after a heavier squall than usual, the captain gave orders to wear ship, and that being done, he went below to try and get a short nap; but had hardly reached the cabin, when the mate shouted out from the deck, "Land on the lee quarter." There it was harmless enough, but we rushed on deck, and saw a great black mountain looming through the haze, and its outline told us at once that it was Volcano Island. It was exactly the shape of a bell, spreading out at the base.

We passed on, and in another hour wore ship again, and weathered the isle. I was down below, though not asleep, when we passed it the second time; and the next morning was rather annoyed when the captain told me that flames had been seen on the summit, but that he did not tell me, thinking that as I had been up all night, I must then be asleep. But I would rather have lost a week's sleep than missed seeing the volcano in action.

It was daylight when we passed the three low islands, and Horsburg and the chart proved to be right, but the note wrong. A little further on, we fell in with the north-east monsoon, and went steadily forward, passing Shank's Island, and sailing through whole groups laid down in the chart, but sighting none, till we made the island of Guam, the chief of the Ladrone Islands, which we passed at seven miles distance.

The chief mate, Mr. Swanston, had made two voyages to Manilla, and had been wrecked on each occasion, the first time on the island itself, the second on London Shoal, in very bad weather. They took to their boats when the ship struck, and his boat and another got safely out to sea, but the captain and his were never seen again. They underwent great hardships, being exposed for nine days to the sun, with hardly anything to eat or drink, but at last got safely to one of the southern islands, Mindanao, and thence to Manilla.

We had on the whole a pleasant voyage, and though the routine on board these ships is very monotonous, I found plenty of employment, and the time passed very quickly.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MANILLA BAY—SPANISH COURTESY—THE MALAY POPULATION—THE RIVER—LUDICROUS ADVENTURE—LAKE OF BAIA—SANTA CRUZ—A MANILLA HOUSEHOLD—HOT SPRINGS—EXTINCT—CRATER—THE NATIONAL PASTIME—MANILLA CIGARS—MANUFACTURES—GRAND BALL—MALAY FUNERALS.

At daylight on January 10th we sighted one of the islands of Babuanes, part of a chain which runs out from the north end of the Philippine Islands towards Formosa. From their shape they all seemed to be extinct volcanoes, and in some the form of the crater was very perfect. Passing through the group, we steered to the southward, and during the two next days ran down the western coast of Luconia or Luzon. The third morning we were off the entrance of the Bay of Manilla.

A strong north-east wind was blowing out of the bay, and we had to beat against it for a long time, standing backwards and forwards the whole day, and passing the islands Corregidor, El Frayle, and La Monja again and again. The wind increased in the evening so much, that we were obliged

to reef topsails, and at last to anchor, for the 'Sarah Scott,' being very light, often missed stays in a strong breeze. On each side rose huge mountains, clothed with luxuriant forests nearly to their summits. Their shape, as well as the broken crags of the island of Corregidor, showed unmistakable marks of volcanic action, and it struck me, from their general appearance, that this island and the neighbouring rocks were the remains of a cone standing in a large crater. The next morning we weighed again, and the wind being more favourable, we cast anchor a little before noon off the town of Manilla.

The bay is very large, being one hundred miles in circumference, and the entrance is ten miles wide; so that in heavy gales, there is a tolerable sea inside, and the typhoons sometimes cause much damage among the shipping. The city is built on a plain, and being inclosed by fortifications, and without many conspicuous buildings, it makes but a poor appearance from the sea. The harbour was busy enough: a number of vessels, English, American and Spanish, were loading, and large barges, called "cascos," with picturesque mat sails, were carrying the cargoes alongside—sailing backwards and forwards from the ships to the shore. The mat sails, stretched on bamboos, and mat coverings over the boats, had a Chinese aspect.

Spanish officials, as all the world knows, never hurry themselves; and it was past two o'clock before we were "visited," as it is called, by the authorities. Then a gunboat, pulling twenty oars, came off, and the officers boarding us, told me that, as I was a stranger, and not going to stay long, I did not require a passport or even a permission of residence, but that I must get some known person to be

responsible for me during my stay in Manilla. They gave me a passage to the town in their boat, and I went directly to the American house of Russell and Sturgis, to which I had letters of introduction. The firm received me with great kindness, and immediately informed the captain of the port that they would be answerable for me, begging me, at the same time, to come and take up my quarters in their house during my stay in Manilla. I accepted the invitation, and returning on board the 'Sarah Scott' for the night, the next morning passed my things through the custom-house, and went to their house. I was most agreeably surprised to find how little trouble was made about me, as I had before heard that the Spaniards were so very strict, and that on entering Manilla, one had to conform to as many regulations as in Russia. The reverse, however, was the case, for at the cusom-house they neither landed nor examined anything. The officer just looked into the boat, and asked if I had anything except my personal luggage. I replied in the negative, and he then inquired if I had any fire-arms. I had only pistols, and he said that he supposed they were only for my own use, and making me a polite bow, ordered my boat to take me on.

The city of Manilla is situated on the southern bank of the river Pasig. It is strongly fortified, and surrounded on the land side by a ditch, the gates, as in most fortified towns, being shut every night. Few, except Spaniards, reside in the city; all the merchants, shopkeepers, and foreigners dwell in the suburbs on the north side of the river, a most busy and thickly populated place, contrasting strongly with the quiet and gloomy capital. The suburbs are larger than the city, and are the centre of all the trade.

The place is divided in every direction by canals, crowded with boats and cascos, reminding the European of Venice. The house of Russell and Sturgis, my hosts, was in the suburb of Binondo, and being on the bank of a canal, which led from the river into the town, had a water-gate on one side. The main gate led into the chief square. It was a very large house, and had probably been the residence of some Spanish grandee. The counting-house, stores, and stables were on the ground floor, and the dining-room and all the living apartments were on the second story, which was lighted by a long row of windows, glazed with a sort of semi-transparent shell, instead of glass. The streets, which are tolerably wide and well paved, are often thronged with people, and the costume being gaudy and parti-coloured, the town presents a very animated appearance. The shops are kept by Chinese or Indians, as the Malay population is generally called; but the Chinese, who are very numerous, are much more enterprising and industrious than the Malays, and not content with outdoing them in trade, often gamble with them, and, by their superior cleverness, manage to cheat them out of their hard-earned gains. The Malays look on them as intruders, who take the bread out of their mouths; and often when they meet a poor Chinaman in a secluded place, set on him and maltreat him, not unfrequently taking his life.

The Malays are not the original inhabitants of Luzon. It was formerly peopled by a black race, probably the same now found in Papua, or New Guinea. A few still exist in the mountainous parts of the island, living wild and unconquered. They are very black, and are called "Negritos." The Malays seem to have spread over all these islands, and

are evidently from the same stock as the people of Tahiti, the Sandwich Islands, and New Zealand, but are by no means so fine a race. The features, colour, and many of their customs are nearly the same, but they are very small, and altogether a very ugly people. Their looks are not improved by their practice of chewing the betel-nut, which stains the teeth and gums red. Their costume is curious and picturesque. The men wear a broad hat, shaped something like a parasol, with a little silver ornament, often a cock on the top of it, and sometimes a silver rim—it serves for both hat and umbrella. A fine shirt, often of piña cloth, with broad stripes, and highly ornamented with open work and embroidery, falls over a pair of trowsers striped with some gaudy colours. A good Malay shirt sometimes costs fifteen or twenty dollars. The costume of the women is peculiar, but not unbecoming. They wear a petticoat of red and yellow, or some gaudy-coloured cloth, striped like a Tartan, and wrapped round the waist a blue striped stuff, like the Panho da Costa of the negresses of Brazil, and over the body a short chemisette and jacket of piña cloth, relieved by a collar. They either have their hair drawn off the forehead *à la Chinoise*, and rolled up on the back of the head, or leave it all hanging loose down the back, but crowned with a gay comb. They wear no stockings, but a small pointed slipper, thickly embroidered with silver, always too small for the foot, and the little toe is left uncovered.

As the sun was very powerful during the day, we generally took a drive early in the morning, starting before it was light. The environs of the town were flat, and traversed by very fine roads, and the light American carriages which we used, could go anywhere. The country is highly cultivated, princi-

pally as rice-ground, laid out in squares, and in some parts it is very pretty, being ornamented with clusters of bamboos, shooting up to the height of sixty feet or more, in the shape of large plumes of ostrich feathers. The village and outskirts of the town are very picturesque, and afford good subjects for a sketcher; the houses, which are generally placed on posts, being made of mat and latticed cane-work, thatched with rushes, sloping into overhanging eaves.

In the middle of the day, as most of the Americans and English were busy, I generally took a "banca" with two men, and rowed up the river, well protected by the awning, as in a gondola at Venice. The Pasig is a fine large stream, draining the Laguna de Baia, and running into the sea through the town of Manilla. On its banks, above the town, are some charming spots—old houses, built by the Spaniards, with balustraded terraces over the water, approached by stone steps and porches, and round them a rich display of tropical vegetation—bamboo, banana, areca nut, and others. In front of one building was a very fine spreading bread-fruit tree. Everything here, however, except the vegetable world, seemed in a state of decay.

The river was full of boats of different descriptions, some large double barges lashed together, and carrying huge blocks of building-stone, others fast "bancas," very narrow light canoes, paddled by three men, which bring fish from the lake every morning. Fresh grass is also brought down in this way, and even fresh water, canoes being filled up the river, to the water's edge, and then floated down into the town. A pointed paddle is generally used in the canoes, but the larger boats and "cascos" are pushed up the river with poles, being furnished with a narrow platform of bam-

boos outside the boat, on which the crew walk up and down.

I always started on these excursions with the intention of sketching a good deal; but the heat of the weather made me excessively indolent, and I lay in the banca admiring everything, and doing nothing. By the time I had finished an outline sketch, I was generally quite exhausted, and had not spirit to go on. There was a long narrow passage branching off from the river, called from its windings "Tripa de Galliña," where the grouping of houses and trees was particularly pretty. At the point where it joined the river again, was a sort of toll-house—a fragile-looking, thatched building on poles, overshadowed by a lofty plume of bamboo. Every boat, I believe, in descending the river, had to pay toll here, and there was always a crowd off the steps, disputing and quarrelling. A little below were some refreshment-houses, overhanging the river, where all sorts of boatman's fare were sold to the passers-by.

The Malays of Manilla are all cock-fighters; every cottage has two or three cocks tethered out of reach of one another, at the doors. Early in the morning they cast them loose play with them, and let them have a set-to for a minute or two, just to prove their courage. The number kept in the town is enormous. One very hot night I could not sleep, so knowing the cascos in the canal below, and the houses opposite, were all well stocked with fighting-cocks, I put my head out of the window, and crowed two or three times as loud as I could. My challenge was taken up immediately, and carried on from house to house and street to street, till the whole neighbourhood was in an uproar, from the crowing of numberless cocks, sounding quite away in the distance.

It was easy enough to set them off, but nothing could stop them, and they kept on at it for some time.

On the Saturday we all went from Russell and Sturgis' residence, to a village about eight miles distant, called Mariquiña, where they had a sort of country-house. In the hot weather some of the firm often drive down there in the evening to sleep, coming back early the next morning. A short distance from the town we crossed a river fringed with bamboos, which looked excessively pretty. At length we reached Mariquiña, a large open house, formerly a monastery, or some religious institution. It had a small chapel, opening out of the large hall, but it was now profanely used as a pantry, and the dishes were placed on the altar, over which was a very bad picture of the Virgin. The country round was flat but interesting, and about half a mile further on was a river, enframed as usual with bamboos. I walked some way along its banks, and met a good many natives, each with a fighting-cock under his arm. In one place the scene was exceedingly pretty. The dark-green river ran very deep, and the farther bank was fringed with clumps of bamboos, of the most elegant form, and about sixty feet high. A fragile bridge of lattice-work canes supported on posts, spanned the water, in which a number of buffaloes were bathing, under the superintendence of two little Malay boys. The buffalo, strange to say, is very docile to the natives, but has an unconquerable antipathy to white men. Directly they came near me they evinced the greatest alarm, and were half inclined to run at me. They are very strong, and well fitted for field labour, particularly in the rice-fields, but require to be constantly taken to the water and bathed in hot weather.

Manilla is famous for little white dogs, a sort of diminutive

poodle, prettier than the Maltese dogs. They are very tractable, and are taught to sit on the arms of arm-chairs and beg, and do many other tricks; but are very delicate, and will not stand a cold climate.

Wishing to make an excursion into the interior, and see some of the country round the lake of Baia, a young man named Ker, also a new-comer, agreed to accompany me on a tour of seven or eight days. Having provided ourselves with passports, we hired a canoe and five men; and taking with us mattresses, a canteen, cooking utensils and provisions, on the 4th of February we set out (after sending the canoe on to a village called Santa Anna, some way up the river) in a carriage, and drove to the place where we were to embark. It was sunset before we cast off from the shore, and we proceeded up the river in the dark, but having comfortable mattresses to lie on, were soon fast asleep. I awoke just as we entered the lake at Pasig, among groups of clustering bamboos. It was a charming picture. The moon was rising over the hills, the outline of which I could just make out; the lake was as smooth as glass, reflecting everything like a mirror, and the stars looked like drops of silver.

I awoke again at 2 A.M., hearing great splashing of water and roaring of wind. Every one was now asleep, and our canoe had been pushed into a little inlet among some rocks and bushes, under shelter of the land. Here we were forced to wait some hours, as the canoes will not stand any sea. Towards morning the wind lulled, and proceeding on our way, at six we reached the village of Jalajala, where we were to spend the day at a sugar-plantation, belonging to a Frenchman. Monsieur Vidi was not at home when we

arrived; but a letter from him awaited us (for he knew we were coming), desiring us to make ourselves quite at our ease, and that he would join us in the afternoon. We bathed in the lake; and on returning, found the table spread with a good breakfast, to which we did full justice, and then took a short walk in the village. There was nothing to see, however, but sugar-mills and buffaloes.

Jalajala is situated on the neck of a peninsula, which runs a long way out into the lake; so we sent our canoe round to wait for us on the other side of the ridge, intending to ride across the hills, and join it the next morning. In the afternoon M. Vidi walked in, dressed like a Malay, with a blue shirt over his trowsers, and an umbrella-hat on, so that we did not know him till he addressed us in French, and told us who he was. He provided us with everything we wanted, and ordered horses for us the next morning.

We were up early, and by the time the sun rose were half-way over the hills, which divide one part of the lake from the other. The path led through pretty scenery, dense forests looking down on the lake on both sides, and the flat country below was covered with a luxuriant crop of sugar-cane. We were glad to find our canoe waiting for us at the appointed place; and embarking, we coasted along for some distance. The bamboos grew along the flat shore quite in the lake, and amidst them were herds of buffaloes, washing and floundering about in the shallow water. At nine o'clock we arrived at a large village called Santa Cruz, built at the mouth of a river which here runs into the lake; and making fast our canoe, we pushed through a gaping crowd to the Government House (the Casa Reale) of the village, to go through the form of presenting our pass-

ports. The Gobernadorcillo, a fat jolly-looking Indian, was dispensing justice at the head of a long table, while the lower end of the room was full of Indians, waiting their turn for a hearing; but on the appearance of two such illustrious personages as ourselves, all gave way, and we were beckoned up to the table, and treated with great consideration. Tagala is the common language of the country, and most of the poorer classes have but a smattering of Spanish; but the chief men spoke it very well.

Our passports being examined and found in order, the Gobernadorcillo offered us any assistance in his power; but we had already hired horses, and so, with many polite speeches, took our leave. Mounting our steeds, which were about the size of donkeys, and wretchedly poor, we rode off to Pagsinan, a distance of about three miles. The ponies went pretty well; but the saddles were infamous, and the animals had no bits in their mouths, only string halters tied round their heads. Running away, however, was the last thing the poor brutes would have thought of. The road, winding through groves of cocoa-nut trees, with here and there a cottage embosomed in bamboos and bananas, was exceedingly interesting.

On arriving at the village of Pagsinan, we went first to the house of Don Antonia Reyes, the commissary of wines, a person whom we had met at Jalajala having given us a letter of introduction to him. The Don was not at home; but we were received by his major-domo, an old Spaniard, who came and talked to us as we sat in the entrance of the house. He looked with great disdain on the Malays, Los Indios, as he called them, and seemed to consider us as his countrymen. After regaling us with some gin and water,

he took us out, and introduced us to the Alcalde, who was very polite, and ordered a boat for us to go up the river, inviting us to come and dine with him when we returned. The canoe being ready, we started on the river; and for some distance, the scenery was very beautiful, both banks being shaded with bamboos, which overhung the water in graceful clusters.

Still ascending the river, we came to some rapids, when the boatmen said that they could go no further; but seeing a steep wooded hill in front, and thinking that the scenery must be prettier beyond, I persuaded them, with the help of the usual resource in such cases, to push the canoe up the rapids; and at the next turn came in sight of one of the finest gorges I ever saw. The mountain seemed to have been split down by a narrow fissure, through which the river ran deep and calm, while on each side rose the perpendicular crags, and, above, the trees nearly met over the chasm. The sun's rays, broken by the foliage, seemed to fill the gorge with a subdued green light, very pleasant after the glare of a tropical sky. We entered the chasm in our canoe, and went up till the river got very narrow, and rocks in the water prevented the outriggers of the canoe from passing. The cliffs nearly touched over our heads, and the Indians refused to go further, urging that it was dangerous, as stones often fell from the top. I much regretted being obliged to return, for I should like to have learnt what was the termination of this strange channel.

At Pagsinan, before dining with the Alcalde, we ascended a hill at the back of the town, to get a view of the surrounding country. The prospect was well worth seeing; all around, on the flat land, were thick groves of cocoa-nuts

LIBRARY
OF THE
MUSEUM
OF
COMP. ZOOL.

C. F. del et lith

Hullmandel & Walton Lithog

PAGSINAN RIVER

growing very luxuriantly; beyond, on one side, were the mountains clothed with wood, on the other was the lake. The cocoa-nuts are cultivated here for the oil, of which a great deal is made. It is clean and clear, and, instead of a candle, a tumbler of cocoa-nut oil, with a wick floating on it, is always used. In the evening we mounted our ponies, and rode back to Santa Cruz, where we slept on our own mattresses at the Casa Reale.

We left Santa Cruz early in the morning, on horseback, for a place called Pita, sending on our canoe, with all our things, to await us at Baia. Changing horses at Pita, we set off, in company with an armed soldier, for Calawan, to the house of Don Inigo, the owner of a large sugar plantation and a cotton factory, to whom we had a letter. The factory, which was in full work, was fitted with English machinery, and all were anxious to show it to us; but as it presented no new features, we got out as soon as we could and walked into the forest, which approached close to the back of the building. It was composed of fine trees, enlivened by the brawling stream, which, lower down, worked the cotton mill; but it was not near so thick and tangled as the forests of Brazil, and did not appear to contain such a variety of trees.

I found one or two of the large land shells here for which the Philippine Islands have become noted among naturalists. It was in these islands that the famous conchologist, Cumming, collected so many of his finest specimens; but there are few people who have such enterprise and love of natural history as to induce them to emulate his researches. On inquiry, I found that Mr. Cumming was still remembered here. The eggs laid by these snails are as large

as wren's eggs. The species found in Brazil lay eggs nearly as large as those of the sparrow. This snail, which may often be bought in the markets of Bahia in that country, is eaten by the blacks, and I believe is very good. I should like to have spent a longer time in this beautiful forest, but we were obliged to go to Baia that evening, so mounting again, we resumed our journey. The evening was very fine, and as the sun in setting, cast a blue shade over the plain, the mountains with their rich woods were tinged with golden light. It was nearly dark by the time we reached Baia, but one of our boatmen, who was waiting for us at the bridge, showed us our canoe made fast just below.

Baia, like all the other villages, has an old-looking church, a collection of cane houses on posts, and a river or creek running down to the lake. The creek, overhung with bamboos or bananas, and studded with cane-covered cascos, moored to the shore, was, as usual, very picturesque. Our boatman found us a house to sleep in, so we took our mattresses and valuables there. The houses and people were generally clean, and all seemed glad to see us, though they always looked out for a "buono mano."

We were on board early in the morning, and paddling our canoe down the creek into the lake, set sail, and ran along the shore with a fair wind to Los Baños. At Los Baños we landed for breakfast, remaining there about an hour. The hot baths here, close to the edge of the lake, are considered to be very efficacious in the cure of some disorders. Little stone houses, like sentry-boxes, were built at the chief springs, with an open platform over the water, and appeared to be used as vapour baths. The water was nearly at a boiling heat, and our men cooked our breakfast in it. The

baths are not much frequented, and all the buildings seem in a ruinous state.

Leaving this place, we ran before the wind for about half-an-hour, and then landed at the foot of a small hill running out like a promontory into the lake, and evidently an extinct volcano, the crater of which forms the basin of a deep lake, called the Laguna de Socol. I had been recommended to visit it by an American, who had furnished me with a short account of the chief points of attraction on my tour; and landing, we forced our way with some difficulty up the hill, the underwood being thick and matted with canes. On arriving at the top, we looked through the bushes into the crater, now a perfectly circular glassy lake, surrounded by trees, all reflected in the water. It appeared to be at the same level as the lake outside, but had no outlet. Whilst we were admiring the beauty of the scene, a great alligator threw itself off the bank, and numbers of birds, ducks, cormorants, &c., flew screaming overhead, disturbed by our voices. A quantity of brown birds, looking like hen-pheasants without tails, kept flying about in rather an odd way, till at last one coming near, we found they were huge bats. Several large alligators were swimming slowly about, and one seemed to be making for us, which, as the path was surrounded by thick bushes, and they could crawl up to us without being seen, was not a very pleasant prospect. So we walked round the lake with a pistol ready in hand, in case of need, but were not molested by anything, and having satisfied our curiosity, we returned to the canoe.

The wind was blowing fresh, but we shoved off and hoisted the sail, though we soon found that the wind was not to be braved with impunity, and that the best

thing we could do, was to run for the river. There was a sort of bar at the mouth of the river, and a rolling surf, but we dashed through it, and got safely into smooth water; then, making our canoe fast, and spreading our mattresses out to dry, we sat down under a tuft of bamboos, and ate our frugal dinner. Our boatmen, in the meantime, went to the village at the bar, and we then found that the town of Calamba was two miles inland. Mr. Ker, the friend who accompanied me, wished to get back to Manilla, as, being a new comer, Mr. Russell, the head of his firm, intended to give a dinner next day, to introduce him to the merchants of Manilla, and he had asked me to be of the party. We were really not very far off, but if the wind continued as strong as it was now blowing, there would be no possibility of getting back.

We were up early the next morning, but soon found the truth of the proverb, "Por mucho que vmd madruga, no amenece man temprano," for all sorts of delays arose. At last, Ker and I started on foot for Calamba, two miles off, to procure horses to proceed on our journey. We went immediately to the Casa Reale, and after some trouble, and a great deal of civility, succeeded in obtaining two, and rode off to Binyan. At Binyan the Gobernadorcillo received us politely, and brought out bread and cheese, a bottle of beer and cigars, but was not so prompt at ordering horses for us. He told us, moreover, that the roads were very dangerous, and that, as many marauders were out, it would be unsafe to go without an escort. Having pistols in my belt, however, I was ready to take my chance, and after a great deal of evasion on the part of our host, we were becoming rather peremptory, when we were joined by the brother of the Gobernador-

cillo, who said that he had a casco (a large sailing-barge) ready at the mouth of the river, and if we liked, it should, for a reasonable sum, take us to Pasig, where we could get another banca, and so go down the river to Manilla much faster than we could by land.

After bargaining for some time to escape an exorbitant charge, we finally made an agreement for the boat, and walking down to the bar, went on board with the crew in a bullock-cart instead of a boat, hoisted the great mat sails, and dashed along for Pasig. It was nearly sunset when we arrived at the head of the river, and we then saw that there was no chance of our being in time for Mr. Russell's party.

Resolved, however, to do our best, we hired a good banca, and by dint of bribes and persuasion, induced the crew to take us down the river at their utmost speed. The scenery, as we passed along, was exceedingly pretty, if we had had time to admire it. The water was perfectly smooth, and overhung with clusters of bamboos, while the Malay houses, with the rush thatch and wide eaves, stood close to the banks, and the warm glow of a tropical sunset shed a soft light over the whole. Every now and then, a canoe, freighted with a party of natives in their bright-coloured dresses, darted past, and disappeared among the trees, giving a singular animation to the scene. Our men, meanwhile, plied their paddles virgorously, and we shot past reach after reach without stopping. At the village of Pasig are a great number of "pativas" or duck establishments, where hundreds of ducks are kept in little enclosures of bamboo running down the river, which, however, they are only permitted to enter at certain times, and then are all

driven back to their houses. They are hatched in a sort of hot-bed, by artificial heat.

We arrived at Manilla at last, and passing by Mr. Russell's house about two hours after the appointed time, we saw his open windows pouring forth a flood of light, while shouts and songs proclaimed the festivity within. Ker landed, in great haste, at the water-gate of the house, and I went on, making my way home by the private canal.

The national amusement of cock-fighting, which is so popular at Manilla, has few attractions for an Englishman; but as a traveller, I felt bound to see everything, and so one Sunday—for on that day the great fights always come off—I proceeded to the pit. The Teatro de Gallos, as it is called, is a large, square building raised on posts, roofed with a broad thatch of rushes. Below, it is open, and in the roof are several skylights, admitting abundance of light. A large platform, about three feet high, surrounded by open railings, rises in the middle of the area. The spectators were nearly all Malays, the better sort sitting in an open gallery which ran round the building above the platform; and here we also took our seats, while the poorer visitors gathered round the platform below, and in their gay costumes formed no uninteresting assemblage. No one was admitted in the inclosure but the backers, the registrars of the bets, and the judge, who, seated on a chair in the midst, overlooked the whole. I do not know how the betting was arranged, as the men in the gallery, when they made a venture, threw their money down into the pit, just mentioning the cock. The betting was very spirited, and it was strange to see poor-looking Malays, throw down half-an-ounce, or ten dollars, with the greatest nonchalance, though the settling,

which took place at the end of every fight, was always attended with a good deal of disputing. The cocks were much like our English ones, black and grey, black and red, and were of no particular breed or size. They were untrimmed in their tails and hackles, but were armed with sharp steel spurs; and one was sometimes killed at the first fly. During the fight, nearly every one watched it intently and in silence, and the entire proceedings, the betting excepted, were very orderly. On our going out, the check-taker at the door made a low bow, and presented us with tickets, so that we might return if we chose, but for the Malay visitors, he had a stamp dipped in ink, which he just impressed on their naked arms, thus giving them a check "not transferable."

Another of the sights of Manilla is the cigar manufactory, a large building in the suburb of Binondo, belonging to the Government. It is built round a square, and the upper story consists of long rooms, in which the well-known Manilla cheroots are made. The manufacture employs about nine thousand women, who are seated in parties of ten or twelve, round small tables piled with tobacco, which they hammer smooth with a stone, and the noise of their hammering, and the clack of their tongues, all at work together, is frightful. As a woman can make nearly two hundred cigars in a day, the quantity turned out from this establishment is enormous. The cigars are nearly all of the same quality, and are sold in Manilla, at the "estancos," at eight dollars per thousand—a low price, for the tobacco cannot be surpassed.

Another establishment at Manilla manufactures paper cigars, employing in the preparation about three thousand men. The paper cigars are chiefly smoked by men, women prefer the "puros," the largest they can get. The women

come out of the Binondo manufactory twice a day, and the streets are then quite thronged. They are, with hardly an exception, very ugly, but dress well, and have fine black hair, which, flowing loosely down over the shoulders, gives them rather a picturesque appearance, though it reminds one too forcibly of the lady represented on the labels of the Macassar oil bottle.

The cordage, so well known as Manilla rope, is made near the city. The demand for this commodity is increasing, and is principally exported to the United States. Though called "hemp," that plant is not used in its manufacture, the cordage being made from the stem of a species of banana or plaintain (*Musa textilis*), a coarser sort than the edible (*M. paradisaica*), and bearing smaller fruit. The coarsest thread is made of the outer, the finer of the innermost parts of the stem. The beautiful stuff manufactured from the fibre of the pine-apple (*Bromelia*), called piña-cloth, is like the very finest cambric, but has a yellow tinge which increases with age and washing. At the time of my visit to the island, it was said that a dress of this material was making for our Queen, which would cost £500. Some very elegant specimens, both of the stuff and the produce, were sent to the Great Exhibition. The ladies' handkerchiefs of piña-cloth, embroidered, are very pretty and very cheap. Large quantities of stiff, coarse, grass cloth is also manufactured here, and sent to Europe, where it is used for ladies' bustles. The hats and cigar-cases of grass are pretty, but not equal to those of Guayaquil, though much cheaper.

Before I left Manilla, I went to a fancy-ball given in the casino, a sort of club-house, frequented by the *élite* of the place. There was a tolerable sprinkling of fancy dresses

among the ladies, but the gentlemen, *en costume*, only mustered one or two Greeks, a Highlander, and two or three in the handsome Majo dress of Andalucia. I appeared in the Gaucho costume—ponchos, canzoncilla, straw-hat encircled with a red ribbon, and the motto of Rosas in my button-hole. This dress created no little sensation; the Spaniards, though they saw that the dress smacked strongly of Spanish, not being able to make me out. Murmurs of "Quien es? quien es? Que trage bonita!" passed from one to another, and it was some time before their curiosity was satisfied. The room was a good one, and had the carpet down, which I found was the custom here. A platform at the end was furnished like a Chinese house; and a Chinese band, with its barbarous instruments, amused us with its performances between the dances. Smoking was allowed in every apartment, except the ball-room. The governor of Manilla was present; and for this night the gates of the city, generally shut at eleven o'clock, were kept open for the convenience of visitors from the suburbs.

I have already mentioned the land-shells of Manilla; but they are far surpassed in size by those of the adjacent sea. An old resident, Mr. Butler, showed me some enormous sea-shells, one of which, a bivalve, the *Clamys gigas*, weighed 22 arrobas, or 550 pounds, without the fish. One had been brought to England, weighing 560 pounds, and measured 3 feet 2 inches in length, 2 feet 2 inches in breadth, and 2 feet 1 inch in height, and was probably the same shell I had seen. An officer, who had been surveying the Sooloo Archipelago, said the shells were so large, that his whole boat's crew were required to lift one into the boat. Another officer told me that a man belonging to the 'Fly' had had

his foot bitten off by one of these gigantic shell-fish. It is said that they will bite a hempen cable in two, if it falls across their shells; and considering the great power that a cockle or oyster has in closing its shell, their strength must be enormous.

Manilla boasts a Spanish theatre, and another where plays are acted in the Tagala tongue—the language of the lower orders. One evening, after a feast day, we went to some parties given by the Malay tradesmen. The houses were illuminated, and paper lanterns were hung out in the streets. The rooms were cleared for dancing, but that went on but slowly, and the supper tables seemed to have more attractions for the company. One of the delicacies was *beche-la-mar* soup, which I tasted for the first time. The flavour was not disagreeable, though the soup is made from a disgusting-looking animal, a sort of sea-slug.

We returned home about eleven o'clock, at which hour the Chinese population were still hard at work, the shoe-makers hammering away in their open shops, just as they had been all day. The Chinese indeed are most industrious people, and, by working early and late, make a great deal of money here. There are great numbers both in Manilla and Java; but when they have amassed a little wealth, they always return to China with their gains. They keep a good many feast-days in the month of February, but at other times they work all the week round. On feast-days they hire large canoes and go down the river, where, lolling under the mat-awnings, and hanging their legs over the side of the canoe, they amuse themselves by cutting jokes on the passers-by.

The Malays, as I have before mentioned, are very fond of

music, and pretty good performers. They even have music at their funerals, and a large band accompanies the procession through the streets. During my stay at Manilla, there was a great mortality among the children, and some were buried every day. One day I met four little boys running along, laughing and swinging a basket between them, and to my surprise discovered that the basket contained a dead child, strewn over with flowers. I saw another dead child interred with more ceremony. The procession was headed by a brass band, preceding a sort of platform ornamented with ribbons and flowers, carried on the shoulders of several men, and surmounted by a canopy, beneath which the dead child was seated on a wooden horse, its back supported by a piece of wood, while its head swung about on each side. The spectacle, which struck me with horror, seemed very attractive to the crowded population in the streets.

In the evening we generally took a drive along the paseo, or prado, which was well attended, the equipages being both numerous and handsome. Postillions are generally used; and it is the custom never to tell the postillion where you are going, but at each turn to call out to him "silla," for saddle-horse, or "mano" for hand-horse, according to the direction which he is to follow. We were always obliged to be rather careful in driving in the evening, as thieves would sometimes get up behind the carriage, and cut away the leather from the head, which they use to make shoes of.

One day I was much amused at an auction, where, as I walked past the open windows of the house, I heard the auctioneer pronouncing Spanish in the most extraordinary way, as "a dos rīales," "a dos rīales," "grasias," &c.; and looking

in, I found that the knight of the hammer was an Englishman from Sydney; who had set up here as an auctioneer, with the apparent disadvantage of knowing very little of the language. But he told me, on my speaking to him, that this had quite a contrary effect, observing: "They understands me well enough, and it makes 'em laugh, and then they bids."

At length I began to inquire if any ship was about to sail for China, and heard that a fine Spanish brig, the 'Dos Hermanos,' was soon to start for Hong Kong. I saw the captain (Flores), and arranged for my passage; and on the 14th of February I bade farewell to my kind friends the Americans, and took my luggage off in a banca, and went on board. There was a nice breeze, and the captain immediately got under weigh. We passed near the 'Sarah Scott,' her great black hull now deep in the water, though she was still taking in sugar from two or three cascos lying alongside, and we soon left her far behind.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN EQUESTRIAN TROOP AT SEA—HONG KONG—ESTABLISHMENTS OF ENGLISH MERCHANTS—CHINESE ARTISTS—PIRATICAL JUNKS—INDUSTRY OF THE CHINESE—CHINESE KITES.

THE 'Dos Hermanos,' was a fine brig of about 230 tons. The captain and mate were Spaniards, and the rest of the crew, about eighteen hands, Manilla men, pretty good sailors, but not equal to much work, and very spiritless, particularly in cold weather. The cook, as is generally the case with vessels in these seas, was a Chinese.

I found that I was not the only passenger by the 'Dos Hermanos.' A Frenchman, named Kennebel, with his wife —a young Irishwoman—and two children, and his assistant, Groinet, were my companions for the voyage. They were the relics of a large troop of equestrian performers, who had left France about five years before, and had been travelling about and exhibiting in various places, having traversed India, and performed for three months in Manilla, and were

now going to try their fortune at Hong Kong. They had not succeeded well in Manilla, and came away with a great dislike to the country and its inhabitants. The stud, which was on deck, consisted of three French and two Sydney horses, and four ponies. The sea was smooth the first day, and they got on pretty well; but on the second, when we beat up the west coast of Luzon, the breeze freshened, the sea got up, and then a tremendous confusion began. Battens were nailed on the deck, to give the horses foothold, but it soon got wet with the spray and slippery, and then the animals began tumbling about, and falling down every time the ship lurched. First fell Le Blanc, then La Grande Caroline, then, as soon as they were lifted up, the ship rolled again, and down went Junot and Sauvage, the ponies. Poor M. Kennebel, and his assistant, Groinet, were up half the night, lifting them up as they fell; and had the weather continued bad, I believe they would all have died. But the next morning was fine, and Frenchman-like, the equestrian seemed quite to forget his troubles. For a time he threw up his child in the air, and caught him in his arms, whirled him round his head, and called him a "monstre infidèle et cochon," and appeared in the highest spirits. When, however, we got a little beyond Cape Engaño, and felt the open sea, all the row was renewed. At night, after working for a long time, he went below to get a little rest, but Groinet soon roused him up again: "Kennebel! Kennebel!" "Le quel est tombé?" asked he. "O mon dieu! ils sont toutes tombés," was the disheartening response from the deck. The horses became gradually weaker; but on the sixth morning (not a short passage) we were off the entrance of Hong Kong, and seeing some fishing-boats near, we backed

our foretopsail, till one of them bore down upon us. The boat came near, and then two men threw a little dingey overboard, jumped into it and paddled to us. One took charge of the vessel, and piloted us in: the other returned to his little craft.

The coast about Hong Kong is bold and mountainous, and the entrance resembles that of a Norwegian fjörd. The great barren hills at first struck me with astonishment, my imagination having pictured the coast of China as tolerably flat and highly fertile; but around I could not see a trace of cultivation. Here and there a cottage was squeezed in among the rocks, and a few boats with mat sails, were lurking about; but in other respects, all seemed dull and sterile. The scene, however, was very picturesque, the mountains, though not high, being of good form and fine colour; and the landscape became more animated as we ran up and cast anchor among the shipping off the town of Hong Kong.

Hong Kong is no more China than Gibraltar is Spain; but like the European rock, is a sort of oasis of English houses and customs in the midst of semi-barbarism. It is built like Gibraltar at the foot of a steep rock, and has a corresponding ill name for being hot and unhealthy, though the cause, I believe, has not yet been ascertained. The whole island is steep, but intersected by little valleys, with streams of good water dashing down among the rocks. There are no forests; and the only piece of marshy ground has been thoroughly drained, and turned into a race-course. It is called the Happy Valley by the Chinese; and Hong Kong, in their flowery language, signifies "the island of clear streamlets." The sun has great power, so that it is quite

unsafe to be exposed to it long without an umbrella; and it is thought that the exhalations from the granite rocks, which get tremendously heated in summer, have a baneful effect on the climate. The soldiers and sailors destroy their constitutions by drinking the spirits sold by the Chinese, a villainous compound, called *samshu*.

Hong Kong appears to have been built very quickly; and the merchants, vying with each other in the size and splendour of their establishments, have, to some extent, overdone it, and injured themselves. The expectation that the place would become the centre of the English commerce has not been fulfilled, the trade still remaining at Canton, as it is easier and safer to bring the tea there, and then send it to the ships at Whampoa, than to bring it down to Hong Kong.

The town consists of two main horizontal streets, crossed by several others running up the hill. Many of the large houses have fine gardens, and good collections of flowers. At East Point, Jardine and Mathieson have an enormous establishment; a large dwelling-house on the hill for the senior partners; another still larger for the junior clerks, offices, and spacious warehouses; while in front are moored store-ships and several pleasure-yachts, with a whole fleet of boats. Behind, a Chinese village has sprung up, as a dependency of the house. A fine quay, and a patent slip for vessels, gives every facility for landing and repairs. The firm own a good many ships, some of which, engaged in the opium trade, are fine clippers.

At West Point, at the other end of the town, one of the most unhealthy stations, are the ordnance-stores. The guard there was kept by the Ceylon Rifles, who were supposed

R.E. del. et lith.

Hullmandel & Walton . Imp

HONG KONG

London. Hurst & Blackett. Great Marlborough Street.

to stand the climate better than the English. The barracks are lofty and well-ventilated; but I cannot help thinking that the English plan of laying out a town in a hot climate, with broad streets, to allow "a free circulation of air," is a mistake, as it lets in the sun so much, that the whole place becomes like an oven. An oriental town, with its over-hanging houses, is pleasantly shaded and comparatively cool, the glare, as well as the heat, being kept out; but we always seem to have the fear of damp and cold hanging about us, and carry this feeling into the tropics.

The lower part of the town is inhabited by the Chinese, who stick to their own dress and customs, and adorn their shops with variegated signs and paper lanterns. They flock to Hong Kong in great numbers, as they obtain here better pay, and a better market for their labour. Many who trade with the English have adopted English names and signs, and one is surprised to find "Hoby, boot-maker," in an open shop, surrounded by long-tailed workmen; "Buck-master, tailor," and "Wangtung, Hydrographer to the Admiralty;" "Chingkong, portrait-painter, up-stairs." They are admirable chart-copiers, and make an exact imitation of a printed chart, though, as the workmen do not understand what they are writing, they sometimes put down "High Teak" instead of "High Peak," and always finish by copying exactly, "Printed and published by Arrowsmith, London," &c. They are very fair portrait-painters, some of them having had lessons from Englishmen, and they use their palette, easel, and canvas "all English fashion." They copy daguerreotypes, and colour them very well, having a fair idea of colours; but they fail most in their landscapes, giving them neither effect nor distance. The conversation of the shopkeepers is ex-

traordinary, and is always carried on in a sort of broken English, with a Chinese construction and idiom. Many of the words being but very distant approximations to English, and terminated in a Chinese way, it becomes difficult enough for a new-comer to understand them; yet this patois is always spoken to the Chinese by the English residents, and is even taught as a language in Canton.

The Chinese are not bad architects, and, with the aid of a plan, build a house quite in the European style. At the time of my visiting Hong Kong, they were at work at the cathedral, which bade fair to be a handsome and substantial building. The tower was now covered with scaffolding, which extended from the hill behind the cathedral, approaching the tower by an inclined plane; not built like ours, of large rough poles, but of small ones, crossed in the most perfect order, and tied together with smaller bamboos, forming a beautiful net-work over the whole building.

Another principal structure is Government House, a pleasant comfortable-looking abode, with a garden running down to the sea. I went to a ball there, which was on a grand scale, but displayed a great preponderance of uniforms, and a sad lack of the fair sex. There were, I think, but two unmarried ones present, and one of those was engaged.

The hills at the back of the town are very bare, and quite devoid of trees. There are some scrubby pines about the banks, and a few trees in the valleys, the best in the race-course. At the entrance to this valley, and close to the road, is a granite obelisk, erected by Captain Talbot and the officers of the 'Vestal' to the memory of their shipmates, who died in great numbers when on this station. From the hills around are beautiful views of the harbour and

surrounding mountains and islands; and here I made a number of sketches. The Chinese junks, with their mat sails and high sterns, are very picturesque, as are also the harbour-boats, which swarm about the quays and landing-places. The harbour is good and secure; it is almost land-locked; but the typhoons blow sometimes with great violence, and will take the masts out of the ships even while they are under the land. The Chinese know when a typhoon is coming, and there is then a tremendous scuffling and hurry to get their little craft out of the water. Those caught at sea in these frightful storms, often founder. The barometer gives due warning of their approach, and Reid's "Hand-book of Storms" is of great assistance in baffling them. A captain of a Sydney vessel at Manilla told me that he had been caught in two or three, but had got safely out of them by following the directions in this curious little work.

The harbour-boats are very commodious, and it would be difficult to invent a boat better adapted for its peculiar uses. Each is inhabited by a Chinese family, who live on board, having no other habitation; and call them at any hour of the day or night, and in two minutes they will be perfectly ready to go anywhere. The whole family jump up immediately; mats, cooking-utensils, and everything are stowed out of sight. The mother, with perhaps a child at her back, goes to the stern-oar; the father and children, boys and girls, to the others; the sail is loosened, and everything is managed in the most perfect style. The family have probably never known any other dwelling, and consequently are so familiar with everything, that there is not the slightest confusion; the children, who can hardly walk, understanding their part

in the business as well as their parents. The boats are varnished inside and out, and are very clean. Like all the other boats and junks, they are built in compartments, which, though comparatively a new arrangement with us, has been used here from time immemorial. The sails also are on an excellent principle; and we might have learnt from the Chinese harbour-boats the lesson since taught us by the yacht 'America.'

The Chinese manage their boats beautifully, and will dash at full speed up to a ship; when they throw the boat up into the wind, and check her instantly, going alongside in the quietest manner possible. The craft, though of different shapes, are all built in the same style, and the builders never seem to depart from the original models. The junks, some of which are 500 tons burden, are excessively strongly built, with massive timbers, and very fine sticks for their masts. Many of those about Hong Kong are peaceful traders, but some are pirates; and whilst I was there, several junks were attacked and pillaged, almost within sight of the flag-ship. The island of Hong Kong swarms with pirates, thieves, and rascals of all sorts; and it is difficult to root them out, as our laws, and the manner in which they are administered, afford the criminal every chance of escaping justice. It is not safe to ramble about, certainly not to go round the island, alone or unarmed.

An English ship will sail with some of the junks, and there will be no suspicion but what they are all peaceful and industrious fishermen; but let the Englishman be dismasted, or run on a rock, and his peaceful friends are immediately converted into pirates. They are only restrained by the fear of resistance. It is quite unsafe for native craft to go from

Hong Kong to Canton, and although the voyage may be performed safely by English vessels, without a musket on board, they are supposed to be well armed, and are respected accordingly.

A police force has been established at Hong Kong; and sometimes a policeman may be seen bringing a culprit into the town, holding him by his long tail, twisted round his wrist. This appendage is of great use to the police, and prisoners are often tied two or three together by their tails. A heavy fine—I think twenty dollars—is inflicted for cutting off a tail. The Chinese are very proud of their tails, which they cultivate with great care, plaiting artificial hair in them to make them larger, and tying the ends up neatly with ribbon. Labourers generally coil them round their heads when at work, to keep them out of the way.

California gave a great spur to the Chinese operatives, particularly the carpenters. They were now building wooden houses, and I believe worked day and night; for returning home once or twice rather late—once about 1 P.M., from a ball at Government House—I passed their shops; and though they were shut up, there were lights within, and the noise of hammers and saws showed that the inmates were still hard at work.

I had good quarters at the club-house, a most comfortable establishment, something on the same plan as that at Sydney, and like it, provided with bed-rooms. The charges, however, were very high, though I believe the establishment hardly pays. The cooking is good, and the waiters, who are very attentive, are all Chinese. I had seen many strange sights in my travels, but nothing seemed so odd at first as sitting down to dinner in a club-house, waited upon by long-tailed

Chinamen, in blue frocks. The club is well supplied with newspapers and periodicals, and greatly to be appreciated by those who have been long without them. In the lower story are some good billiard-tables. I was particularly amused by seeing young Chinamen playing at shuttlecock with their feet, having seen pictures of it in old books years before. Many play well, and kick the shuttlecock up very expertly, sometimes with the toe, sometimes with the sole of the foot, but more often with the side of their shoes. They are also great kite-flyers, and have brought the art to perfection. At far as I can recollect, the kites had no tails, but were made like birds, animals, and fish. I bought one at Manilla, but was unable to get it up in the air. The Chinese can keep them up as long as they like, nearly still, or hovering like a bird, or making a slight swoop, and bringing them up again. In fact, they make the kite do whatever they please. Even old men take great pleasure in kite-flying, and occupy themselves with it for hours. They tie the kite to a post, and let it stay in the air; but I could never understand how this was managed. Sometimes they have a little whistle of bamboo fastened to the kite, on which the wind produces a sound whilst it is flying.

CHAPTER XX.

MACAO—PEARL RIVER—CANTON—LIFE ON THE RIVER—THE HONGS—CHINESE SHOPS—STREETS OF CANTON—SHOPPING IN CANTON—ITINERANT TRADERS—COSTUME—JOSS-HOUSES—TEA—THE HONAN TEMPLE — FARTEE GARDENS — CHINESE COOKERY — A CHINESE FUNERAL—TOUR OF THE CITY.

I LEFT Hong Kong by steamer, for Macao and Canton. Two small steamers, both named 'Canton,' ran up the river; and as one has two funnels, and the other four, they are distinguished as "Funnel" and "Pipes." Starting in the morning, we left the anchorage, and passing the high mountains at the westward of the island, ran in among the numerous islands which form the entrance of Pearl River. We passed the sound or harbour, where the fleet of Shapsing-gai, the famous pirate, was destroyed. It is supposed that he had prepared it for more serious purposes than ordinary piracy, and that encouraged by the Government, he intended to make a descent on Hong Kong. He is now, it is said, in the Chinese service, and has been made a mandarin. This is sometimes done by the Government, to secure a man who is too formidable and strong to be repressed.

We arrived at Macao about noon, and as we were to stay two or three hours, I went on shore to see as much of it as I could. The town is quite in the Portuguese style, and is very prettily built and situated, running, like Naples, in a curve round the bay. The harbour is good, but not so closely landlocked as Hong Kong, and with some winds, it is not safe: besides which, vessels have to lie a long way from the shore. Macao is built on a peninsula, joined by a narrow sandy strip to the main land, and it was on this isthmus that the late Governor Amaral was killed.

The town seemed perfectly defunct, and to possess hardly any trade, as only two vessels were lying in the harbour. No one was walking in the narrow streets, and, only for a few soldiers who were idling about on the battlements of the two forts, there were few signs of its being inhabited. It is said that the Portuguese intend selling the place to the French. If we had established our settlement here, instead of at Hong Kong, we should have gained a great point, as the place is very healthy, and equally well situated for trade.

While we lay off the town, little Tanka boats came out to the steamer for passengers, rowed by young girls, with as fresh red faces as any country girls in England. They are better-looking than most of the Chinese, not that their features are very handsome, but they are good-tempered, and their laughing mouths show fine white teeth, affording a contrast to the sallow complexions and indented eyes which generally characterize the Celestial race. Their figures are round and plump, their hands and feet generally small and well formed, and the latter are never bandaged up and deformed like those of the higher classes.

Leaving Macao, we passed great numbers of fishing-boats,

and in some places long rows of fishing-stakes stretched out into the stream. The boats seemed large and well found, carrying a good many men, all, no doubt, ready and willing to turn their hands to a little piracy, if opportunity offered. Some time before, a conspiracy had been formed to seize the steamer. A number of Chinese were employed on board, and they had agreed to rise and take possession of the vessel; but one of the conspirators divulged the plot, and the whole batch were very unceremoniously turned out of the ship.

Swarms of white porpoises played about the steamer, as we ascended the estuary of the Pearl River. We passed Tiger Island, and the famous Bogue Forts, just as it grew dark. They are of great extent, a long fortification running along the shore, and others up the hill-sides, and in the hands of men with the least idea of military science, would be excessively formidable. The Chinese thought them impregnable, and the people of Canton were delighted when they heard we were going to attack them in the late war of 1841, being perfectly certain that we should then be well punished, and their horror and consternation when they heard that the Bogue Forts were destroyed, was inconceivable. They have been now, I believe, strengthened, and mount some very heavy guns.

The Chinese, though poor soldiers, have no lack of animal courage, and no fear of death; and the pirates often make a desperate though ill-directed resistance. Lately one piratical leader was killed just as he was rushing below with a lighted match to fire the magazine. Some of the pirate junks are very large, carrying twenty or thirty guns and a great number of men, and being built in compartments, are not easily sunk with shot.

We anchored for some time in the night, on account of the tide, but arrived at Canton before daylight the following morning. I awoke just as it was getting light, having slept uncomfortably on a sofa in the cabin, and found the steamer anchored in the middle of the Canton river, opposite the hongs, or houses of the European merchants. The city was just awaking, and each moment the hum of voices grew louder and louder. The population of the river, computed at ten thousand, was all in motion, and boats were passing the steamer in different directions, some drifting rapidly down with the ebbing tide, others hardly stemming it. The whole river appeared alive with small boats, and below the city, forests of masts arose from larger junks, anchored in tiers, and extending a long way down. These vessels were of all shapes and sizes, from the large trading junks and covered boats, which bring down the tea, to the little punt of the barber, smaller than a Welsh coracle. The barber sits in the stern of his little craft, and makes a ting-ting noise with two pieces of metal in his left hand, whilst with his right he sculls about from one boat to another, in search of customers. In a country where all heads are shaved, barbers are of course in great requisition, and on shore they walk about with a seat, razors, and basin, and fulfil their professional functions in the street. After shaving the head, they generally finish up by cleaning out the ears of the patient, an operation by which numbers are made deaf. Their razors are curious instruments, roughly made of soft metal, the blade nearly triangular, and very thick at the back, but the edge can be made very sharp, and the Chinese prefer them to those of English manufacture.

But my attention was now riveted on the countless boats

R. E. del et lith

Printed by Hullmandel & Walton

CANTON.

roving about the harbour, some of which, called "snake-boats," are beautiful models, built fine and sharp, like a Thames wherry, and pull thirty oars on each side. The others are chiefly propelled by a stern oar, worked backwards and forwards, like the tail of a fish. The junks that take passengers up and down the river have a very large stern oar, worked by six or eight men; but I do not think it is a good principle, as a great deal of power is wasted, though perhaps in a crowded river it may be less open to objection, from taking up so little room. Numbers of boats are stationary, moored in rows, like streets, and are inhabited by thousands of people living in them, just as they would on shore, and these river thoroughfares are traversed by smaller boats, which bring them provisions and supplies. In one great riot in Canton, when the Chinese got possession of the hongs and destroyed some of them, the English residents were obliged to take to the river for safety, and lived in boats for some time. At the time of my visit, the East India Company's steamer 'Phlegethon' lay in the middle of the river, opposite the hongs, to protect the foreign interest, and her white funnel and neat rigging formed a strange contrast with the brown picturesque boats of the Chinese. Two round forts, one called the Dutch the other the French Folly, guard the river, but they did not appear to be in a very good condition. Nearly opposite the factories is another, called the Red Fort; but the one that appears the most formidable is Napier's Fort, on a low point a little way below the city.

There were several rows of "flower-boats," large barges, or house-boats, painted green and ornamented with gay flags and gilding, inhabited by loose women, who, decked out in

finery, paint, and artificial hair, walked about outside, to attract passers-by. All the boats are fitted as houses, with sliding roofs and shutters. Altogether, it was a most curious scene, and I looked at it for a long time with the greatest pleasure, till the captain was ready to go on shore.

We went to the American house of Russell and Sturges to whom I had a letter of introduction. They kindly invited me to stay with them whilst I remained in Canton, a hospitality very general here, and which is an immense convenience to travellers, as, though Canton boasts an hotel, it is a very bad one. After breakfast, at which I was introduced to the principal members of the house, I started off for my first walk in Canton, accompanied by a Swede, who held a subordinate situation in the house, and who being well acquainted with the town, often acts as cicerone to strangers.

The hongs, or merchants' houses at Canton, are all together, and are something like a succession of colleges, or, a small piece of London, surrounded by a wall. Two or three gates, kept by porters, open into the city. The hongs are inhabited by English, Americans, French (but one French house, I think), and Parsees, of whom there are a good many, and they carry on a considerable trade here. They have gardens in front running down to the river, and these gardens are the only places where the merchants can take exercise, unless they are fond of rowing, and like to go on the river. Many of the clerks do this, and some who pull well, have beautiful boats—six and eight-oared cutters gigs and wager wherries.

There is a neat church in the Hong Gardens, where the

English chaplain officiates every Sunday. A wall formerly divided the American from the English gardens, but it is now pulled down, and the whole thrown into one, makes a pleasant promenade. Walking there one day, I met an American, whom I had known at Buenos Ayres. He had gone from there to the United States, then crossed the Atlantic to England, and came out to China by the overland route; and now, having encircled the world between us, we had again met half-way round.

The new part of the hongs (erected after a portion had been destroyed by fire) is very well built and paved, and part of it stands on the former site of Hog Lane, famous for drunken sailors, grog-shops, and fights.

Leaving the hongs, we first visited Old and New China Streets, inhabited by shopkeepers who deal principally with the merchants, and all speak fluently the strange sort of English before mentioned. We went into the chief shops of China ware, which were full of jars, basins, bottles, plates, all modern, and "quite No. 1." It must not be supposed that the Canton shops are like the splendid establishments in Regent Street or Bond Street. Compared with these, they are very small affairs; and as ladies do not go shopping in China, the large counters, elegant rooms, and numerous shopmen are not required. There were some good silversmith's shops, where card-cases, studs, &c., were made in filagree work, excessively pretty and very cheap; and further on, some very attractive curiosity shops, with ivory, sandalwood, and bamboo carvings, fans, chess-men, and other things. I determined to buy nothing the first day, but the shopmen were quite willing and pleased to show me everything, and wisely seemed to consider that part of their business was to

try and please their possible customers. In one silk shop, the shopman, after showing me two or three patterns of red and white pocket-handkerchiefs, was proceeding to undo more parcels, when, to save him the trouble, I said that I knew what was inside, but he turned to me, and smiling, said, "No can see, how can sabe?" I replied that I did not want to buy; but he said still, "Can look'ee see." I did so, and on a subsequent day bought several pieces of him.

Passing into some genuine Chinese streets, I came to the conclusion that, altogether, Canton presented the most extraordinary sight I ever beheld. The streets are very narrow, and hung about in all directions with signs and advertisements. Every shop has a large upright board on each side of the door, usually painted white, and on it in red or black letters is inscribed a list of all the articles sold. Other signs are hung out over the street, and some are fixed to poles reaching from one side of the street to the other. Many bore puffing advertisements, such as, "This old and Established Shop, &c.," "The Refulgent Sign. Original maker of the finest quality of caps, &c.," "Canton Security Banking Establishment," and "No two prices at this shop," was a very common notification. The Chinese writing looks very well in this way, and being generally red letters upon white, black upon red or yellow, and blue upon white, the array of signs had a most gaudy and extraordinary effect. In addition to this, the shops are all open in front, and a large ornamented paper lantern is hung over the door. The best street, the Regent Street of Canton, was called Curiosity or Physic Street, from the number of curiosity and druggists' shops in it. The former are very attractive, and have some curious collections of old bronzes and old china, which is

always very highly prized by the Chinese, who value anything that is very old and strange, and will give higher prices for old china than we should give in England. Jade stones, which look like green opaque glass, carvings in bamboo, and innumerable other things are among their wares. The carved rhinoceros horns are very handsome, and look, when fixed in a carved wood stand, like cornucopias. They are rather expensive, fetching £8 or £10; but it is difficult for a stranger to buy anything really good. The best carvings are done in the cities of the interior, and residents pick them up at the death of mandarins and rich men, when their effects are generally sold.

One never carries money about in China, as there is no coin in use more portable than dollars, and then there is a great risk of having the pockets picked, so everything is paid by check on the comprador of the house at which one is staying. Having established an account with the comprador of Messrs. Russell and Sturges, I always made my payments this way. The shopmen wrap up in paper and tie with string the smallest article that is bought, and send it home—a piece of refinement hardly to be met with in any town of Europe. On every counter is a stone to rub the ink on (all writing being done with Indian-ink and a paint-brush) and a swan-pan, a wooden frame with wires across it, on which are beads of various colour, with which to cast up accounts. At the door of every shop is a small recess, ornamented with strips of red paper, and containing two or three little jars holding lighted sticks, which burn or smoulder slowly. This is a religious ceremony, and comes under the general denomination of "Joss-pigeon." Joss being the word for God. A "joss" being an idol, and a "joss-house" a temple. It is

not a Chinese word, but probably a corruption of the Portuguese word "Dios." "Pigeon" is the Chinese imitation of the difficult word "business." The ceremony seems to be performed more with a view to secure good luck than anything else.

The streets are very narrow, but well paved with large flag stones, and each has a sewer running underneath. The houses are not built quite in a line, but each a little overlaps the next, in order that the ill-luck which may happen to one shall not pass to the next. If one house has a corner projecting or pointing towards another, the owner of the other will put up a dragon with his mouth open, or some shield of that sort, to avert his neighbour's misfortunes from himself. Round or moon doorways, like a circular hole in the wall, are very lucky, and are generally put in passages or courts in the inside of the houses, where they are left open without doors.

The streets are excessively crowded, more so than those of London, and in the afternoon it is often difficult to walk through them. The ingenuity of the people, and their struggles to get a livelihood, excite one's wonder. Everything seems to be valued, and nothing is too small for the poorer classes to trade in, so that one soon sees the use of having so small a coin as the "cash," of which fourteen hundred go to a Spanish dollar, 4*s.* 2*d.* The cash, a copper coin about the size of a farthing, has a square hole punched in the centre, and is usually strung in certain numbers on a piece of string. Itinerant trades of all sorts are carried on in the street, and a man might sit down and have his head shaved by the barber, while his shoes are mended by a cobbler at his side. The blacksmith and tinker work in the street, and use for a bellows a square wooden box with a

piston in it. When they have done work, they put their tools into the box, and then it becomes a seat.

Cleverness seems taxed to the utmost to make everything as convenient as possible, and, at the same time, portable and saleable; but the poor fellows are obliged to be content with a very small percentage, as profits. Though living is so cheap, and a Chinese is content with a little rice and vegetable, it is difficult to get even the money for this, and men may be hired to suffer punishment, and I believe even death, for payment. The costume of the lower classes is good and convenient, consisting of a blue frock and large, loose, blue or black trowsers, and a scull-cap, or in the country a broad-brimmed hat. The hat is a great protection for the men, serving in lieu of a parasol. The higher classes wear spencers and long frocks or gowns of handsome silk, generally of blue or plum colour. When in mourning, they wear white, and plait white into their pig-tails. The mandarins dress most gorgeously, but they never walk about the street, being always carried in sedan-chairs. There are no horses or carriages in Canton, and the streets would be too narrow, and are too crowded, to afford them a passage. I walked about till I was quite tired, but found endless amusement in the strangeness of the scene.

In the afternoon I went on the river, which was quite as animated and busy, and in its way as extraordinary. The sun set red and gorgeously behind the hills, and then I returned home to the hongs, having seen nearly all Canton; but the variety was so jumbled and confused in my head, that I hardly had a clear idea of anything.

The next day I walked out again with the Swede, and visited many of the shops. The picture-shops were curious,

and a great many hands were employed in painting boats and costumes on rice-paper. They were very well and correctly done, as were also outline-drawings of the various trades. I cannot say so much for the landscapes, though the odd-looking pictures of the interior of houses, and people walking about in them, are exact representations of Chinese life, and not much exaggerated. The landscapes, such as views of Canton, are priced according to their size, and the number of houses and boats embraced in the picture. The colouring is very fair, and Chinese artists will take any large English print, and paint an oil-picture from it. A friend ordered one to be painted from Wilkie's famous picture of the "Maid of Saragossa," and though the artists did not of course know the correct tints for the costumes, yet they arranged the colours with excellent taste.

I went as far as the gates of the city, and glanced into the forbidden streets, but had I attempted to enter, I should soon have had a mob round me. As I looked in, one or two called at me "Fanquei" (foreign devil). The streets within seemed just the same as those in the suburbs, but the shops were hardly so good. Just as in London, all the best streets and the most showy shops are outside the city. We are by treaty allowed to go into the city, but it is not permitted by the people, and the mandarins pretend that they cannot enforce our admittance.

We walked into several Joss-houses. I did so rather hesitatingly at first, thinking that such a prejudiced people as the Chinese, would not like to see a "foreign devil" enter their places of worship; but they cared nothing about the profanation, and indeed seemed to have but little reverence for their temple. Any one might enter, touch,

and examine what they chose, and even light a cigar at the joss-sticks, which were burning in different parts. In the interior, the joss-houses are often used as lodging-places for travellers; and a gentleman told me that he had sometimes had his coffee boiled on the altar, the priests not caring about it, or being perfectly ready to allow anything for payment. There was little to see, and we walked out again, without any notice being taken of us.

In the middle of the day we entered a tea-shop, a sort of *café*, and called for tea. The Swede, though he had resided many years in Canton, had never been in one before; but I wanted to see the interiors of the houses, in the hope of obtaining a good subject for a sketch. We made the waiter understand that we wanted a cup of tea, and he brought it, according to custom, in the cup, with the saucer put on the top. It was pretty good, but nothing particular. Attached to every merchant's house is a tea-taster, an office of especial trust, requiring great discrimination. Messrs. Russell and Sturges employed an Englishman in this capacity, and I often went into his rooms about noon, when he was tasting, and then he gave me a good cup. The apartments were surrounded with shelves, garnished with small canisters of tea, and he every day tasted some, and entered their qualities in a book. For the English market it was made in a tea-pot, allowing it to stand for five minutes, by a glass; but for the Chinese it was prepared in their way in a cup. The best tea is very difficult to obtain, and is generally only given as "cumshaws," or presents, in small quantities. Though black tea, it looks and tastes very like green.

Returning from our walk through Carpenter's Square—principally inhabited by that trade—we visited several of

their shops. The Chinese are excellent carpenters, and make very good camphor-wood trunks, five or six in a nest, as it is called, all fitting one into the other. They are very good to keep furs in, as no moths will enter them.

I made a sketch of one of the principal streets—Physic Street—but I had great difficulty in managing it; for when I stopped and took out my book, every one crowded round to see the wonderful operation. In half a minute the street was blocked up with the crowd, and the traffic stopped, and I had to shut up my book and pass on. However, by returning through the same street several times, I managed to get a very correct sketch, and afterwards had all the signs of the shops written correctly, and translated by a well-educated Chinese.

I was always amused with the shopkeepers, they appeared so perfectly up to their business. Thought and calculation were impressed on their sallow countenances, and their quick eyes watched every passer-by, particularly strangers, with the greatest eagerness, wondering whether they would buy, and hoping that they would at least stop at their shop.

One afternoon I crossed the river, and went to see the Honan Temple, one of the most famous in Canton. We embarked from the Hong Gardens, in the barge, or boat, belonging to the firm, and landed close to the temple, at some picturesque steps, overhung by an old tree, and crowded with boats. The temple was rather an extensive structure, with large courts, and several open buildings, ornamented with paper lanterns, and containing the idols. The latter were hideous gilt figures, of gigantic size, and painted with gaudy colours; but the boatman who took us through the edifice, and another man who professed to exhibit

it, did not show their false gods the least reverence. In one court were some styes, tenanted by enormous fat sacred pigs, but why they were kept there I could not learn. In a sort of garden at the back, was a small house, where the bodies of the priests were burnt; and some fine old gnarled trees, which are always respected and preserved by the Chinese, overshadowed the outer court. The whole place, though in good repair, seemed neglected, as I believe it was.

From the temple we again took boat, and went to one of the most famous gardens, called the Fartee Gardens. Some earthenware cows, each with a tuft of grass growing out of the side of its mouth, looking exactly as if they were eating it, adorned the gardens. The place boasted but few flowers; but I saw some of the strange dwarf trees, which the Chinese so much prize and admire. By means of checking the growth, wounding the branches, and getting mosses and lichens to grow on them, they are made to resemble old trees, though quite small, and the older they look the higher they are prized. The Chinese are great gardeners, and from them we have obtained some of our best flowers — a great number, through the zeal of the adventurous and enterprizing Mr. Fortune. The water-lily (*Nelumbium*) is a great favourite in China.

The boats on the river were a never-failing source of amusement to me; but perhaps the most curious are the duck-boats, which are fitted all round with bamboo-pens, containing great numbers of ducks. The boats are rowed about, and when at a suitable spot, the ducks are all turned out to feed, an inclined platform being let down from the boat to the water, so as to allow them to walk up and down. They are all taught to come back at the ringing of a bell, and the

duck that returns first is rewarded with some paddy, while the last is always beaten, which has the effect of making them perfectly obedient; and when the bell rings, there is a grand rush to avoid being the last. Ducks are not much eaten by the English residents, who know the filthy way in which they are fed; but the Chinese are not fastidious in their diet. Dogs, cats, and rats, are brought daily into the market, and are hawked about for sale in wicker cages. The buyers stroke and pat them, and the poor dogs wag their tails and fawn on their new patrons, well pleased to be noticed; but the patting is only to feel how much fat they have got on their ribs.

The Chinese are great epicures, and not bad cooks. They readily learn the English customs and dishes, and have no sort of prejudice in favour of their own. Birds'-nest soup is rather an expensive luxury; it is something like isinglass, with which, I think, it might be easily imitated. Sharks' fins are also considered a delicacy, and great quantities are imported into China.

The weather became rather unfavourable, and we had two or three soaking wet days. I wished much to walk round the city outside the walls, and Mr. Sturges introduced me to one of his countrymen, a missionary named Bridges, who had been long resident in Canton, and often walked round with strangers. He was a strange man, and has, I hear, since cut his throat; but he seemed very enthusiastic in the missionary cause. One morning, being fine, I called on him, and we started off to make the tour of the city. The streets were very sloppy after the rain; but we threaded the narrow thoroughfares of the suburbs till we came to the wall, and following a path that led by it, passed into the open

country. The wall was well built, with regular courses of squared stone, and was strengthened here and there by towers. The adjacent hills appeared to form a sort of cemetery, and were covered with graves, chiefly of the lower classes. The corpse of one poor fellow, who, I suppose, had died during the night, was lying near the path, and had not yet been touched. His struggle was over, and, I suppose, he had come out here to die, thinking to be near a grave. A little way beyond, on a hill outside the walls, was a small fort, entirely commanding that part of the city. Ascending the eminence, I sat down on the steps of the fort, and took a sketch of the city. The prospect was a very extensive one, embracing, in addition to the whole city, the river with its numerous banks; and I could trace the course of the stream down to Whampoa, the tall pagoda of which was plainly visible. Canton appeared one mass of red roofs, all apparently of small houses, no towers, or pagodas, or conspicuous buildings rising above the rest. Just inside the walls was a large red fortress, or pagoda, built in stories, each with a narrow sloping roof turned up at the corners. The distance round was said to be nine miles, and the walls could be traced among the houses for a long way, cutting off a very large portion of suburbs. This eminence was one of those held by our troops at the capture of Canton.

The sketch finished safely—for I thought it was rather a bold thing to do in a place where one is hardly allowed to walk—we descended the hill, and continued our circuit of the walls, meeting in our way a funeral procession. The coffin, a plain wooden one, made round, like the trunk of a tree, was borne at a rapid pace on the shoulders of four men, followed by several others, carrying parasols, and conversing

carelessly. At a spring, surrounded by low trees, a number of people were drawing water; and we passed several stone tombs, built round, with walls in the shape of a Greek omega, and overshadowed by a few trees. The people stared at us as we proceeded along the narrow streets of a suburb, and sometimes crowded round us, the boys and some of the worst of the lower classes saluting us with, "Fanquei, fanquei lo!" (foreign devil; there goes a foreign devil!) but the cry seemed to be intended not so much as an insult as if it were our proper designation. Once, turning a corner suddenly, we met an old woman tottering along on her small distorted feet. She looked greatly astonished at meeting two such apparitions, and just said, in a low tone: "Fanquei;" but laughed when we did, as she hobbled out of the way.

The small feet, "golden lilies," as the Chinese term them, are confined chiefly to the women of the higher classes, and are not found among those who live on the river, or work in the boats or fields. The feet are bandaged when the child is young, and the toes bent under and crossed by the great toe, something like a doubled first. The upper classes also allow their nails to grow to an enormous length, principally to show that they do no work.

Every dog barked at us, and, I think, was rather encouraged in it by the people; but we showed no sign of resentment, as the least provocation would have been made a pretext for attacking us, and perhaps have cost us our lives. We walked on as fast as we could, and were often out of sight, in the narrow winding streets, before the people could recover from the surprise created by our appearance; not that in such cases they have any desire to kill, or even injure one;

but they see the value of your clothes, and one would like to steal your hat, another your handkerchief, and another your coat, and so the unfortunate foreigner is soon stripped if he affords any opening for an attack. In our way along, we passed several gates, or small archways, in the wall; but, of course, did not attempt to enter them, keeping straight on till we arrived at the river, and entered the hongs on the north side, having left them on the south. The missionary rather liked chaperoning people round the walls, as he said it made the Chinese accustomed to the sight of Europeans; but for my part, I could not help congratulating myself that we did not get noticed too much.

CHAPTER XXI.

OPIUM SMOKING—A CONVIVIAL PARTY—SHANGHAI—PAWNBROKERS' SHOPS—THE STREETS—TEA-GARDENS—CHINESE ACROBATS—JUGGLERS—MECHANICS—COINERS—SHANGHAI JUNKS—CHINESE TEMPLE—PRINTING IN CHINA—ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS—WOOSUNG—CHINCHEW.

HAVING seen all the sights of Canton, I set out in the steamer for Hong Kong, again touching at Macao. Starting in the morning, I had an opportunity of seeing the upper part of the river, which I had before traversed in the night. We passed numbers of large junks, moored in rows, coloured black, red, and white, and having large eyes painted on each side of the bows. They all have this decoration; the unanswerable argument of the Chinese, when spoken to on the subject, being, "If no got eye, how can see?" Near Whampoa pagoda, several batteries on the flat points close to the water's edge, bristled with cannon. If well served, they would prove most formidable to any force attempting to come up the river. At Whampoa, a dirty-looking town, a number of ships were loading with tea, &c., and gave the river a busy

appearance. The country round, which abounds in rice-grounds, is flat and very unhealthy.

The steamer, 'Lady Mary Wood,' had arrived at Hong Kong from Bombay, and was going to Shanghai; and having many years before made a voyage in her up the Mediterranean, I determined to go on in her to that place. She was to stay three days at Shanghai and return to Hong Kong, touching on her way at Foochowfoo and Ningpo. The captain (Tronson) and both mates were good specimens of the red-haired barbarians, all having the most fiery red whiskers, the first mate's being only outdone by the crimson of his sun-burnt face. He was about six feet two inches in height, but his honest face looked so good-natured, that he could hardly have excited distrust or fear in any one.

We left Hong Kong harbour on March 11th, a strong north-east wind, the monsoon, blowing with all its might against us, and many prophesied that we should be back in harbour before night. One of the passengers was a well-educated and rich Chinese, who had for many years been Comprador of Jardine and Mathieson's house at East Point. His name was William Affo, having, by a Chinese compliment, changed names with William Jardine. The comprador is a sort of house-steward, who buys everything for the house ("*Comprador*," Portuguese, "buyer,") and as all the dollars pass through his hands, and he has a percentage on everything, "*Quien mensura aciete, unta las manos*," (he that measures out oil greases his fingers), the compradors generally get rapidly rich. They have an office near the door of every merchant's house, where they become also a sort of banker, every one paying for goods with checks on the comprador. Affo created great fun on board the steamer, and when the

sea was not very rough, he talked and cut jokes with every one. As the day was rather cold, he wore a fur jacket made like a tippet with sleeves, and lined with wadded purple silk; and when he left the deck and came down into the cabin to dinner, he took off his jacket, and turning it inside out, it was transformed into one of purple silk with fur cuffs. He always dined with us, and then retired to his cabin to smoke opium, an indulgence in which we sometimes joined him. It is smoked thus: the pipe, a large, thick tube, has near the end a solid bowl, pierced by one little hole. The opium is about the consistency of thick treacle, and the smoker taking a piece about the size of a small pea on the end of a needle, holds it to the flame of a lamp close to the hole of the bowl. Turning it about, he burns it at the lamp, at the same time inhaling the smoke. The operation is irksome, as each piece of opium affords only two or three mouthfuls of smoke. After three or four smokes, I did not find that the opium had any exhilarating effect upon me, nor did it seem near so strong or intoxicating as tobacco-smoke, and one might inhale it into the lungs, or breathe it through the nostrils, without any sensation of choking. As the cargo of the 'Lady Mary Wood' was opium, an odour of it filled the whole ship without any smoking. Affo, whose brother was a third-class mandarin at Shanghai, spoke the Canton English quite fluently, and wrote very well. He wrote all the signs of the shops for me in my sketch of the Canton streets. He went down with us to look at the steam-engine, and was surprised to see the large beams and cranks all in motion, inspecting the whole machinery with great attention.

As we proceeded further north—for Shanghai is nearly 600

miles from Hong Kong—we found it very cold, and in the mornings were often enveloped in thick yellow fogs. We saw many albatrosses which I did not expect to meet north of the southern tropic; but they appeared to be the same bird though perhaps it was not quite so large as the southern one (*Diomedea exulans*). The Yellow Sea well bore out its name in colour, partly owing to its shoal water, and partly owing to the vast volume of fresh muddy water which it receives from the Yangtsekiang river. The entrance to this stream is difficult and dangerous, one small pyramidal island, apparently of granite, named Gutzlaff, being the only mark, and that is often so obscured, that ships are obliged to work their way into the mouth of the river, by soundings alone, without seeing land. Being 31° north, the climate is, in winter, very severe, and the captains of some clippers from Shanghai, who arrived at Hong Kong whilst I was there, said that they had spent all the morning of one or two days in shovelling the snow from their decks. Canton, though just on the tropic, has had enough snow to whiten the roofs of the houses; but of course it soon disappeared.

The evening before we reached Shanghai, as cold weather and conviviality generally appear together, we had a grand supper on board the 'Lady Mary Wood.' Old Affo had retired for the night, but we sent him word that we desired his company, and he soon made his appearance. He was quite as ready as any one to empty his glass of mulled port; and after several vocal performances by the red-haired barbarians, we called on him for a song. He complied with our request, singing two Chinese songs in the Chinese style, a sort of cracked falsetto, not at all pleasant to the ear.

Shanghai is situated on a small river, which runs into the

Yangtsekiang, at Woosung Point, about eighteen miles from the town. The 'Lady Mary Wood' anchored off Woosung just before sunset, and I instantly took a boat for Shanghai, in company with two other passengers, but the wind going down with the sun, we did not arrive there till nearly eleven at night. The boat was differently rigged from those about Canton, having a tall square sail. It had, of course, a house in it with sliding shutters, but we felt the cold severely before we reached our destination; and then on landing at the quay, I found myself rather in a difficulty, not knowing where to go. I had letters to Mr. Beale, the manager of Messrs. Dent's house, but thought that eleven o'clock at night was not a very seasonable hour to deliver them. However, there was nothing else to be done, so, directed by some Chinese, I went to the house and found Mr. Beale still up, entertaining Captain Ince, of H.M. brig 'Pilot,' which was lying off the hongs. I was received with the hospitality characteristic of the British merchant, a room was immediately prepared for me, and we had some supper and a cigar. In the morning I started off with Captain Ince and the purser of the 'Pilot,' a most good-natured fellow and an excellent guide, and walked all over the town. Shanghai is about four miles in circumference, and is surrounded by a low wall and ditch, the wall having a mound inside, which forms a walk all round. Foreigners are on a much better footing here than at Canton, and can go all over the city without the least molestation, or even walk or ride fifteen or twenty miles into the country. In fact, they are restricted to no actual limit, and, with a little caution and regard to the prejudices of the natives, Europeans might penetrate much farther than is generally supposed. This has been

proved by Mr. Fortune, who conformed to the national dress and customs, and though probably he was never really taken for a Chinaman, he was offered but little molestation. It is easy enough to put on a false tail and a Chinese dress, but we see how readily a foreigner is detected in England, though dressed in our clothes, and we must remember what a difference there is in our physiognomy from those of the "black-haired race."

A large space of ground has been conceded to the merchants of Shanghai, where some handsome comfortable houses have been erected, with pleasant gardens attached; and the American missionaries have built a church in the town, an ugly red structure, with a square tower. The ships anchor in the river, just opposite the merchants' houses. All this gives Shanghai an immense advantage for trade over Canton, where the ships are obliged to load at Whampoa, twelve miles off; and as it is quite as near the chief tea districts and is the principal silk mart, it may soon be expected to throw Canton in the shade, particularly as the amiable disposition of the inhabitants and the superiority of the climate make it far preferable for Europeans. It is one of the five ports at which, by treaty, we are allowed to trade; the others being Canton, Foochowfoo, Amoy and Ningpo, but at the three latter there is hardly any English trade. The natives are very different from those in the southern provinces, and have not half the quickness or half the rascality of those of Canton. They appear more stupid, as well as more harmless and better behaved, but are equally industrious. In winter numbers come in from the country, to try and get a livelihood, but many die in the streets from old age, want, and cold. I generally saw two or three dead bodies every

morning that I went into the city, sometimes in the street, but often in the ditch, or waste places, close to the walls. Many things are done to relieve the poor, but where they are so numerous, legislation is impotent. A year or two ago the northern provinces were visited by a regular famine, and large soup-kitchens were established, and tickets given away, on the same plan as in England. The soup-kitchens, indeed, though new to us, are quite an old custom (and what is not?) in China, where they also have hospitals, in which the sick are attended gratis, with almshouses for the old, and foundling hospitals for the young, all as well regulated and managed as any in England. But the Chinese, it must be confessed, have not attained any proficiency in surgery, and as they will not allow the human body to be dissected, they cannot make any progress in the art. Their forte is commerce and manufactures. Their banking establishments are admirably conducted, and circular notes, bills of exchange, and letters of credit on different houses, are all used and well understood. The pawnbrokers' establishments are very extensive, and contain great wealth, as numbers of the Chinese pawn their valuables, and use the money. They usually pawn their furs in the spring and redeem them in the autumn, when the cold weather begins; not from any necessity, but in the pawnbroker's warehouse their furs will be well taken care of, and meanwhile they have the money to trade with. The pawnbrokers' shops are the first places attacked and plundered by Chinese mobs.

Our walk took us past the carpenters' and furniture shops, where the work seemed quite equal to that of our upholsterers. The best comes from Ningpo. The bedsteads, which are beautifully carved, are full of contrivances, cup-

R.E. del et lith.

Hullmandel & Walton Lithog.

SHANGHAE

London Hurst & Blackett, Great Marlborough Street.

boards, chests of drawers, &c. The tables are very massive, as well as handsome, and their cheapness is extraordinary. Near the shops are extensive wood yards, to supply which large trees are brought down from the interior and landed here. We were a good deal pestered by beggars, who seem to have been rather encouraged by the indiscriminate distribution of the soup tickets; for it is a great check to the charitably-disposed, that in nine instances out of ten they are either taken in, or pestered to death afterwards. We entered the spacious court of a building, which was apparently an almshouse, or place where beggars had free quarters. It seemed originally to have been a temple, and in the middle of the court was a large vase or bronze ornament, covered with characters and beautifully cast; but we could only take a cursory glance at it, as we were instantly surrounded by a crowd of beggars covered with vermin, and were glad to make our escape. The streets of Shanghai are but little wider than those of Canton, the best of which, except Old and New China Streets, are not so wide as the Burlington Arcade, and many of them are so narrow that the projecting houses nearly touch. They average about the width of the pavement in London, the good streets being as wide as that in the best London streets, and the narrow ones not wider than the little *trottoir* in the bad ones. In Shanghai, houses are not so gaudily ornamented with red and white signboards as in Canton, but some were emblazoned with gilt letters, and had large pieces of blue cloth stretched across from house to house, shading the street, and giving it almost the appearance of an oriental bazaar. Many of the streets emit a most sickening stench, refuse lying in tubs in the midway, till it is carried off by scavengers,

bearing a bamboo with a tub on each hand. Three or four of these gentry walking at a quick jog-trot through the city, form a procession only equalled by the "Tigres" of Rio Janeiro.

After visiting the silk shops, which are well stocked, we went into a cap shop, where I bought a couple of the brown felt caps worn by the natives of this part of China. They are very like the wide-awake worn in England, but folded in rather a different way. As an instance of the cheapness of things, I may mention that the caps cost half a dollar (2*s.* 2*d.*) each; and a hatter in London told me that they are made of most excellent felt, beautifully dyed, and worth at least 10*s.*, and that better hats could not be made in England. The cap was double-felted, without a seam, in one piece, forming a hollow bag.

The part of the city most amusing to strangers is what is called the Tea-gardens—a sort of public garden, with tea-shops, eating-houses, artificial lakes, walks ornamented with rock work, and islands connected by bridges with each other and the shore. The Chinese are, perhaps, the only people who attempt the picturesque in artificial ways, by imitating the beauties of nature, though they generally set about it in rather an odd way.

Here the whole scene put me exactly in mind of the pictures on China plates, which are much more faithful representations of scenes in the Celestial Empire than we usually imagine. We hardly know what to make of representations of bamboo and orange trees overshadowing pools of water, studded with water-lilies, houses with peaked roofs and open galleries, and odd-shaped men and women walking about, but the common life in China realises all this. Even

the strange-shaped cranes are copied from nature. In these tea-gardens the bridges, or rather causeways, were built on posts, and zig-zagged across the pools in the most ridiculous way. The Chinese sat in the tea-houses and smoked and sipped their favourite beverage, while others strolled about with cages in their hands, taking their singing-birds out for an airing. They are very fond of their birds; and adorn the cages with little China bottles and basins, such as are used in England as ornaments for chimney-pieces.

The public tea-gardens offer numberless attractions to idlers, and we saw plenty of jugglers, tumblers, and fellows who toss up balls and catch them in a cup on their foreheads, throwing themselves in all kinds of attitudes, like the so-called acrobats of England. In fact, everything of that sort that I had seen before was performed in these tea-gardens. Gambling was carried on in several ways, one much like our pea and thimble rig, done with three little pieces of wood, having strings of different lengths attached. The player offers them to the passers-by, as if to draw lots, and if you choose the longest you win; but they manage it so that the odds are always greatly against you. Among the tumblers were some miserable-looking girls, who made themselves into hoops, and turned about as if they had not a bone in their bodies. The woman who was manager of this exhibition, singled us out especially as patrons, and was not content with our fee, though ten times as much as any one else gave, so that we may conclude that the English are considered superior in some points. One juggler amused us excessively. He was an old acquaintance of my companion, and we walked all round the gardens to look for him. We found him sitting under an old wall, and recognizing us, he saluted

us with two or three chirrups like a bird, and soon began his tricks. His whole stock in trade was contained in an old sack, which did not appear to hold much; but, to our surprise, he drew from it a number of plates, dishes, and all kinds of other things, though, being in the open garden, he could not have the same assistance that jugglers in England have on the stage. He made the sides of his neck stick out like a turkey-cock's wattle, keeping up at the same time the most extraordinary grimaces, and a continued chatter of small talk, the wit of which was lost on us. He then thrust a brad-awl into his eye, a simple trick enough, as the handle was hollow, and received the iron point, but it was done so expertly that every one was horrified. One of the best of his performances was the lighting a fire in his mouth, and it is impossible to conceive how this was managed, but he grinned with astonishment and delight, when he saw the heaps of "cash" we showered down on him, for we had brought out a good stock of them, and got rid of them as we best could. Of this coin, it must be remembered, that 1100 go to the silver dollar.

Numbers of ingenious toys were hawked about the gardens for sale. Many of them I knew well. Amongst others, the pretty toy with wires, on which little butterflies spin up and down; but nothing is new in China.

In Canton the jugglers are very good. Some Englishmen one day saw two men apparently quarrelling; and at last one, overcome with rage, rushed at the other, and cut his throat. The blood gushed forth in torrents, and the man fell down as if dead. A large crowd had collected at the spot, but no one interfered; and the Englishmen, struck with horror, were debating whether they should seize the murderer, when,

to their astonishment, the man who had had his throat cut, jumped up, with a grin on his face, and went round with a plate to collect money. I once saw another trick of the same kind, which I could never understand. A wicker-basket was put over a little girl on the ground, and a sword was then given to any one of the by-standers to pierce the basket wherever he pleased. An Englishman, my companion, took the sword, and gave the basket two or three most vigorous stabs, which were followed by a slight struggle underneath, and a few groans, on which a stream of blood poured forth. The Englishman looked on with a serious face, fearing that he had performed his part almost too well, when the juggler lifted the basket, and, behold! the child had altogether disappeared. She soon presented herself, however, safe and sound, and my friend was delighted to give her a quarter-dollar, and hurry away, not a little relieved.

From the tea-gardens we proceeded to visit some painters' shops. The Chinese produce most ludicrous caricatures, and the English afford them fine subjects. One of the most popular, represents a naval officer walking on shore with his wife, followed by a marine, with musket and bayonet, and sometimes a cock under his arm, while a steamer is seen in the distance. During the war, they had most extraordinary ideas concerning our soldiers, supposing that they were strapped and buttoned so tight, that if they fell down, they would not be able to get up again, and so would be easily killed. The caricatures were high-priced, and very badly drawn; but I saw in some shops, as ornaments, not for sale, some drawings by a very superior hand, the work of a man at Ningpo. The figures were well drawn, with good action and expression, and exhibited great freedom of outline.

We returned to the English factories after a most amusing walk, for one sees the Chinese to a greater advantage here than in Canton. Mr. Beale had a good collection of curiosities, including beautifully executed bamboo carvings, with rustic views, representing old trees and rocks, conceived with a good idea of the picturesque, and Jade-stone screens, and some wonderful ivory carvings. It is generally supposed that the Chinese will not learn anything; but no people are more ready to learn if it is likely to be attended with advantage. They have lately been taught to make glass, and turn out bronze argand lamps and globes, emblazoned with the London maker's name all complete; and actually export these lamps to Batavia. They like putting an English name on their commodities, and are as free with the word "Patent" as any manufacturer in Germany. They excel in the manufacture of locks, particularly padlocks. One of my friends gave an order to a tradesman to varnish a box, furnished with a Chubb's lock, of which he had two keys, and one of these he sent with the box, retaining the other himself. When the box came back, he found that his key would not turn the lock, though the one he had given to the tradesman acted very well. Thinking some trick had been played, he accused the man of having changed the lock, and, after some evasion, he acknowledged the fact, stating that, on examination, he had found it such an excellent one, that he took it off and kept it, making another exactly like it, with maker's name, and everything complete, except that the original key would not open it. Their mechanical contrivances generally have some defect of this kind. They have never made a watch that will keep time, though they greatly prize watches, and usually carry two. If you ask the reason of this

fashion, their reply is: "'Spose one makee sick, other can walkee."

The principal coin current in China is Sycee silver, a lump of about two pounds weight, cast something in the shape of a shoe, and stamped. They have paper imitations of it, which they burn before their idols on feast days—a cheap substitute for the real thing, which they value too much to expend in such an unprofitable way. Silver dollars are also in circulation, particularly the Spanish pillar dollars; and their value in proportion to Sycee, fluctuates continually, and is quoted like the price of our funds every day. The Chinese being expert coiners, every dollar has to be carefully examined by the comprador and his assistants when it is paid into a mercantile house. The comprador of Messrs. Russell and Sturgis sold me half-a-dozen counterfeits at a cheap rate; and I gave one to a Chinese silver-smith to make into a button. When heated, the fraud became apparent, and the man gave it back to me, saying: "All his inside have runnee out." The original coin, in fact, had been carefully sawn in two, and the silver being scooped out, the cavity was filled up with lead, leaving the sides perfect. This shows what trouble they will take for the smallest gain. The others were such admirable counterfeits, that having mixed them by accident with some good coin, I was obliged to ask the silversmith to show me which were spurious. As a sort of protection against bad money, every tradesman has a stamp inscribed with his name, with which he is obliged to mark every dollar which he puts in circulation, when he is answerable for its genuineness, and must take it back if required. Hence a dollar soon becomes covered with these marks or chops, and at last it is so cut

about, that it falls to pieces. In a basket of dollars, there are always a number of pieces loose at the bottom, which are collected and weighed. In allusion to this practise, a man pitted with the small-pox is said to have a "chop-dollar face." The amount of silver in circulation is very great; but it is not known where it comes from; and though a great quantity is always being exported, it does not seem to get any scarcer. Gold mines, it is said, exist in the Saganisch Mountains; but they are only worked periodically, and when enough is dug up to balance accounts, they are again closed by Government.

Wishing to see a little of the interior of the country, we took a boat at the hongs, and went about six miles up the river to a large temple and pagoda. In our way, we passed through an immense fleet of junks at anchor above the town. They were moored regularly in rows, and formed a forest of masts, denser than that on the Thames below bridge. They were rigged differently from the junks about Canton, having usually four masts, each furnished with a large square sail. Some were as much as 500 tons burden and upwards, and their masts were splendid sticks. Chain cables were used here hundreds of years before they were adopted in Europe.

Shanghai, though only the port of the larger city, Soochow, possesses an extensive trade, being well situated near the Imperial Canal, and close to the mouth of the great Yangtsekiang, one of the largest rivers in the world, and navigable for 400 or 500 miles. Shanghai is, I think, mentioned by Marco Polo, under another name, and accurately described by him, though his travels were so often thought fabulous.

Landing at the village near which the temple is situated, we took one of our boatmen with us as guide, and walked to the temple. The people were extremely civil, staring and grinning, but offering us no molestation. The pagoda was a high tower of several stories, each surmounted by a roof, turned up at the corners, and having the points ornamented with little bells—in fact, an exact counterpart of the edifices so commonly represented on plates. Most of the patterns on the porcelain represent some story—often a scene out of some well-known play or novel. The famous willow-pattern, more common in England than in China, is an example. The house on the right, surrounded by orange and other trees, was the residence of a mandarin, whose daughter had formed an attachment with a man of humble station, but whom she was prevented from seeing by her father. By the help of a fisherman they escaped to a house on an adjoining island; and the father and his men may be seen following over a bridge, while the doves above are the souls of the lovers, and emblematical of their happiness.

After some trouble, the old man who kept the pagoda was found, and being admitted we ascended by a staircase to the summit. The view over the flat country was extensive, and the course of the river could be traced for some distance, but the day was not very clear. On descending, we inspected the temple, which consisted of several houses, open at one side, and containing a number of large grotesque images, painted with gaudy colours. On the ground were several large bells; but the whole place seemed neglected and going to ruin.

Quitting the temple, we retained our boatman as a guide, and, dismissing the boat, returned home through the fields.

They were divided into small patches, much like the market-gardens near London; but the men and women at work in them were much better clothed than the same class generally are in England. It was quite dark before we arrived at Shanghai.

The people about Shanghai put me much in mind of the peasants of Moscow, the Tartar race and customs being probably extended east and west. Their manufactures are very ingenious, and I must especially mention their paper, which, though generally made of bamboo, is fine, even, and regular in its texture. The whity-brown paper is excellent, and stronger for its thickness than any we can make in England Any pattern of paper may be given them, and though they have never seen it before, they will, after a few trials, imitate it to. perfection, if well remunerated. A painter at Hong Kong told me that paper could be made four yards square, but I have never seen any of that size, The visiting cards of the mandarins are pieces of rose-coloured paper about a yard long, the size of the card corresponding with the rank of the person. Printing and moveable types have long been known in China; and a "Court Gazette" is published at Pekin every day. Punch is a Chinese dramatic performance, though from the name Punchinello, it is generally supposed to be of Neapolitan origin. It is here called Ponchi, or Ponki, a dwarf. The old Italian game, *mora*, played by holding up the fingers, is also known in China, where it probably originated. The loser has to drink off a large glass of liquor—a very civilized idea—as a penalty.

Humboldt has commended the astronomical observations of the Chinese, which are wonderfully laborious and correct.

"There exist in China," says the great philosopher, "authentic catalogues of the remarkable meteors of all classes, aerolites included, which have appeared there during two thousand four hundred years. To give an idea of the minuteness of these records, the translation of which we owe to the lamented Edward Biot, no fewer than one thousand four hundred and seventy-nine meteors were registered by the Chinese observers, who seem to have been officially employed for this purpose. The observations from the seventh century before Christ, to 960, were taken from the work of Matouanlin, an eminent Chinese author, towards the end of the thirteenth century."

I should much like to have seen the vast national works of China, such as the Great Wall, the Imperial Canal, or some of the long bridges; but it would have required more time than I was willing to give to the purpose, and in the interior of the country there was little to attract an idler like myself. Junks are lifted from one canal to another, by being drawn up an inclined plane; but the Chinese excel in moving weights. A ship being cast ashore, was given up as a hopeless affair by the English, when a Chinese offered to float it again, and accomplished the task. During my stay at Shanghai, a heavy iron safe was brought up for a merchant, and when hoisted out of the vessel and deposited on the shore, it was thought that no one could remove it to the house and fix it; but a Chinaman set to work, and seeing that the difficulty consisted in its being a great weight in a small compass, he concluded that the best thing to do was to increase the bulk, so he lashed a stout beam of timber firmly to the safe, fastened cross-spars to the beam, and bamboos to the spars, and then setting men to each end

of the bamboos, the safe was lifted up, and carried off with ease.

The 'Lady Mary Wood' now hoisted her blue-peter, to announce her departure for Hong Kong, and early in the morning of March the 21st, we went on board, and weighing anchor, steamed down the river to Woosung. We passed several ice-houses close to the river's edge, well drained, and thickly covered with thatch, but not sunk in the ground. They looked, at a distance, like haystacks, or Sandwich Islanders' huts. On the vessel anchoring at Woosung, I went on shore to see the batteries, which guarded the entrance of the river, lining the whole sea-wall, from the town of Paoushan to Woosung. At a distance they presented a formidable appearance, but were only composed of turf banks, with rusty iron guns in the embrasures. The guns were of Chinese manufacture; and one which had broken in two, or had burst, had an iron band round the fracture. These batteries were once thought a great deal of, and were quite depended on for keeping us out of the river, but an hour or two's cannonading soon put all their defenders to flight. The country behind Woosung Point is quite flat, and looked just like Holland, being on a level with, if not below, high-water mark. All this part of China is liable to inundations, which frequently give rise to great distress among the inhabitants.

In steaming out of the river, we nearly run over one or two junks, but though in appearance rather fragile, they are so strongly and heavily built, that unless we had caught them with our stem, a collision would probably have injured us more than it would them. The wind was fair for Hong Kong, but rather strong, and on this pretext, two or three

other passengers and myself were completely thrown over by the Peninsular and Oriental Company. We had taken our passage to "Shanghai and back, touching at Ningpo and Amoy, weather permitting;" but now, not wishing to carry out the contract, the captain coolly told us that the wind was too strong and the sea too high to permit it. This was a ridiculous excuse, as the wind was only a common north-east monsoon, to which, from its blowing half the year, a steamer must usually be exposed in these seas; but it was useless expostulating, and we were obliged to submit. There is no tyranny equal to that of a strong company, or a monopoly.

Off Chinchew we passed through a whole fleet of fishing-boats, comfortably riding at the end of their nets. They were all of the same build, and were under very little sail, with their rudders hoisted out of the water. They are capital sea boats, and rode most buoyantly over the long seas.

CHAPTER XXII.

SINGAPORE—PULO PENANG—COAST OF SUMATRA—CEYLON—CINNAMON GARDENS—BOMBAY—AN EAST INDIA BANQUET—CAVE OF ELEPHANTA—BASSEIN—BOMBAY BOATS—MALABAR POINT.

At length we reached Hong Kong, where I amused myself for two or three days sketching its beautiful scenery; and on April 1st, I started for Singapore and Bombay, by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer 'Malta.' We left the harbour in a cold drizzling rain, and heavy clouds hung over the high west end of the island, but we soon ran into finer weather. There were about thirty passengers, the majority English merchants, though there were several Americans, and four Parsees returning from Canton to Bombay. One old man, from the north of India, who had been engaged in the opium trade, was now returning home—a fine-looking old fellow, with a white beard and turban. One of the merchants' wives, an Englishwoman, going home from Hong Kong, was attended by a Chinese nurse, who, as she was about to mingle with Christians, thought it would be convenient to alter her religion; but not having a clear idea of what was

R.F. del. et lith.

Printed by Hullmandel & Walton

SINGAPORE.

London, Hurst & Blackett, Great Marlborough Street.

expected, she had gone to the Roman Catholic priest, instead of the Protestant clergyman, and did not discover her mistake until she came on board the 'Malta.'

After a fine smooth passage, we arrived at Singapore on the third day. As we remained here a whole day, I had some opportunity of seeing the place. It possesses a good hotel, kept by a Dutchman, and as it is the meeting-place for the Dutch steamer from Java, it is visited by a good many passengers. The steamer increased our party by several from Manilla, amongst whom was the Governor of the island, who had brought with him one of the pretty little white dogs for which Manilla is so famous, and which I have already described.

Singapore is very prettily situated. Being only seventy-five miles from the Equator, it might be expected to be excessively hot, but the sky is so often overcast, and there are so many squalls and storms of rain, that the heat is not very great, and everything looks fresh and green. A smooth grass-plot, surrounded by a neat drive, runs along by the sea, terminating at a bridge where there is a fine old tree, a handsome specimen of a sort of banian. It was long since I had last seen a smooth grass-plot, and it reminded me forcibly of English scenes, though the various figures which gave animation to this pretty picture were essentially Oriental, for all the nations of the Eastern world send representatives here to trade with those of the West—Chinese, Malays, Manilla men, Parsees, Jews, Armenians, Hindoos, Lascars, Cingalese and Arabs, with an occasional African, all in their native costumes, mingle confusedly with English, Americans, Dutch, Spaniards and Portuguese. Prahus come from Java, Sumatra, Celebes and Borneo, each with their native crew.

The Chinese, who are by far the most numerous, forming more than half of the whole population, as usual engross a great part of the trade, keeping most of the shops, and are engaged in every handicraft and employment.

All these different nations, at least the residents, have their own places of worship; for there is perfect freedom in religion, as well as in trade. The river is thronged with all sorts of boats and small vessels, and the wharves and surrounding houses are crowded with people. Trades are carried on partly in the open shops, partly in the streets, and the carpenters and blacksmiths, nearly all half-naked Chinese, may be seen hard at work in the various thoroughfares. The houses in the new part of the town seem good and comfortable; some, built apart, are supported by gardens and embosomed in shady trees. Government House stands on a low hill at the back of the town, and the walk to it, through groves of nutmeg, is very pretty. The trees were now loaded with the beautiful fruit, the bright red just bursting through the rind. There is a heavy fine for plucking a nutmeg, a necessary severity, as the trees are not protected by a fence. The view from the front of Government House is fine, comprising the wooded island and the harbour, but it presents nothing sufficiently striking to make a picture.

The island, though so small (about thirty miles long and fifteen in breadth), is not yet cleared of jungle, and is much infested with tigers, which are said to swim over the strait that divides it from the main land. Fruit is very abundant. Pine-apples are quite a drug, and are sold at the corners of the streets, ready peeled, with the stalk left on, so that the common people walk about gnawing them just as a labourer in England gnaws a Swedish turnip. Several people came

round the hotel hawking curiosities, and, among these traffickers, was a little man selling Malacca canes, a dwarf, about forty years old, well proportioned, but so small that I took him by the arm with one hand, and lifted him off the ground.

A number of Chinese junks were anchored near the town. They make one voyage in the year, coming down with the north-east and returning with the south-west monsoon, wisely preferring to go before the wind to beating against it. When they arrive at their destination, they dismantle their ship, and it becomes a sort of floating shop. The regularity of the monsoons and their half-yearly change, is an admirable provision for these countries, and vessels have little to fear in their voyages except the typhoons, which come at regular periods. Nor would a typhoon be so dangerous if captains could make up their minds to lie-to, or to run out of it at once; but being always eager to make a quick passage, they do not like to throw away a fair wind, so run before it generally under foresail and maintopsail till the sea becomes so high that they cannot lie-to when they wish. The typhoons take a course in a succession of circles, exactly like people waltzing round a room, and ships have been known, by continually running before the wind, to go round two circles. Thus seamen always describe the wind as changing to every point of the compass, and if they sail into the centre of one of the circles, they soon get a wind from exactly the opposite point. The Chinese dread the typhoons; but large junks seldom go to sea till the season for them is over.

After taking on board about one hundred pine-apples, and a batch of turtles, we left Singapore, and running down the

straits in twenty-four hours, arrived at Pulo Penang, a small island, which, like Singapore, belongs to the English. It is situated near the shore of the Malay peninsula, is hilly, picturesque, and very fertile. Here we remained about six hours, the 'Malta' taking the opportunity to fill up with coal, a dirty and troublesome operation, much worse in the tropics than anywhere else. The coal, brought alongside in bags, was put on board by half-naked Klings, who worked away like demons, shouting and yelling in a state of the greatest excitement. None of these races are remarkable for industry; but, when at labour, they work themselves up into a state of frenzy, and from their exertions and the heat of the sun, sometimes drop down dead.

Directly the anchor was dropped we went on shore, not only to see as much as we could of the island, but also to escape the heat, the noise, and the coal-dust, which penetrates everything. As for the heat, it was bad enough on shore, but, hiring a carriage, we took a drive into the country, proceeding to a very pretty water-mill, belonging to some Chinese. The roads led through thick woods of cocoa-nut, betel-nut, and other trees, growing in all the luxuriance of the tropics, though they had not the beauty of the forests of Brazil.

The water-mill was charmingly situated in a little valley, the mountains behind, and the surrounding woods glowing under the full radiance of a tropical sun. The residents at Penang were, as usual in this part of the world, a mixture of all the nations round. H.M.S. 'Amazon' was lying in the roads, and Captain Troubridge, her commander, whom I knew very well, came off to the steamer with us. Poor fellow, he died soon afterwards! Capten Eden, of the

'Amphitrite,' with whom I went to the Sandwich Islands, had already died at Mazatlan; and Ince, of the 'Pilot,' whom I knew in China, soon followed the other two. He was invalided at Shanghai, and died the night before the vessel in which he was a passenger reached Hong Kong. All three, though young men, had fallen victims to the climate in less than a year after we had met.

I was not sorry to leave Penang, the heat being so great, but next day, as we went through the Straits of Malacca, in nearly a calm, it was still hotter. What little air there was went with us, so that we had not even the advantage of the current created by the vessel's motion. The atmosphere itself did not seem at all oppressive, but we were overpowered by the least exertion. When about eighty-four or eighty-five degrees in the cabins, we were obliged to dress as carefully and slowly as possible, or our clean shirts would be wet through before our toilet was finished. At dinner we generally every one sat with a fan by the side of his plate to cool himself between the courses. At night the heat was nearly as great as in the day, but by taking away the mattress and lying on a Manilla mat, I always slept well.

We ran along the north coast of the island of Sumatra, and the blue mountains presented a fine rugged outline, indicating an abundance of good scenery, with which I should like to have made a better acquaintance; but as only a few places on the coast can be visited, this was impossible.

Our Parsee passengers amused themselves a good deal with playing chess, and they seemed pretty expert at the game. One of the Spaniards from Manilla, who was musical, entertained us sometimes with national songs. The opera of 'Pio Canyitas' was at this time the favourite in Spain, and

he sang several of its airs, well known in that country, but very little in England.

The 'Malta,' though a large vessel, about 1400 tons burden, was one of the slowest of her class; but she was well found, and the passengers were pretty well treated. This, however, was very handsomely charged for, the fare alone, for a passage from China or India, being £3 per day all through.

On the evening of Tuesday, April 16th, we arrived at point de Galle, Ceylon, where we were to stay two days and meet the 'Hindoostan' steamer from Calcutta, bound for Aden and Suez. To this vessel nearly all our passengers were to be transferred; the Parsees and myself being the only ones who remained in the 'Malta,' to go to Bombay. Among the passengers from Calcutta for England was the Nepaulese Ambassador and his suite, but he attracted much less attention amongst us at Ceylon, than he afterwards did in England. The 'Hindoostan's' internal arrangements had been a good deal altered for his convenience; and out of respect for his religion, they did not kill any beef during the voyage, rather a strange proceeding I thought; but the English, as well as the Chinese, will suit their scruples, both in religion and other things, to their pockets.

The hotel at Point de Galle was full to overflowing, but we found quarters at different houses about the town. Being an old Dutch fortified town, built on a flat peninsula, it has no remarkable features. The country round is covered with a luxuriant vegetation, belts of tall cocoa-nuts running along the shore for miles.

On the Wednesday morning a party of us went off to see the cinnamon gardens. Every town has some lion of this

sort, which one is almost obliged to go and see, and although I had seen enough of spices, I went with the crowd. The road to the gardens was very pretty, sometimes along the shore, which was washed by a heavy surf, sometimes through long avenues of cocoa-nut trees, relieved here and there by a few cottages, with bananas and other fruit trees. The gardens themselves were not so attractive. The cinnamon was growing like hazel or any other underwood, and was cut regularly when six or eight feet high. The bark of the young sticks furnishes the spice. This part of Ceylon is not famous for scenery, though more to the northward, where it is very mountainous and tolerably cool, it abounds in fine pictures. The natives are a handsome, but most effeminate-looking race, the men having their hair long with a comb in it, like women, and wearing bracelets on their arms.

Galle is not a free port, and on landing we had to pass our portmanteaus and carpet-bags through the custom-house. I thought we were treated very civilly, but the head officer was most unjustifiably abused by one or two of the Hong Kong merchants, who fancied, because they were great people in their own colony, that they must give themselves airs out of it. The gate into the town, a part of the old Dutch fortifications, was a picturesque structure; and many of the houses had the old step gables so common in Holland, giving them a very quaint look. In the afternoon I walked a good way along the road, which being one continued arbour of cocoa-nut trees, was well shaded from the sun. I made a sketch or two, much to the astonishment of the natives, who could not imagine what I was doing.

On April 18th I left Galle, and proceeded in the 'Malta' to Bombay, and now had the great vessel almost to myself.

All the English passengers from China had gone on to England by the 'Hindoostan,' and we had but three fresh ones from Calcutta, Sir Erskine Perry, Captain Gallwey, and Mr. Boyle. Having a head-wind all the way, we made a pleasant passage, and arrived in Bombay on the 22nd.

Mr. B—— and I took up our quarters at a large hotel at Mazagaun, about two miles from the city or fortress of Bombay. The house was pleasantly situated in a garden, and we had a small bungalow, a sort of summer-house, to ourselves. Being on a rising ground, this place was much cooler than the city; yet the summer was now coming on fast, and it was too hot to go out much, except very early in the morning. This is a great drawback to moving about in India, where one usually travels in the night.

Bombay was the first true Indian town I had seen, so everything was of interest. It is very prettily situated, on a long sandy peninsula, the citadel and fortress being divided from the rest of the town by a wide open space. The streets in the city are composed of tall houses, with heavy overhanging stories, supported by beams and carved woodwork, something like the old German towns, such as Nuremberg and Frankfort. The lights and shadows were fine, and the streets were always crowded with the population, in their varied and striking costumes. Dark faces and black beards contrast well with a white turban; and a good deal of red in the dress has a very imposing effect. The tanks and wells are always lively scenes, and afford splendid subjects to the painter. Women and girls of the most graceful and elegant forms crowd round to fill their brazen jars with water; their tall slender figures dressed in crimson or red, their finely-formed arms bare, and adorned, as are their

ankles, with heavy silver bangles and bracelets. Men are also in the throng, filling huge water-skins, fastened on each side of a handsome patient-looking ox. The wells seem a regular gossiping-place for the fair sex, who walk away, bearing their shining water-jars on their heads, with a grace that would shame the ladies of the South Seas. Their costumes and customs have not been interfered with; and though the "suttee," and that sort of barbarity, has been stopped, they have not been forced to give up their bracelets, and wear bonnets, as a sign that they are Christians.

At night, the streets of Bombay have a most curious appearance; and as it was a full moon, and nearly as light as day, we had a good opportunity of witnessing the spectacle. All the people were sleeping out in the streets, on benches, or on the steps of the houses, just out of the carriage-way. They took great care to cover the face from the light of the moon, which they consider has a most injurious effect, and liable to produce blindness; yet the eyes receive no injury from lying down and sleeping in the full glare of the sun.

Our hotel at Mazagaun was good, tolerably cool, and well supplied with ice, which was served both at dinner and tiffin. Ice is a luxury in this hot climate, which those who have never been out of England can hardly appreciate. I dined sometimes with the Chief Justice (Sir Erskine Perry), and it would be difficult to conceive anything more delightful or truly luxurious than sitting down, after a hot day's work in Bombay, to one of those sumptuous dinners, with plenty of iced champagne, iced bottled ale, and iced water, while a punkah—a long frame-work hanging vertically from the ceiling over the dining-table—waves over one's head, and

being pulled backwards and forwards by a man in an adjoining room, creates a most agreeable draught of air, cooling the whole room. Some people have a punkah over their beds, and by means of a cord leading through a small hole in the wall, a man in an adjoining chamber works it all night. Iced pale ale is an agreeable drink here, and immense quantities of it are now consumed in India, insomuch that it is a common thing for ladies to drink a bottle or two for luncheon.

My sojourn in Bombay (for I had determined to leave it on the 1st of May) was too limited for me to make an excursion to the hills, and visit the famous caves of Karlee and Ellora, which I had before intended to do; and as the hottest weather, too, was just coming on, I was obliged to content myself with a visit to the smaller, though equally famous, cave of Elephanta. The island of Elephanta, so called from a gigantic stone image of an elephant on it, is situated about six miles from Bombay, just across the harbour. Mr. B—— and I took a sailing-boat from one of the stairs or landing-places, and a fair wind soon wafted us across. The cave is situated in the side of a steep hill, about half a mile from the shore, and in the full glare of the sun, so that the walk up was both hot and dusty. It was much in the style of some of the rock temples of Egypt, and, like them, entirely artificial, the roof being supported by short columns, left standing in the course of the excavation. It is supposed to be of no great antiquity; and though several of the columns are broken off and thrown down, it has suffered more from the hands of man than from the ravages of time. Dark and solemn, it is yet too small to create any grand impression; the outside, however, backed by a hill covered with trees, is

imposing, and the view from the entrance, looking down on the calm blue sea, is pretty. On the back of the cave are some elaborate statues in high relief, of the ancient many-headed gods of the Hindoos; but the place is no longer used for worship. It was the resemblance of these caves and statues to those of Egypt, that led the Sepoys in the British army to recognize their gods in the temples of the Nile; and they worshipped the Egyptian deities, considering that they were the same as their own. After minutely inspecting the cave, we returned in the cool of the evening to our hotel at Mazagaun.

On another occasion, hiring a large boat with five men, we took a longer excursion, and were away for nearly two days. We laid in some provisions, cold chicken, &c., and to avoid the necessity of a cooking-apparatus, took, instead of tea and coffee, a large basket of soda-water and bottled beer. Starting from Bombay in the afternoon, we steered for an old ruined town, called Bassein, where we arrived just before daylight the next morning. Bassein is situated on an arm of the sea, close to the water's edge, and is a well-fortified place, surrounded by a wall with towers and gates. Though I knew it was deserted and ruined, I half expected to see some one at the gate as I entered; but everything was still and lifeless. Within the walls, the streets were broken up, and the area was filled with groves of trees, amongst which stood the churches, convents, and ruined houses. The buildings were roofless, but otherwise tolerably perfect, though great trees grew in the courts of the houses, and banian trees had in some places rooted themselves on the top of massive walls, their roots or branches—for it is difficult to distinguish them—running down the sides, and penetrating

every chink and cranny in search of moisture, have covered whole buildings with a network of roots. Bassein was a Portuguese town when that nation possessed this part of India, and was besieged and captured by the Mahrattas; but was afterwards thought to be in such a bad situation, that it was abandoned; and now the only person who inhabits it is a Portuguese woman, a widow and her daughter, descendants of its former possessors. This solitary resident rents the whole of the town, once possessed by her ancestors, for the sake of the date and other fruit trees, which still grow in the gardens, paying a small annual sum for it to the British Government.

We walked through the ruined streets early in the morning, and then returning to our boats to breakfast, strolled about till ten o'clock. The heat was tremendous; for the town being walled in, the little wind outside was prevented from entering, and the sun poured down on us with all its strength. It was so powerful, that though we had umbrellas, I almost doubted whether we should be able to reach our boat. On the water, and under shelter, we fared very well; but the wind was very light, and we were a long time getting back to Bombay.

The sailing-boats at Bombay are of a very curious build and rig. Their keels are hollowed out, or rather arched, and they have an immense long snout or bow, which acts also the part of bowsprit. The mast, which is very short and strong, and stepped nearly amidships, rakes very much forward, and carries an immense lateen sail. They go very fast, and are said to beat every other kind of boat; but it is always alleged of these strange rigs, that they are beyond all others suited to the country. Some of the private boats

are beautiful models, and carry a very large sail. The Government yards and building-slips are busy enough, and some of our finest ships have been launched here; generally receiving, from this circumstance, some Eastern name, such as the 'Asia,' 'Ceylon,' 'Ganges,' &c.

The new Botanical Garden is well laid out, and the Government-house and several others are prettily situated; but the pleasantest drive is to Malabar Point, from whence there is a beautiful view of the town and harbour, dotted with white sails and the surrounding islands. The scene has been compared to the Bay of Naples; but the two places have not the slightest resemblance. The general way of going about the town is in a palanquin, but I found that lying down on cushions and being carried along was hotter work than sitting up in any sort of carriage, though the common buggies are dirty and disreputable vehicles.

The horses of the troops were well bred, and were tethered in rows on the sand, exposed to the burning sun. It appears to agree well with them; for if the climate suits a horse, it can endure any degree of heat. Thus, in Arabia and India, they will encounter great fatigue and stand any heat, whilst the same thing in Brazil knocks them up.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE 'ATALANTA'—VOYAGE TO ADEN—THE CANTONMENT—THE RED SEA — SUEZ — ACROSS THE DESERT — THE VANS — ARRIVAL AT CAIRO.

I LEFT Bombay May 1st, in the Honourable East India Company's steamer 'Atalanta,' and I think I never was on board a ship so dirty, so badly managed, and altogether so uncomfortable. We paid five hundred rupees (£50) for a cabin passage to Suez, which was high enough. Formerly the captains used to supply the table for the passengers, and they were allowed two hundred rupees (£20) a-head, for which they did it well, and made a fair profit. Now the passengers are underlet by the Company at a cheaper rate to a Parsee, who contracts to feed them, provide for them, and wait on them. So there were none but black servants, who all slept on the cabin floor. Thus the Hon. East India Company gains a few rupees at the expense of the passengers and of the captain. The latter has hardly any authority over the Parsee steward; and if complaints are made to him, he says that he has nothing to do with it. The whole arrangements

were bad, not only with regard to the passengers but the ship. The vessel was small, and had not sufficient power; and the day after we left Bombay, wishing to look at the barometer, as was generally my custom, I found, to my surprise and horror, that there was none on board. The captain said that the Company did not supply him with one, and asked me if I thought a barometer was of any use? I told him that I would as soon navigate the Chinese seas without a compass.

The sleeping arrangements of this specimen of John Company's steamer, deserve some description. As the fare was £10 more for a cabin than for a deck passage, most of the passengers, who were officers returning from India, preferred the latter, leaving the cabins to the ladies and those who liked to pay for them. I always prefer sleeping under cover if I can, and, therefore, paying £5, took an intermediate place, and slept on a sofa in the cabin. There, as all the stern windows were open, and my sofa was close to them, I did not feel the heat much, although there were two passengers in each cabin, all the sofas were occupied, and the Parsee servants slept on the floor. But the quarter-deck was a strange sight, and looked more like the ward of an hospital than anything else. All one side of the deck and part of the other, only just leaving room for the crew to walk aft, was covered with mattresses and pillows of different sorts and colours, and there all the deck passengers slept side by side. At daylight, every one was stirring, and then all had to wash and shave in public, each man keeping his clothes in a portmanteau or carpet-bag by his side during the process, and afterwards stowing it in the quarter-boat. Luckily, we had no bad weather, or it would have been dreadful work, and in

the highest degree dangerous; but our only enemy was the heat.

It was hardly to be expected to find a bath on board such a vessel, but we got a cask on the half-deck and a hose worked by the engine, and we each took our turn in the tub, with nothing on but a pair of "pajamas" (loose drawers) and had the water soused over us from the hose. This was our greatest luxury, and I do not know how we could have lived without it. Ice, of which we had a large supply on board, was also very refreshing, as were our Bombay fruits, particularly mangoes. These last have a flavour which it is nearly impossible to describe. In appearance they are yellow and brown, rather larger than a peach, and have a stone in the middle. It is said, in India, that the best way to eat them is to sit in a tub of water, and take the mangoes out of a bucket of iced water at your side. They grow well in South America, but the flavour is not near so fine as those in Bombay, and even in Bombay they differ much, every tree having a separate reputation. The tree is very large, massive, and handsome, and casts a splendid black shade on the ground. The leaves are something like those of a Portugal laurel, but more pointed, and rather darker in colour.

Allowing for the accommodation, we passed our time pleasantly enough on board the 'Atalanta,' many of the passengers being very agreeable people, and two or three of them were draughtsmen like myself. A great part of the day and most of the evening was spent in playing whist; but sometimes the heat was so great, and had such an enervating effect, that we dealt the cards and then tossed up for the odd trick, so as to *save ourselves the trouble of thinking*. But the heat in the

engine-room was really insupportable. There were two sets of stoke-holes, one on each side of the boiler, and in the forward holes the thermometer generally ranged from 110° to 130°. The stokers were principally Hindoos, but the engineers were white men, and the coal-trimmers were Seedies, an African tribe, numbers of whom are employed in this capacity in our Indian steamers. Strange to say, these men, who stand the work of bringing coals from the bunkers to the fires (and the temperature of the bunkers is the highest of any part of the steamer) cannot do the stoking work. The experiment was tried; but the idea was obliged to be given up, as the Seedies fell down dead without showing any previous sign of illness. Those on board the 'Atalanta,' were fat, good-tempered-looking fellows; but they would frequently come up through the holes in the deck quite exhausted, with nothing on but a pair of drawers, and looking as if they had been dipped in the sea. They would then drink a good draught of water, sit down in the sun till they got quite dry, and the coal-dust began to glisten on their equally black hides, when they were quite recovered.

One night the usual quiet of the steamer was disturbed by the most dreadful shrieks and yells issuing from one of the cabins occupied by two officers, one of whom immediately bolted out and rushed on deck. The yells still continued, and the ladies, in alarm, thrust their heads out of their cabins to know what was the matter, while the Parsee servants, huddled together, stared at the curtained doorway, but were afraid to go in. At last one of the officers, who knew the occupant of the cabin, went in and found him sitting up in his bed suffering from nightmare. He was awoke, and everything was again quiet; but his fellow-traveller would not return to

the cabin, preferring to take out his mattress and spread it among the rest on deck.

On May 11th, in the afternoon, we arrived in sight of the high mountains of Aden, and anchored off the station in the evening. As it was again a case of coaling, we all went on shore to sleep at the hotel. This strangely-situated inn is close to the coaling-station, but four miles from the cantonment, which is at the town or village of Aden. It is kept by a Parsee, and I think must be one of the hottest places on earth. It is built near the sea, on a little plain of white sand, and backed by the bare, black, scorched hills, which seem to reflect the sun with redoubled force. The place, however, has its beauties, though it would be difficult to persuade any unfortunate quartered there, that such was the case. As a passer-by, I admired the black rocks, bright sand, deep purple bay, and blue and violet mountains; and the brown camels and Arabs, with their white burnoose and turbans, were quite in character with the scene. But to a resident, I acknowledge it must seem the vilest spot in the world, and hence, I suppose, the tradition that it is the grave of Cain. Yet, within a few miles of this barren and burnt-up place, there is a fine and fertile country, part of Arabia Felix, though, as the inhabitants are hostile to us, it is little known. Aden is situated at the entrance of the Red Sea, on the Asiatic side of the Straits of Babelmandel.

As the hotel has to take in a great number of passengers for one or two nights, its arrangements are rather singular. Besides a few private rooms for ladies, &c., there is one long apartment full of beds, ranged side by side like a barrack, or rather, more like "Long Chamber" at Eton. One side is all windows, with matting to keep the place as cool as

R E del et lith.

Hullmandel & Walton Lithog

ADEN

possible, yet the heat is very great; and as we were not sleepy, we took off most of our clothes, and sitting on our beds, one of the party read aloud the two last numbers of the "Home News," which we met at this half-way house.

The next morning, before it was light, the natives came down to the hotel with horses, and we started for the cantonment. The road led at first along the shore at the foot of the mountains, and then, striking up the side of the steep, passed through a strongly fortified gateway, and a narrow passage deeply cut in the rock, at the end of which we came in sight of the village, situated on a little plain, surrounded by red hills. This plain and valley is generally said to be the crater of an extinct volcano, but I saw nothing to warrant such a conclusion, though the whole of the surrounding country bore evident marks of volcanic action.

The houses in Aden are usually thatched with rushes. In one building larger than the others, I saw a number of soldiers assembled, while four natives outside were hard at work pulling the ropes of the punkahs hung within the house, and at first I could not imagine what was going on, but hearing a voice preaching, I remembered it was Sunday, and though it was not yet six o'clock, the soldiers were attending divine service—so easy is it to forget the day of the week in travelling. We rode round the town, at the lower end of which is a high Moorish tower, old, quaint, and picturesque. The sun now becoming very powerful, we returned to our inn, and at sunset went on board our steamer again, and got under weigh for Suez.

Running through the Straits of Babelmandel, we entered the Red Sea. This is generally the hottest part of the

voyage, but fortunately we had a head-wind, which kept the ship tolerably cool. We passed within sight of Mocha, from this distance a pretty white-looking city, though probably, if we had landed, all its beauty would at once have vanished.

The whole of this country along the coast shows that it has at some time been subject to volcanic action; and the islands in the Red Sea, of which there are several, still have, in their truncated cones, the form of craters. How long they have been extinct it is impossible to say, but an officer on board told me that he had once seen smoke issuing from one, and that it was entered in the ship's log. There is certainly a line, from Aden along the Red Sea by Sinai to the Dead Sea, which has been acted on by internal fire; and hot springs, lava, sulphur, and bitumen prove that the action has been strong. It might have been this that caused the Dead Sea to sink, as its waters now are about a thousand feet below the level of the Red Sea or the Mediterranean.

At length we arrived at Suez, and were not sorry to leave the old 'Atalanta,' in a lateen-rigged boat, for the shore.

Suez is a wretched-looking, hot, dusty, Arab town, full of camels, donkeys, dust, fleas, and flies; but, from the English passengers for India passing through it twice every month in each direction, it has become a place of some importance. The chief building is the hotel, a large white house, facing the sea, but as the stay of travellers is always too brief to do any real good to the town, which is surrounded on three sides by desert and sand, and fronted by a desert-looking sea, there is no temptation for any one to make a long sojourn in Suez.

The first question of those who come from England is, whether the steamer has arrived; the first of those from India is, when will the vans start.

As we were detained some hours—why, I could not make out—we had time to walk round and examine evergthing. Two or three dilapidated mosques, with tall, white minarets, and the old wall, with its quaint-looking gate, leading out into the desert, formed the chief architectural lions of the town. But a camel and two or three Arabs are enough for a picture, and of these we had whole groups, some sitting round fires, with wreaths of smoke circling over them; others lounging indolently about. Near the gate was a tower, surmounted by a telegraph. Entering, we walked up to the top, and found two or three Government officers watching with a telescope. The view was simple, but its colouring exquisite —the yellow expanse of sand being bounded with pink and blue hills, overhung with a sort of light purple mist; while a string of camels, winding towards the gate, gave animation to the town. Behind the town was the deep purple gulf of the Red Sea, with only the solitary 'Atalanta' on its waters.

In returning to the hotel, we passed along the shore, where some large but oddly-shaped vessels were building; but the turbaned Arabs, as they worked slowly round them, looked very much out of place. We found the street in front of the inn in a regular uproar. The Transit Company, as if anxious to complete their task as soon as possible, hurry passengers through Egypt at a tremendous pace, and we had hardly time to take a good lunch of roast chicken, turkeys, and bottled ale, ere we were obliged to jump into the vans, and at 4 P.M. set off.

The vans are like small omnibuses, "constructed to carry six passengers inside," and no luggage. They have two large wheels, and are drawn by four horses, driven at great speed, and very well, by Arabs, or blacks, in the Sultan's service. The door is behind, and the passengers, who are pretty closely packed, sit three on each side. Our caravan comprised six of these vehicles, which one after the other filled at the hotel door, and we all started together. The baggage and mails had set off on camels about two hours before. One would imagine that it would be an object to get the mails quickly to and from India; but while the passengers are forwarded in vans at full speed, the mails are quietly walked over the isthmus on camels, so that the passengers have always to wait at Cairo twelve hours, and often longer, till they come up, and the same at Alexandria; thus losing at least twenty-four hours on the road. In our case we started from Suez two or three hours after the mails, overtook them soon after we left, waited the whole day in Cairo, and slept the following night in Alexandria, while, with proper management, all this time might have been saved.

The road across the desert, though hardly what we should call a road, is good for the place, the sand not being deep, and the large stones having been picked out. We went over in style to the first station, the horses galloping, plunging, and kicking; the passengers, shouting, laughing, and singing. Changing horses, we were quickly off again in the same order. At the third station we found a hot supper awaiting us, the tea, coffee, chickens, turkeys, &c., provided by the Company, but ale and porter we had to pay for. Our repast over, we were again in our vehicles, and dashed along all night, arriving in Cairo, after two more suppers,

at half-past four the next morning; so that we accomplished our journey of ninety miles, including stoppages, in twelve hours and a half. The *chef de cuisine*, at the third station from Cairo, was a dark brown Arab, who, as he bustled about, seemed very familar to me, and I found, on accosting him, that he was the identical Hadji Ibrahim, who had some years before officiated as cook in my boat on the Nile. He had gone up with me to Wady Halfa, the second cataract, and had been a most excellent and faithful servant, and in these expeditions one's cook is a great item in the comforts of the voyage. But as we had had the best of dragomen, namely, Said Ali Bey, and the best of cooks, Hadji Ibrahim, our voyage had been both pleasant and prosperous.

Just as it became light, we met a train of camels, carrying to Suez the different parts of an engine for a steamer, which the Pasha was building there. Some of the heavier portions, such as the beams, were carried between four camels on cross bars of wood, passed from one animal to the other. But we could spare scarcely a glance for this odd procession, when the domes and minarets of Cairo, glancing in the morning light, rose to view. Skirting the beautiful tombs which adorn this side of the city, we passed beneath the massive Bab el Nussoor, and dashing through the narrow streets, were set down in a few minutes at the Oriental Hotel, nearly choked with dust, from which, however, a bath soon relieved us. After breakfast, I felt quite refreshed, and mounting a donkey, started for a ride round the town.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CAIRO—ALEXANDRIA—QUARANTINE AT MALTA—VISIT TO SICILY—RUN THROUGH ITALY—SWITZERLAND—HOLLAND—THE RHINE—RETURN TO ENGLAND.

I KNEW Cairo well, having made a considerable stay there some years before; but now, on revisiting it, I found that it quite equalled my first impressions, and I think that, though Damascus may be more truly oriental, in picturesqueness and street scenery Cairo is not equalled by anything in the world. I acted as guide, and took several of the passengers round the most interesting parts of the city. We visited the bazaars, and then rode out by the gate of Bab el Nussoor to the tombs of the Caliphs, and to the citadel. Here the Pasha is building a splendid mosque of oriental alabaster, which bids fair, when finished, to be one of the wonders of the world. It is very lofty, yet has a light appearance, and looks indeed rather insecure, but the Orientals have generally proved pretty good builders, and the eastern climate is not so destructive as ours. The view from the parapet, in

front of the mosque, is one of the finest in the world, embracing the whole of Cairo and the Necropolis, or City of Tombs, while the Nile glistens in the distance. Beyond are the Pyramids of Gizeh, and the prospect is bounded by the yellow desert. From this edifice we proceeded to the mosque of Sultan Hassan, a splendid structure, though in size not equal to that of the Pasha.

We availed ourselves of our stay in Cairo to lay in a stock of about twenty pounds of Gibili tobacco, which carries off the palm from every other. It comes from the slopes of the Lebanon, whence it derives its name of Gibel (mountain), but the mart for it is Cairo or Alexandria, where the best quality can be obtained.

Several officers of our party, meanwhile, had ridden over to the Pyramids, having set off on horses and donkeys directly we reached Cairo. It is a ride of twelve miles, and, therefore, they had had little time for inspecting the huge piles, and returned only just in time to go down by the steamer to Alexandria. We proceeded to Boulac, the Nile port of Cairo, a distance of about two miles from the city, in omnibuses. As the river was low, we had rather a long voyage down the Nile, frequently running aground on the mud-banks. The sun set, as it only does set on the Nile, in a mass of crimson and gold, and we went to sleep as we best could, lying down on the benches and floor of the little cabin. The officer subject to the nightmare, who had roused us up, and so alarmed us all, on board the 'Atalanta,' again began his dreadful screams, but this time only provoked our laughter, and, awaking him, we soon brought him to his senses. At Atfeh, where we arrived in the morning, we were transferred from the steamer, to one of the small canal

boats, and continued our voyage along the Mahmoudie Canal, towed by a smaller steamer. Night found us still on the canal, but a night so lovely compensated for every inconvenience. The moon, nearly at its full, shed a brilliant light on every object, and the tall lateen sails of the boats, which met us on their way up the canal, looked whiter than by day. Every one was in good humour at the idea of their troubles being at an end, and we passed the time pleasantly enough, sitting on the deck and singing.

On our arrival at Alexandria, omnibuses were in attendance to convey us to the town, and as the steamer was not to start till the next morning, we all put up at the hotel. On the road to the town we passed the famous column, the great ornament of Alexandria, which presented, in the clear moonlight, a much better appearance than by day, when the names which deface its beautiful shaft are all visible, and the dirty look of Egypt even more so. "Look, look!" cried one of the passengers, "there is Pompey's Pillar." "Oh," said Captain S——, "is it? Well, I don't think much of it; but there is a deal of humbug in this world."

At Alexandria our party broke up. During the whole voyage from Bombay, the general topic of conversation was which way each one should go home from Alexandria, and the quickness, cost, and convenience of the several routes were canvassed again and again. Every one continually altered his mind; and as I had at various times gone by nearly all the routes, I was continually applied to for information. Now, however, we all separated, some going by the French steamer to Marseilles, by which route they reached home at least a week before any one else; while some waited to go by the Austrian Lloyd's boat to Trieste, and so home

by Venice and the Tyrol. One or two determined to see Constantinople and Athens, while several others, with Mr. Crake and myself, took places by the English war-steamer 'Oberon,' Captain Gardner, for Malta, intending thence to go home by sea. The 'Oberon' only went as far as Malta, where she shifted her mails to another steamer, which took them to Marseilles; but we expected to find the steamer from Constantinople at Malta, and intended to go home by her. In this, however, we were disappointed; and our disgust was great, on arriving at that island, to find that the Constantinople steamer had sailed for England the evening before. The English steamer for Marseilles took no passengers; the French steamer, as we had come from Alexandria in another vessel, and had not a clean bill of health, would have nothing to do with us; so we were all put into quarantine, having quarters assigned us in the Lazaretto. I had been imprisoned once before in Fort Manuel, when I had had a fortnight; but now our sentence was not so severe, as we were only condemned to three days. This soon passed away, for we were allowed to bathe, and to go in boats into the main harbour, under the protection of a yellow flag.

On the last day of May, having passed a favourable examination before the health-officer, we were released, and going across the harbour into the town of Valetta, took up our quarters at the chief hotel. Our first inquiries were as to how we could get away, and we found that a steamer was to sail for Naples in the afternoon, touching at the Sicilian ports; and most of us changed at once from Gibraltar and the Bay of Biscay, to Naples, and then home through the continent. Our luggage we left to go by sea, and each packing a portmanteau, we got our passports *visé'd*, paid

our passage-money, visited the cathedral, bought a few curiosities at Messiah's well-known store, and before sunset were under weigh for Syracuse. The morning of June 1st. found us entering the little round harbour of this once magnificent city. The Neapolitan steamer having only engaged to find us in provisions when not in port, managed usually to lie in harbour at meal times, so we were sent on shore to get our breakfast, and pay for it at the hotel. We then walked round the town, looked over at the fountain of Arethusa, as usual full of bare-legged washer-women, and visited the cathedral; but having before gone through Sicily, I did not examine all the ruins, for which indeed, had I been ever so inclined, there was no time. The cathedral, which is erected over a Doric temple of Minerva, still encloses the huge columns of the ancient edifice, on one side they are built into the wall, and on the other they form the side of the aisle.

We were soon on board again, and proceeded on our voyage at mid-day, anchoring off the beautiful city of Catania, where, as usual, we all went on shore. Mr. Crake and myself being both addicted to sketching, walked out of the town towards the south, and worked for some time. From the sea-shore, Catania makes a splendid picture. Backed by Etna, with a third of its cone now clothed in fresh snow, the city, surrounded by gardens, all out in full leaf, and gleaming with domes and towers, stood proudly out against the dark shade of the huge mountains. Catania is finely built; the streets are regular and well paved, but all the houses, as well as the pavements, are composed of lava from the mountain, an eruption from which may any day overwhelm the whole. A large lava stream indeed, which has run down on each side

of the town, avoiding the centre, has done much injury in the environs. The southern stream directed its course towards one of the principal convents, and piling itself against the garden-wall, over-topped it, so that the destruction of the whole seemed inevitable; but some saint opportunely interposed, checking it by a miracle, and it just hangs over the top of the wall. The harbour, not being such a holy place, or so efficiently protected, the lava stream filled it up, as it did the ditch of the castle. A spring, covered with a thick layer, was afterwards dug out, and now bubbles up clear and transparent at the bottom of a huge cave of black lava.

At the chief hotel we obtained a bad dinner, and returning to the steamer at sunset, again set off on our voyage, and early the next morning, arrived in the harbour of Messina. The place looked much more beautiful than I had expected, from my recollection of it four years ago, but it was now spring, and everything appeared fresh and *riant*. The sun shone brightly on the white houses lining the quay, and scattered over the hills, though the Calabrian mountains, on the other side of the strait, above Reggio, were still capped with snow. The town had been a good deal damaged since my last visit, having sustained a severe battering during the revolutionary war, when the Sicilians, making a struggle for independence, revolted from the Neapolitan Government. The fine row of houses along the quay, which formerly made Messina one of the handsomest towns in Europe, had suffered much, some having the upper stories completely knocked away, and temporary roofs were now stretched across on the remains of the pilasters. All were full of shot-holes, and many were completely riddled, the Neapolitan guns from the strong fort on the other side of the harbour

cannonading the unfortunate town. The English are not free from blame in these proceedings, having led the inhabitants to suppose that they would be assisted by our Government. Very little support, however, did they get, particularly as they failed in their revolt.

At 11 P.M., we left Messina, after taking on board a number of soldiers, and passed between Scylla and Charybdis, avoiding one without falling into the other. Steam navigation has entirely stripped these and many other dangers, once so famous and so much feared by navigators, of all their terrors, and when we passed the dreaded straits, they were as smooth as a mill-pond. Running along the rugged coast of Calabria, we touched at two little towns, Pizzo and Paolo, beautifully situated, and presenting a most picturesque appearance from the sea. The Italian towns seem built expressly for a painter. The houses, generally overlooked by a high castle, are piled up one above the other, on the steep sides of the rocks and ravines, with tiers of arches, festooned with vines, always bright and stately.

On the morning of the 4th of June we entered the harbour of Naples, and after an immensity of trouble with passports and custom-house officers, though there was nothing we could possibly smuggle, got on shore at eleven o'clock, in a dreadful humour with everything, and quite famished for want of breakfast. The system of persecution to which travellers are subjected in these places is hardly credible. It would appear as if the natives wished to keep strangers out of their towns, instead of encouraging their visits, and do everything to make them uncomfortable.

C—— and I, knowing Naples well, had nothing to do

but stroll about and amuse ourselves; the other travellers set desperately to work sight-seeing, and "did" Vesuvius, Pompeii, Herculaneum, and the Museums, in an incredibly short time. Most of the English sojourners had now left Naples, and migrated northwards; but I found several acquaintances still lingering in the beautiful city, which, I should observe, increases wonderfully in beauty with the approach of summer. Indeed, many of these southern towns are anything but pleasant in winter, and in wet weather are detestable.

Not wishing to stay in Naples, our heads being turned resolutely homewards, we embarked again on board the first steamer, taking our places for Genoa. We arrived next morning at the vile little port of Civita Vecchia, where we remained most of the day, though we were not permitted to land —why, I could not make out. In the evening we were again *en route*, and on the morning of the 8th reached Leghorn, where we stopped another whole day. Leghorn, however, is but a stupid place, possessing few attractions. We went off by rail to Pisa, where we saw and ascended the beautiful leaning tower, and walked round the Campo Santo and the Cathedral, returning in the afternoon to Leghorn; and in the evening started for Genoa, thus making all our voyages by night, and spending all the day on shore.

Landing at Genoa, we lost no time in proceeding to the *poste*, and took our places for Milan, starting by the *malle-poste* in the evening. Day broke while we were yet some way from our destination, dragging along the uninteresting plains of Lombardy; in the distance, over the hedges, with nothing else intervening, shone the chain of the Alps, perfectly white with snow, and glistening in the morning sun.

On arriving at Milan, a bath and breakfast speedily recruited our energies; and though we made but a short stay, we saw, during the day, a good deal of the stately city, besides visiting the cathedral, and driving out to see the famous picture of the Cœnacula by Leonardi da Vinci. This is a fresco, and seemed more faded than when I saw it before; and indeed it has at different times been repaired so much, that there are doubts whether much of the original painting remains. Fortunately it has been so well engraved, that its beauties will not be lost to posterity. The effect as a picture is entirely gone, as the colours are now so faint; but the expression of the faces, particularly that of our Saviour, is extremely beautiful. The cathedral, whatever architectural critics may say, is a splendid pile, and I know nothing more striking than the effect it produces on entering its solemn portals for the first time. Without, everything is brightness, the Italian sun shining on the white marble pinnacles as they rise up still white, against the deep purple sky, while within the light is so broken and mellowed by the coloured glass of the windows, that hardly enough remains to show clearly the vast expanse of the majestic aisle, till the eye, after a few moments, becomes accustomed to the gloom, and traces the clustered columns which support the roof.

Leaving Milan in the evening, we proceeded by train to Como, where we slept, and next morning started by steamer for the upper end of the lake. I was glad once more to visit Como, for when I was last there, I had fancied that its scenery was not to be surpassed, and I was now anxious, after having seen the luxuriant vegetation of Brazil, and the wondrous loveliness of the tropics, to see if it was still to be my *beau-idéal* of what was beautiful in nature.

was a lovely morning, and being, for this climate, so early in the year, the distant mountains were quite covered with snow, brightly illuminated by the morning sun, whilst the lower ones were still in shade. The lake was as smooth as glass, the deep shadows under the shores occasionally broken by a boat covered with a graceful awning; and at each point, as we glided swiftly up the lake, the steamer opened a succession of beautiful panoramas, each seeming to excel its precursor. The best situation on the lake is Bellagio. The town is built on a tongue of land, dividing the two arms of Lecco and Como, and from an eminence behind the town, the two lakes are seen spread beneath. The shores are covered with orange groves and olive trees—the latter monotonous enough alone, but contrasting well with the glossy foliage of the orange trees, and the bright leaves of the newly-budded vine. Numerous cascades dash down the ravines, and the little town, with the tall campaniles, forms an exquisite picture.

We arrived at Colico in the afternoon, and made a halt of two or three hours, when we took the *malle-poste* up the beautiful valley for Chiavenna, where we slept. Early in the morning we started by the diligence through the pass of the Splugen, and arrived at the town of the same name about noon, and there had an early dinner. The scenery up to the top of the pass was pretty, but had no remarkable feature, though the summit itself was grand from its desolation and wildness. The hills, and the little plain where the custom-house is situated, were covered with patches of snow, making it look more cheerless than in the middle of winter. Here and there the road was cut through drifts to the depth of six or eight feet, and the weather, though it was now the middle of June, was cold enough.

Splugen, 4700 feet above the sea, is on the infant Rhine, here a rushing mountain torrent. The descent to the town is steep, the road going down the mountains in a succession of zig-zags. Our diligence went down at full trot, and the coachman managed his horses in a wonderful manner. At every turn, as he dashed round, the three leaders were crowded up together on the edge of the precipice, but seemed to know their danger, and to be perfectly accustomed to it.

At Splugen I left the diligence, and C—— and our luggage going on to Chur, I walked to Andeer by the side of the Rhine, which here dashes in a succession of cascades down the picturesque gorge of the Rofla. At Andeer I hired a one-horse char at the *poste*, and went on through the pass of the Via Mala, stopping several times, and sketching hastily the most interesting parts. I had never before been over this pass, which is decidedly one of the best things in Switzerland, though perhaps not equal in grandeur to the gorge of Gondo on the Simplon, and some even prefer the ravine of the Devil's Bridge on the St. Gothard; but the narrowness of the cleft through which the Rhine forces its way, the steepness of the precipices on each side, and the height of the road and bridges above the river (400 feet), give it features not to be equalled in the world. The road out of this chasm into the wider valley, in which Tusis is situated, is carried through a tunnel, the gorge called the Verlornes Loch (the lost gulf), being too perpendicular to admit of its being continued along the side. I changed carriages at Tusis, and in the evening arrived at Chur, where I found C—— and the luggage, which had arrived some hours before.

We left Chur by diligence, and meeting the steamer at Wallenstadt, went down the lake to Wesen, at its other extremity, thus surveying its magnificent scenery — the right shore, formed chiefly of precipitous cliffs running down to the water's edge, the other presenting a softer outline, and the whole surrounded with snow-capped mountains. Some high waterfalls tumble over the cliffs on the inner side of the lake, and the Beyerbach and Sarenbach are said to be 1200 and 1600 feet in height.

At Wesen we left the steamer and were transferred to a sort of barge, supporting a wooden house, which runs down the canal, dug in 1822, to carry the torrent of the Linth, and the superfluous waters of the Lake Wallenstadt into the Lake of Zurich. The stream, running seven or eight miles an hour, bore us swiftly down; and at Schmerikon, at the head of the lake, we found a steamer awaiting us, which soon landed us at Zurich, whence we proceeded the next day, by railway and diligence, to Basle. The old town of Brugg, with its high towers and fortified gates, was the only object of interest on the road. Leaving Basle by the first train for Strasburg, we arrived there just in time for the steamer which carried us down the Rhine, and at night we slept at Mayence.

The first morning carried us away in a mizzling rain, with no English passengers on board but ourselves; the tide of travellers setting up the river at this time of year. We had seen the vaunted beauties of the river several times, so passed most of the time in the cabin, as the day was cold and dreary. In the afternoon we reached Cologne, where, sitting at one of the windows overlooking the river, we had a most excellent dinner, a slice of Rhine salmon and other luxuries

not to be despised by any who had been so long out of Europe, finishing with a bottle of excellent Marcobrunner.

Neither C—— nor I had ever been to Rotterdam, so instead of going by rail to Ostend, we went on board the night steamer, about sunset, secured the little after-cabin to ourselves, and next morning, June 17th, found ourselves off the old-fashioned town of Dordrecht. Hence, after setting down passengers, we went on to Rotterdam. We walked round the city, and saw its principal streets and canals, and then wishing to see the collection of pictures at the Hague, we went to the station, and took the evening train for that place. By this arrangement we lost no time, as the steamer for England did not sail till the 19th.

Soon we were scampering over the flat pastures of Holland towards our destination, where we arrived in the evening; and next day were at the palace as soon as it was open, and saw all the pictures of the magnificent collection of the King of Holland. It was sold by auction the same year. I was rather disappointed with Paul Potter's famous picture of 'The Bull.' It is a portrait of a bull, and nothing else, and is wholly destitute of poetry and ideality.

Still hurrying on, we determined to see as much as we could, though our tour was so near at an end, so took the rail for Amsterdam, where we walked about for a couple of hours, and were particularly struck with the cleanliness and neatness of the houses, which had an air of English-looking comfort about them. Still cleaner, if possible, were the ships which line the quays; all the wood-work being varnished and scrubbed, all the blocks and rings polished, and even the anchor at the bows clean and bright.

Returning to Rotterdam, we slept at an hotel, and the next day, June 19th, embarked for London, and the morning of the 20th found us at the Custom-house, I having been absent about two years and three months, and having travelled in that time upwards of thirty-six thousand miles.

THE END.

LONDON:
Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.

Just Published, in 1 Volume 8vo., with large Maps, 14s. bound,

THE JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF

GENERAL SIR HARRY CALVERT,

BART., G.C.B. and G.C.H.,

ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE FORCES UNDER H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK.

COMPRISING THE

CAMPAIGNS IN FLANDERS AND HOLLAND IN 1793-4.

WITH AN APPENDIX CONTAINING HIS PLANS FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE COUNTRY IN CASE OF INVASION.

EDITED BY HIS SON, SIR HARRY VERNEY, BART.

"An interesting as well as timely publication."—*Examiner.*

Also just Published, Second Edition, in 2 volumes, with Portrait, 21s.,

MEMOIRS OF JOHN ABERNETHY, F.R.S.

WITH A VIEW OF

HIS WRITINGS, LECTURES, AND CHARACTER.

BY GEORGE MACILWAIN, F.R.C.S.

Author of "Medicine and Surgery One Inductive Science," &c.

"This is a book which ought to be read by every one. The professional man will find in it the career of one of the most illustrious professors of medicine of our own or of any other age—the student of intellectual science the progress of a truly profound philosopher—and all, the lesson afforded by a good man's life. Abernethy's memory is worthy of a good biographer, and happily it has found one. Mr. Macilwain writes well; and evidently, in giving the history of his deceased friend, he executes a labour of love. The arrangement of his matter is excellent; so happily interwoven with narrative, anecdotes, often comical enough, and deep reflection, as to carry a reader forward irresistibly."—*Standard.*

Also just Published, in 2 volumes, 21s.,

LIFE IN SWEDEN;

WITH EXCURSIONS IN NORWAY AND DENMARK.

BY SELINA BUNBURY.

"The authoress of this clever work never misses a lively sketch. Her descriptions of life in Sweden and Norway are all piquant, and most of them instructive, illustrating northern life in all its phases, from the palace to the cottage."—*Daily News.*

"Two delightful, well-informed volumes, by a lady of much acuteness and shrewd observance. The work can be safely recommended to the reader as the freshest and most certainly the truthfullest publication upon the North that has of late years been given to the world."—*Observer.*

HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS, SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

00085655

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 20 February, 2016